PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH 1978 $2.00

HOW THE AMERICAN TAXPAYER WAS USED TO FLEECE CHILE

SEXUAL ROULETTE

WHY TELEVISION SHOULD BE ELIMINATED - NOW

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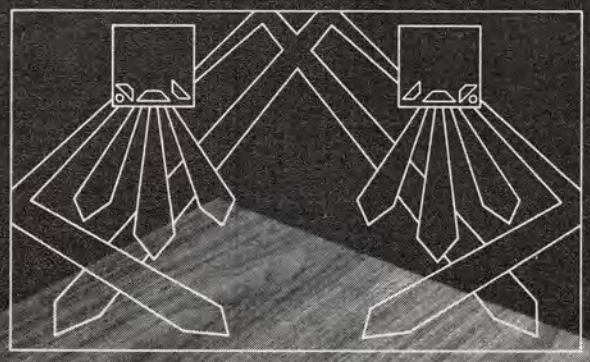
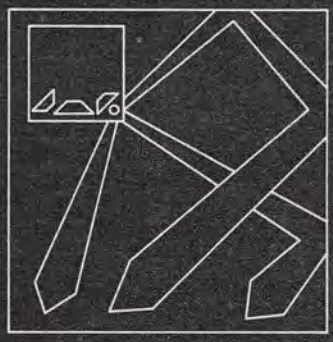


The Model 501 speaker is designed to create a life-like balance of reflected and direct sound.



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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/March 1978

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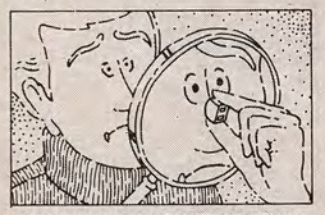
ARE YOU BLAMING YOUR TAPE RECORDER FOR PROBLEMS CAUSED BY YOUR TAPES?

Every day people all over the country go into hi fi dealers with complaints about their tape recorders.

When in reality what they should be complaining about is their tapes.

Because the fact is, a lot of the problems that plague tape recorders can be attributed to bad tape.



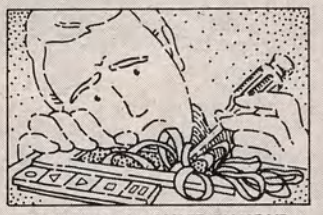
HEAD WEAR IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

If you have to clean your tape heads more than usual, for example, it could be your tape doesn't have a special nonabrasive head cleaner.

Maxell has one.

If your recorder jams, it can be any number of things. Maxell does something to prevent all of them.

We make our cassette shells of high impact polystyrene. And then so they won't crack



JAMMING IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

even after years of use, we finish them to tolerances as much as 60% higher than industry standards.

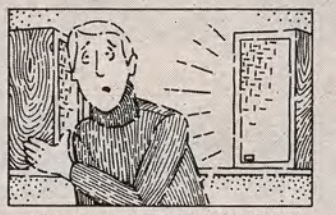
Inside, we use free rolling Delrin rollers so the tape doesn't stick.

And finally, we screw instead of weld everything together because screws make for stronger cassettes.

If your recorder frequently suffers lapses in sound, it could be the tape is of inferior quality. And nobody's bothered testing the tape for dropouts before it leaves the factory.

DROPOUTS ARE CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR ARE THEY?

Maxell tape is made of only the finest polyesters. And then every



POOR TRACKING IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

step of the way it's checked for even the slightest inconsistencies.

So if you're having problems with your recorder, try a Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape.

You might find there's really nothing wrong with your tape recorder, just with your tape.

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ED KORRY

HOUSECALL

Edward Korry has a distinguished record. A highly respected journalist and statesman, he was Kennedy's ambassador to Ethiopia and Nixon's ambassador to Chile. But today Korry is fighting for his professional life. Why? Because he has a story to tell, and our intrepid government has turned a deaf and frightened ear. Perhaps because his massive, documented evidence of American collusion in Allende's overthrow and covert and illegal American meddling in Chilean internal affairs during the preceding ten years implicates three former U.S. presidents, a host of senators, the CIA, the State Department, and leaders of the corporate and banking establishment.

His story, first silenced by the Frank Church Select Senate Committee on Intelligence and then buried by the Carter administration, comes to you for the first time in *Penthouse*—the true, unexpurgated story of covert U.S. activity in Chile, the full story of White House involvement, the whole startling story of greed, brutality, and cover-up. Time and again Ed Korry has tried to bring the truth to the American people. Now, in his own words (page 70), Korry reveals the shocking magnitude of American commitments to money before honor.

Covert activity of a different sort is disclosed in **Tad Szulc**'s exclusive report "Germany Rearms" (page 76). In the course of researching his African series for *Penthouse* (the first article of which appeared in January), Szulc discovered that West Germany was secretly testing cruise missiles—which are designed for nuclear warheads—in a tightly guarded, 100,000-square-mile area of Zaire. The Germans, having pledged not to produce missiles on their territory, have apparently gotten around the letter of the law by taking over this huge area of Africa (as large as Colorado) to test the atomic era's most deadly weapons. The French (whose buildings were destroyed by the Kaiser's "Big Bertha" cannons in World War I) and the British (many of whom were violently murdered by Wernher von Braun's rockets in World War II) have long memories, says Szulc, and are bound to react with alarm at the prospect of a new German independent rearmament program. It is another mark of shame for the U.S. government that it has secretly approved and aided this devious undertaking.

Television is an apparently unavoidable part of the contemporary American scene. If the statistics are correct, on any given night more than 80 million Americans are sitting transfixed in front of their television sets. Evidence suggests that the passive concentration initiated by television destroys human relationships and self-understanding, is addictive, hypnotic, an instrument of brainwash, creates mental confusion, and may cause serious physiological damage through radiation.

Jerry Mander, a former advertising executive who has now committed himself to public-service advertising as penance, investigates the effects of television in "Arguments for the Elimination of Television" (page 52). The author of a forthcoming book by a similar title for William Morrow & Co., from which this article has been excerpted, Mander uncovers a harmful and frightening American addiction. What price do we pay for our slavish devotion to the "idiot box"?

On the other hand, the sexuality and death games described in "City Cool" (page 118) are something you won't find on television. Authors **James de Jongh** and **Carles Cleveland** lay bare the chills and thrills of the "Superior Sixers," the meanest, baddest, and most dangerous street gang to emerge from the graffiti-decked halls of a four-year holding company called Charles Evans Hughes High School.

De Jongh and Cleveland met and started writing together when they were studying at Harlem's Al Fann Theatrical Ensemble. De Jongh, who was born in St. Thomas, is a former Fulbright Scholar and a teacher of black literature at C.C.N.Y. Cleveland, who was born in Miami and raised in Brooklyn, is a well-known actor in both film and television. He is currently featured in the film version of *The Wiz*. "City Cool" is an excerpt from their forthcoming book, by the same title, to be published by Random House.

It's a long way from Cleveland and de Jongh's Harlem to the black ghettos of South Africa—but only in terms of physical distance. The misery, injustice, and oppression created by that country's infamous apartheid policy is legend. But global outrage may be contributing more to the problem than to the solution. In this month's "Advise and Dissent," African historiographer **Herb Parker** cuts through the stereotypes, myths, and dogma to find the real South Africa. In "Our Dishonest Approach to the Tragedy of South Africa" (page 134), Parker views the problem from a more pragmatic perspective, taking into account the reasoning that the world as well as the nation must be held accountable, together with the historical precedents that created apartheid in the first place. His contentions may shock and outrage, but the fate of a people, both black and white, hangs ominously in the balance.

Parker has taught at Columbia University and Bank Street College in New York. For five years he was director of the New York City Multi Ethnic Studies Program in Manhattan and a special consultant to the African American Association. He is currently writing a book about the problem of rape.

On another note, *Penthouse* regular **Nick Tosches**'s "Sexual Roulette" (page 84) traces a young woman's hard-won sexual awakening through her discussions with a rather unconventional shrink. Tosches, the author of *Country* (Stein & Day), is a regular contributor to a host of magazines, including *Esquire, Rolling Stone,* and the *Village Voice*.

March may come in like a lion, but after eyeballing this month's bevy of springtime beauties, he's bound to leave like a lamb—a lamb with a little more lust in the heart, that is. O+

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MARCH

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Children of paradise

My boyfriend and I always read your "Forum" letters together, because we find them to be a great turn-on—especially if we are taking a weekend trip. After I read two or three aloud to him in the car, we are both so turned on that we need *fast* relief. Usually, I slide down in the seat, unzip his pants, take out his magnificent cock, and begin licking and sucking him. He loves it, but this has caused some near wrecks, because I like to play with him in my mouth and stroke him with my fingers until he explodes. It definitely makes the trip more exciting, not only for us but also for the truck drivers passing by.

Once we were both so horny that we found the first turn-off, a narrow dirt road, and parked in the middle of a pasture. Only we, the stars, the full moon, and a single cow grazing nearby knew what wild thrashing around was going on in the car.

We both like to scream and moan and make animal sounds during our lovemaking session. In fact, the more animalistic it is, the more we get into what we are doing with each other. After playfully biting each other from neck to inner thighs to toes, in a frenzy of passion we mold our bodies together. The rear-entry position is our favorite; he can pound me with deep thrusts that fill me with indescribable ecstasy. I can't stay calm and quiet during intercourse. I meet his every thrust with rhythmic back-and-forth movements or, keeping his swollen cock deep within me, make fast circles with my hips. The whole time we fondle each other, writhing and moaning. After I climax several times, he lets himself go. I feel the perceptible last-second tension in his cock before those wonderful ripples burst into me. For a year we have had sex at least two or three times daily. Our goal is to do it every way possible in every feasible place.—*Name and address withheld*

Happy anniversary

For our fifth wedding anniversary we got the surprise of our lives when, just as we were ready to celebrate together in bed, the lights went on and ten couples we knew jumped up and yelled, "Surprise!" No one had a stitch on!

Marilyn, my best friend, explained excitedly that two weeks ago they had all gotten together to plan something really special for us—and this was it. I would get to suck off every prick there until every cock released its liquid, and Bert, my husband, would mouth up all the cunts!

The next thing we knew, the boys got in front of me, and the girls got in front of Bert. I was speechless, scanning all that hot, big, thick, delicious meat, and Bert was completely taken aback by all the boobs and bushes now at his command.

One by one the pricks came on and had a licking they'll never forget (my husband can attest to that). And, based on experience, I could well imagine all the orgasms the women were enjoying.

When everyone had had his turn, we were asked to give an encore performance—on each other! We were more than happy to oblige.

After that we all chose a partner from another marriage and made love to him or her for the night. There was mixed sex all over the house! I chose Harry, whose cock was almost a foot long, and whose balls were as big as golf balls. Dry as my mouth was, I enjoyed him immensely. Bert, being a tit man, took on buxom Harriet and later used her breasts for pillows.

It was truly an anniversary we'll never forget.—*A.L., San Francisco, Calif.*

Salesman's fringe benefits

I would like to share an experience that I had while staying with a friend and his wife in a large midwestern city. I am presently living in Los Angeles, but my work as a salesman for a large clothing chain usually leaves me on the road for about two weeks out of every month. So when I'm in Illinois, I always try to stay with Larry and Debbie, usually about one weekend a month. They even have an extra bedroom, which they call my room. We are all in our mid-twenties, and we've known each other for quite a number of years.

On one occasion I flew into O'Hare about 3:00 P.M. one Friday and took a taxi to Larry's, only to find Debbie just getting out of the shower. She answered the door, wearing nothing but a very short robe, unbuttoned halfway, showing the cleavage between those nice tits of hers. She's a beautiful woman with a perfect body and nice, large tits. I was superhorny and thought I'd take a shower and jerk off to relieve myself. She made a round of drinks and said that I should go ahead and use the shower. All the while I was sipping my drink she kept staring at my crotch and running her tongue around those round lips of hers. I felt like fucking her right there, but because she is my best friend's wife, I quickly dismissed the idea and went into the shower. While stroking my cock, which is about nine inches long when it's erect, and rubbing the soap on my balls, I turned around to see

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Debbie standing there, watching me. She said, "Here, let me help you," and then she put those nice lips around my shaft and sucked me dry. We dried off and went into the bedroom and fucked for about two hours. Afterward she told me how Larry and she were discussing the possibility of having a threesome with me.

Larry came home that evening from work, and we all sat around talking about old times. We had a few drinks and a couple of joints. We were pretty high when the conversation got around to sex. Debbie came right out and told Larry about how she thought I was an irresistible stud. I didn't know what to say to that; so I just laughed and said that I thought she was pretty great herself.

At that Larry said he'd like to see me with Debbie; so we all stripped and went into the bedroom. Debbie said she'd fuck us only if we went down on each other during the night. It didn't really bother me, because Larry and I used to get it on when we were in school; he must have told Debbie this at some time or other. I felt fantastic as I stood next to the bed, with Larry licking my cock and Debbie taking turns licking our ass holes while she fingered herself. We must have switched positions a hundred times. Larry fucked Debbie while she gave me a tongue bath. I greased up and fucked both of them in the ass. While I was fucking Debbie, Larry slid over and entered her cunt. Larry and I must have come well over five times. As the night went on, one of us would rest while the other would pound away at Debbie's nice, wet, dripping cunt. While Larry would enter her, I would place his cock in position while I licked his balls and tongued her wet, brown pubic hair. Her cunt tasted especially sweet—a mixture of our come and her love juices. The rest of the weekend was filled with the best sex I've ever had in my life.

We never went off the premises all weekend. Larry and Debbie have a pool in their backyard; so we spent the weekend sunning and fucking each other. Debbie told us that she loved seeing her two studs going down on each other. One of my favorite situations was having Debbie jack me off with her big tits while Larry stood in front of me with his cock in my mouth. He's got a nice cock and is built like a weight lifter. Needless to say, I'm looking forward to next month's stay with them. It makes being on the road much more exciting.—*J.S., Santa Ana, Calif.*

Beach buffs

Close to where I live there is a public nude beach. I have often gone to this beach by myself. I enjoy getting the sun on all of my body and also enjoy having other people see me. I meet a lot of horny guys at this beach, and I usually go home with a guy every time. Maybe it's because they can see my pussy getting all hot and wet when they are talking to me.

Well, one day I met this really sexy-looking guy named John. He had a pretty big dick and a beautifully muscled body. We kissed for a long time, and he got hard, and I saw his lubricating juices seeping out invitingly. We went back to his apartment, which he shared with three other guys. It seemed strange that all the beds were in one large room. I didn't care, although it seemed a bit odd. I was pretty horny, and John licked, chewed, and sucked my cunt passionately. We made wild love for hours, and I must have come at least five or six times!

Later I fell asleep, but John woke me up and asked if I'd like to go and get something to eat. I said no, because I was so sleepy, and so he left by himself, saying that he'd be back in an hour or so. I fell asleep nude on top of the bed and woke up when I heard a bunch of guys coming into the room. They were all pretty drunk and soon fell asleep on the other beds. Pretending I was asleep, I enjoyed the looks of surprise on their faces and their enjoyment at seeing my body when they passed the bed I was sleeping in. This made me incredibly horny, but I soon fell asleep again. The next thing I knew, John was on top of me, fucking me into euphoria. It felt so good that I didn't even try to be quiet. We must have woken up the others, because I knew that they were awake, but they pretended to be sleeping lest they interrupt our fucking. In the morning John told me that all of them had wanted to fuck me. I certainly wished that they had!

Recently, the city council voted to prohibit nudity on this beach; so I can't have all the fun I used to have.—*Name and address withheld*

Reserve Onanists' Training Corps

I am a freshman at a large Ivy League college in upstate New York. Since I started school, my sex life has taken a terrific turn for the better. I am not a virgin, but I must admit that I prefer my right hand to any girl that I've met. In order to be able to afford tuition, I joined the Navy ROTC program. Every Thursday we have drill exercises, and I must wear my uniform to all of my classes. When I am sitting in a large lecture hall, I visualize myself in my handsome uniform and invariably get excited. I somehow manage to contain myself until I'm through with classes for the day; then I run back to my dorm room and strip down to my military-issue underwear. Then I put some good music on my tape player and just stand at attention, looking at myself in the mirror. After a few minutes of this, with fresh memories of my wearing my uniform all day out in public, I kneel down on the floor and start to masturbate to the point of ecstasy. I hold myself back as long as possible but make absolutely sure that when I come, I shoot it all in my ROTC hat.

After a few minutes' rest, I gather all of my come and use it to give my boots an extra-

TV picture simulated
You get more fun out of life with the
fun portables
Get the best of both worlds: see all the details and hear the play-by-play while you're at the game with this JVC 3060 all-in-one Fun Portable. Receives AM, FM and TV, and has a built-in cassette recorder to boot. A great gift idea, this lightweight powerhouse plays indoors, outdoors, in-between doors on batteries, AC or in your car, boat or camper. (Adaptor included.) See your JVC dealer for JVC portable radio-TVs radio-cassette recorders and personal TV
JVC
We build in what the others leave out.
JVC America Co., Div. of US JVC Corp., 58-75 Queens Midtown Expwy, Maspeth, N.Y. 11378. Canada: JVC Electronics of Canada, Ltd., Scarborough, Ont.

DASHER OUTCLASSES MERCEDES 280E AND ROLLS-ROYCE IN SURPRISING WAYS.

Imagine a Volkswagen limousine. Got it? Good!

You have now grasped the concept of the VW Dasher.

The Dasher Sedans are our most sumptuous cars; they outclass some very classy machines in some very surprising ways.

If you own a Mercedes-Benz 280E, you will be depressed to discover that the Dasher 2-door Sedan with standard transmission not only goes from 0 to 50 miles per hour quicker than the Mercedes,* but carries more in its trunk.

If you're about to spring for a Rolls-Royce, hold the phone. The Dasher holds more in its trunk than the Rolls, too.

Fine as they may be, neither the Mercedes nor the Rolls has front-wheel drive. The Dasher does, and it makes all the difference in poor driving conditions.

The Mercedes, the Rolls and the Dasher do have their similarities.

All 3 have dignified interiors, with handsome, thoughtful appointments like reclining bucket seats, remote control outside mirrors and quartz electric clocks.

But finally, there are two particularly impressive dissimilarities. For one, Dasher costs about $10,000 less than the Mercedes, and about $39,000 less than the Rolls. Then of course, only the Dasher has a Ⓦ right there up front. *with automatic transmission

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

For color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21", send $2 to Box 929- P, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

Wild Turkey Lore:

The Wild Turkey is an incredible bird, capable of out-running a galloping horse in a short sprint.

It is also the symbol of Wild Turkey Bourbon, an incredible whiskey widely recognized as the finest Bourbon produced in America.

WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.

© 1977 Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

special "spit" shine. This usually gets me so excited that I have to relieve myself again. Since this second discharge is usually somewhat smaller, I use it to polish the beautiful brass buckle on my belt.

I know that this situation will not last forever. Someday I hope to meet a wonderful girl who will give me a great handjob and help me with the shining.—*Name and address withheld*

Who said that boot camp wasn't for officers?

Voyeur's heaven

I have enjoyed reading *Penthouse* for the past several years, and I especially enjoy "Forum," because, I guess, it allows me to fulfill my voyeuristic desires. Recently what I consider my most ambitious fantasy became a reality.

On the way home from work one afternoon I stopped at my usual watering hole, and a beautiful young woman, whom I had met some months before, and an equally attractive companion came into the pub. She saw me and came over to say hello and to introduce her lovely friend Marcia. I suggested that if they were not meeting anyone, they should join me for a drink. Since it was the happy hour and the drinks were doubles for the price of one, it did not take long for us to realize that we should have something to eat. So we decided to find a convenient restaurant. Since my apartment was only a couple of blocks away, I asked if they would mind dropping by there while I changed from my suit to something more casual.

Well, from the time we walked into my apartment until the wee hours of the morning it was something else. Even though I had had a couple of dates with Leslie a few months back, she had not been willing to go to bed with me. This night, however, was different, to say the least. I poured each of the girls a glass of white wine and headed for the bedroom for a quick shower and a change. I had no sooner entered the shower than two very firm, well-tanned bodies appeared there with me. Up to this point I had no plans except to buy them a pizza and let them go their merry way. But now I saw the opportunity to fulfill my number-one fantasy. It seemed as though we used an entire bar of soap that we rubbed on each other's body, although we did try to conserve the soap by rubbing one soapy body against the other.

After the shower we headed for my king-sized bed. Both Leslie and Marcia turned their attentions to me. One started at my head; the other, at my foot. A toe-job soon became a blowjob, and I was soon gently sucking on Leslie's firm, young breast. Needless to say, it did not take me long to come in Marcia's mouth. I suggested to Leslie that turnabout was fair play and asked her to sit on my face. While I was enjoying the delicious flavor of Leslie's cunt, Marcia mounted my cock and started riding me in a way I'd never experienced before. After a short while I sensed other

THE ONLY THING IT HAS IN COMMON WITH OTHER 7-INCH TAPE DECKS IS THE SIZE OF ITS REELS.

Pioneer's new RT-707 has a lot more in common with today's most sophisticated 10-inch tape decks than it does with most 7-inch tape decks.

Because unlike other 7-inch tape decks, the RT-707 isn't filled with 15 year old ideas.

Take the drive system of the RT-707.

Instead of the old fashioned belt-drive system, the RT-707 is driven by a far more accurate and efficient AC Servo direct-drive motor. This motor generates its own frequency to help correct even the slightest variation in tape speed. Which all but eliminates wow and flutter. And because it doesn't generate heat like the belt-driven "dinosaurs" it doesn't need a fan. So all you'll hear is music with a clarity and crispness not possible on any 7-inch, or many 10-inch tape decks.

Our direct-drive system also makes pitch control possible. To help you regulate the speed of the tape and give you greater control over your recordings.

With technology like this it shouldn't surprise you that our super-sensitive heads will deliver frequencies from 20 to 28,000 Hertz. And our pre-amp section is built to handle 30 decibels more than any other 7-inch tape deck without distorting.

But great sound isn't everything.

As you can see, the RT-707 is smaller and more compact than other tape decks. It's also rack-mountable. And unlike *any* other tape deck, it's stackable. So it'll fit right in with the rest of your components.

But frankly, all the revolutionary thinking that went into the RT-707 wouldn't mean much if it weren't also built to fit comfortably into your budget. It is.

See your Pioneer dealer for a closer look at this extraordinary 7-inch tape deck.

We think you'll find the only things that the RT-707 has in common with other 7-inch tape decks is the size of the reels. And the size of the price.

High Fidelity Components

PIONEER®

WE BRING IT BACK ALIVE.

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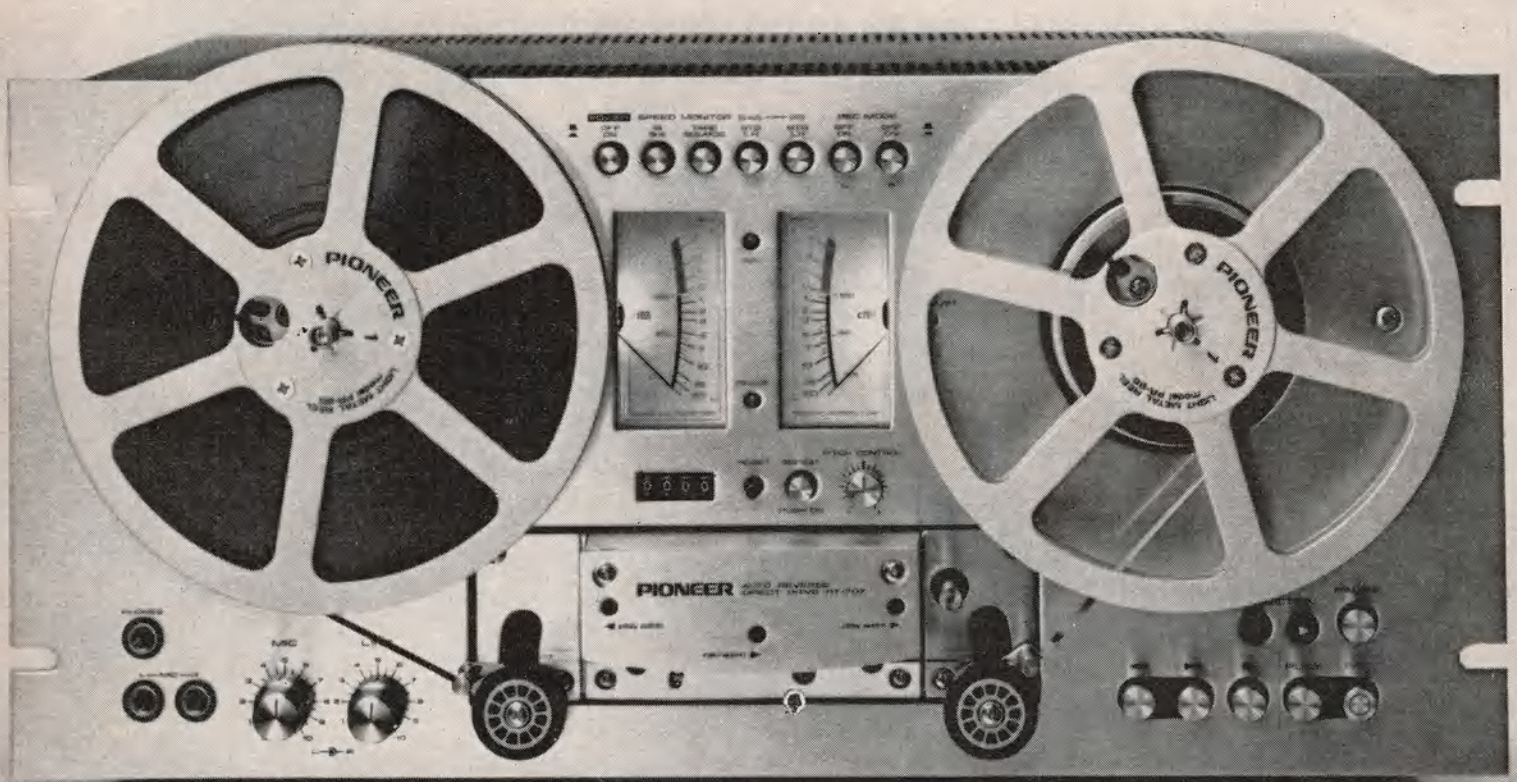


THE RT 707.

New Marlboro Lights 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

**Lighter in taste. Lower in tar.
And still offers up the same quality
that has made Marlboro famous.
Also available in king size.**

The spirit of Marlboro in a longer low tar cigarette.

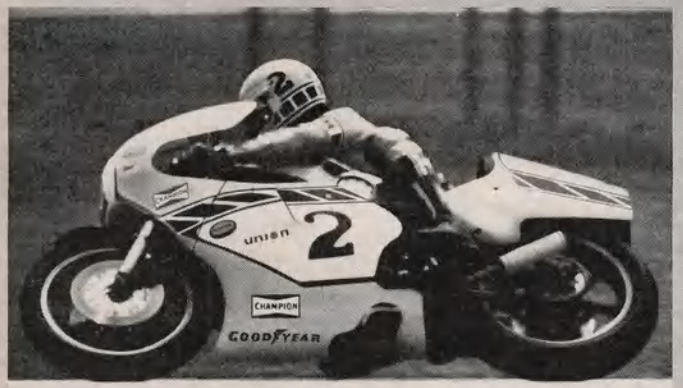
INTRODUCING THE SECOND FASTEST MOTORCYCLE WE MAKE.

The biggest in-line, 4-cylinder, 4-stroke engine in production. With dual overhead cams and our exclusive electronic ignition system.

The fully enclosed, direct-coupling shaft drive assures a smooth, turbine-like power transfer. And it's virtually maintenance free.

We do make a motorcycle that's faster than our new XS Eleven four-stroke street bike.

Unfortunately, it's very expensive and you can only ride it on race tracks.



It's our TZ750, the number one road racer in the world. A motorcycle that so completely dominates Formula racing, few other bikes can even compete.

That puts the XS Eleven in pretty fast company.

THE UNDER 12-SECOND 4-STROKE.

In fact, with the Eleven's 1101cc, dual-overhead-cam, four-cylinder engine, it may just be the quickest production four-stroke motorcycle ever built.

Its unbelievable standing quarter-mile time: 11.73 seconds.

What does performance like that mean to you, unlikely as you are to be making quarter-mile runs?

It means a very impressive margin of power for high-speed cruising and touring. Plus unsurpassed acceleration and passing power whenever and wherever you need it.

Even with two passengers and a full load of touring gear, it has get up and go to spare.

SPEED ISN'T EVERYTHING.

But as proud as we are of the XS Eleven's speed and performance, that's not quite enough for us.

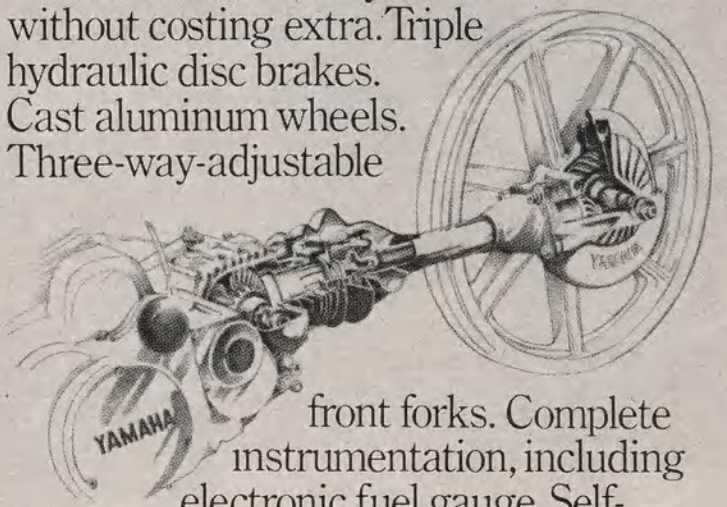
Comfort ranks pretty high, too.

That's why we hooked up the five-speed constant mesh transmission to one of the most sophisticated shaft drive systems available. Together they deliver an uncanny, turbine-like smoothness and quiet.

Actually, wherever you look on the XS Eleven you see evidence of Yamaha's innovative technology.

Our exclusive Transistor Controlled Ignition system, for example, uses precise electronic impulses instead of mechanical breaker points that wear out and need adjusting. And our unique vacuum advance system automatically senses and adjusts ignition timing for clean, efficient combustion at any speed. No other motorcycle has it.

As for extras, they're all there—without costing extra. Triple hydraulic disc brakes. Cast aluminum wheels. Three-way-adjustable



front forks. Complete instrumentation, including electronic fuel gauge. Self-cancelling turn signals. And more.

The XS Eleven may be the second fastest motorcycle we make. But on the street, it's second to none.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

KAHLÚA® & Milk
aaah.
IMPORTED
KAHLÚA
COFFEE LIQUEUR
Easy: an ounce of Kahlúa, four ounces of milk over ice. Now enjoy. The adult milkshake. Our Kahlúa recipe book is free. Just send in.
Kahlúa, Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. 53 Proof.
Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc.
116 N. Robertson Blvd.
Los Angeles, California 90048.

activity going on and looked up to see Leslie leaning back against Marcia while she was massaging Leslie's breast. Within a few minutes all three of us had such terrific orgasms that we nearly fell off the bed.

Well, by now it was certainly time for some more wine. A little cheese and crackers sufficed for dinner, and after a short break, I suddenly realized that another of my fantasies was about to become a reality. Marcia, who was now sitting pretty close to Leslie, reached out and started caressing Leslie's breast and received an immediate response. (In a later conversation both girls said that they had both wanted that to happen many times before, but neither had the nerve to initiate anything.) Within seconds they were frantically kissing each other all over. It seemed as though both women had a dozen orgasms apiece.

Watching those two lovely people make love to each other, I became hornier than I had ever been in my life. My ardor did not go unnoticed either, because it was not long before I was attacked by two wild women.

At about one in the morning, some six hours after we began, we decided to call it a night. After taking them back to their car, I had no trouble in getting a good night's sleep. Although I managed to get to work on time the next morning, it was not without evidence that something had enlivened the previous evening. When my secretary asked me about the grin on my face, I just kept grinning. There is no question that this has to be remembered as one of the most sexually exciting times of my life.—*Name and address withheld*

Baseball

I live in a very small rural town, where there is usually very little action of any sort. There are only about two good-looking girls in the whole town, a sad reality that doesn't help matters much. There is one, though, whose pants I have wanted to get into ever since I first saw her.

One night, while I was talking to her, she took the key to my motorcycle and wouldn't give it back. It was getting late, and I told her that if she didn't give it back to me, I would have to take it from her. So she held the key up and dropped it into her pants pocket. I started to chase her and soon caught up with her. After a brief, playful struggle, it became apparent that I would have to separate her from her pants before I could get the key. I unbuttoned her pants and started to pull them off, but she finally gave in and gave me the key.

The next night I was playing baseball, and she was there. As the game came to the last inning, I came up with bases loaded and two out. I could be the hero, and maybe she would give me a reward. I struck out, though, and ended the game. I was sitting home later on, feeling miserable when, all of a sudden, a light shone through my window. It was she, come, I hoped, to console me. We talked for a while, and I asked her if she would like to come in. She did, and after further conversation, on an impulse we kissed very passionately and fell back on the bed, holding each other. She put her hand on the waistband of my baseball uniform and said slyly, "I'm shy—really." I looked at her and said, "Sure you are," and at that her hand plunged down into my pants and grabbed my cock. At the same time I reached over and took off her blouse and her bra. She had beautiful breasts, which were even bigger than I had imagined. She pulled off my pants, and I, in turn, eagerly removed hers. She was gorgeous! We did some heavy petting for a while until finally I got a chance to stick my cock into that lovely bush of hers. "Well, you've finally reached home plate," she chortled. It was a fantastic night, and the many encounters that followed were just as good.—*Name and address withheld*

Corn ball

I've never seen a letter from a rural reader in your excellent magazine before; so I don't suppose you'll print this, but I would like to share a fantastic experience with your readers.

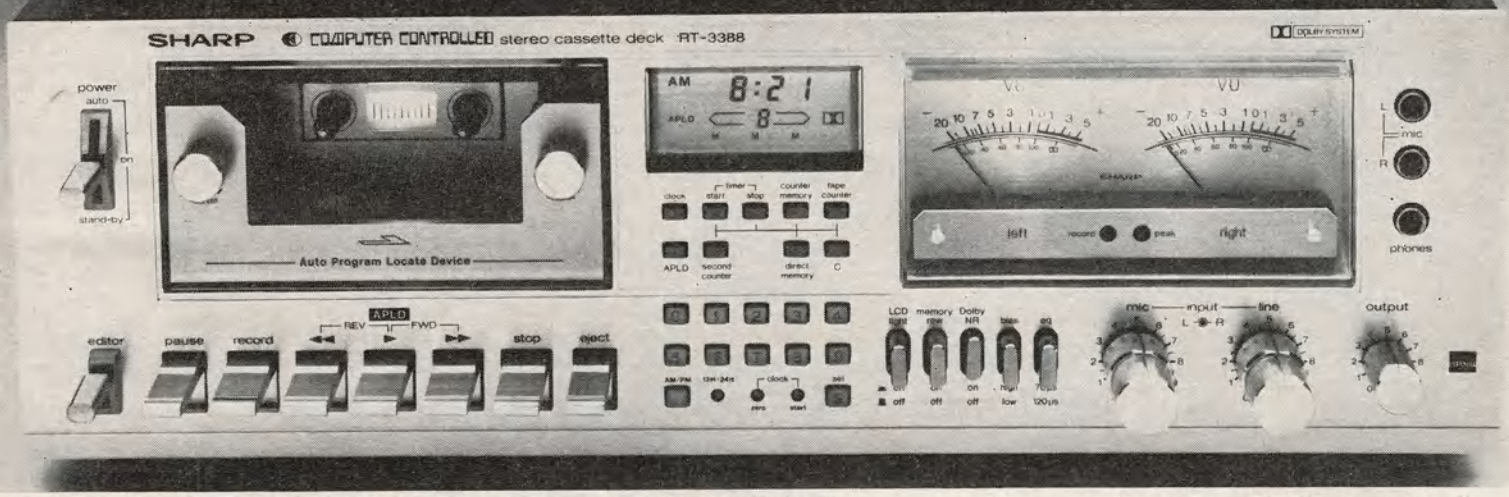
I'm one of an endangered species, the American Farmer. My wife, Sharon, and I had a lively, if not overly imaginative, sex life before, and for a while after, our marriage. However, with the arrival of four boys in close succession and the mounting pressures of making ends meet, we both became more and more involved in that killer of romance, routine. Sharon was always tired: I was worried. Sex became dull and less and less frequent.

One day last spring, while plowing in the corn fields, I found myself wondering what I'd do if the Pet of the Month popped up over the rise ahead. Well, no one was waiting for me, but someone was stumbling across the rough ground, waving her arms frantically. It was Rita, the young bride of a neighbor. I put in the clutch and jumped out of the cab. Rita had a message for me: her husband had gone to Omaha after repairs and wouldn't be able to shell corn in the morning. I didn't know whether to look at Rita or stare stupidly at the ground. She had on a pair of cutoffs, which revealed a good quarter of her cute, pink, little ass. Her halter top revealed round, white jugs. The nipples pressed enticingly against the cloth, and thick, dark hair fell around her shoulders. Just looking at her, I felt like a spring calf on the loose.

I offered her a ride to the end of the field so that she wouldn't have so far to walk home. Rita squeezed herself in the small cab, facing me. Trying not to notice the wisps of pubic hair curling out around the edge of the cutoffs, I put my John Deere in gear and let out the clutch. We took off with a lurch, and Rita grabbed my thigh and began to giggle. She'd brushed against my erection, which was becoming harder by the second.

Without a word she knelt and unzipped

SHARP® INTRODUCES THE FIRST COMPUTER THAT PLAYS MUSIC.



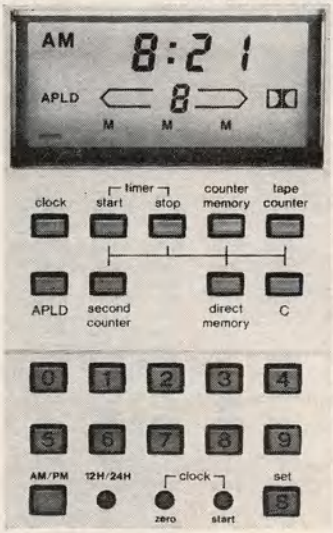
RT-3388. THE WORLD'S FIRST COMPUTER-CONTROLLED CASSETTE DECK.

Thanks to Sharp, the age of the computer has finally caught up to the age of music.

It's all come together in the RT-3388, the first stereo cassette deck actually controlled by a microprocessor with no less than five memories. And the remarkable quantity of the functions it can perform is matched only by the quality of its sound reproduction.

First of all, the *Auto Program Locate Device*—another Sharp exclusive and just one function of the "brain"—can skip ahead, or backward, up to 19 songs on a tape. And automatically play just the one you want.

The *Counter Memory* can find a specific number on the tape counter and stop there or start playback automatically. The *Memory Rewind* can rewind to any pre-selected point on the tape automatically and play it back if desired.



You can even mark off a section of a song or speech and commit it to the machine's memory for immediate recall later by using the *Direct Memory Function*.

For pinpoint accuracy, it features *Electronic Tape Counting* as well as Second Counting. Which also can be used to determine how much time is left on the tape when recording.

A Liquid Crystal Display indicates what tape function is in operation, while the built-in quartz digital clock is tied into the timed-programming operations. For example, you can program the machine to turn itself on at a selected time, record a program from a radio or TV, then turn itself off.

We've even programmed the "brain" to switch to battery power in case of a power failure, thereby maintaining the correct time and keeping the memory intact.

Now if all that sounds impressive, you can be sure we didn't waste it on a machine that didn't have an impressive sound.

So the RT-3388 also features:

Dolby* Noise Reduction System.

Bias and Equalization selectors for optimum performance from any kind of tape.

Editor Function.

Ultra-hard Permalloy Recording/Playback Head.

Friction-Damped Cassette Holder.

Output Level Control.

Spectacular Specifications: Wow and flutter runs a minimal 0.06% WRMS. Frequency response covers the 30-15,000 Hz (± 3dB) range for CrO_2 tapes. Signal-to-noise ratio of 64 dB (Dolby on).

The price for such an incomparable piece of equipment? Only $349.95.** Which is about what you'd expect to pay for a deck of comparable quality without Sharp's exclusive features.

But you'll own something so advanced it'll be ahead of its time years from now.

See your Sharp Dealer for a mindboggling demonstration.

Sharp Electronics Corp.
10 Keystone Place
Paramus, N.J. 07652

SHARP

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories. **Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price Optional with Dealer.

Look closely and you can actually see where we hid a case of Canadian Club.

There are more than 7 million stories in the Big Apple. One of them is a hidden case of Canadian Club whisky that is yours...if you can find it. Just follow these directions.

Get an early start.

Begin your search for the world's finest tasting whisky at the bottom of the world's 3rd tallest building, right in the heart of Manhattan Island. Immediately proceed by taxi in as straight a line as possible toward "The House that Ruth Built." Get out the second the meter reads $3.65 and walk past a rolling hot dog stand toward the wonderful sound of 196 fountains. Hop onto the nearest double-decker bus and ride the same number of blocks as there are bridges out of town.

You're getting very close.

This would be a good time to savor a C.C. on the rocks with some pleasant company. Then, at your leisure, stroll over to a familiar mounted officer and climb into one of the cabs waiting for you. Tell the driver to let you off after he has made a right, a left and a right. Remind him not to break the law.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1978

It is now time to board the train rumbling underneath your feet that some think was named after the smoothest whisky in 87 lands. Get off at a station near Adam Van Den Berg's cow pasture. And without paying another fare, take another train three stops.

Say, "C.C., please" and the case is yours.

Walk two blocks toward the setting sun and half that distance toward the nearest city reservoir. There, at a very prominent address, higher up than the eye can see, someone is ready to hand you the case of Canadian Club when you say, "C.C., please."

But if for some reason you should get a little weary along the way, don't panic. The New York area has 10,848 bars and restaurants that will be delighted to serve you Canada's favorite Canadian.

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

my pants. She laughed as my cock suddenly popped out as stiff and as big as an ear of corn. Then she took it in her mouth. Somehow I managed to steer with one hand. I hate to think what the rows would have looked like if I'd been planting.

Her tongue circled the head; then she pulled me in all the way. My free hand eased the shorts down and tentatively found her ass hole. I slipped a finger in, and she sucked harder. I pushed farther, and she quivered and came. Not long afterward we came simultaneously at the top of the rise. I could have filled a milking bucket with my come. Rita swallowed it all, savoring it as if it were morning cream.

And there sat Sharon in the pickup, with a thermos of coffee and a glorious view of the proceedings. "I thought plowing was supposed to be boring," Sharon said. I was frantically trying to fasten my pants and think of something to say. "When do I get some of that?"

My cock quivered and then began to harden again. Sharon joined us, and her jeans and panties slid down effortlessly. Her pussy was surprisingly moist; her pink asshole, enticing. She pushed against me when I plunged into her cunt and grasped her breasts. Sharon and I came quickly. Nothing was dull and routine about it this time. After Sharon ate Rita's pussy, Rita excused herself, but Sharon and I continued to fuck all afternoon.

Since then our sex life has become better than we ever dreamed. Sharon doesn't bring coffee anymore, just herself, eager for a ride across the field.—*Name and address withheld*

A masked ball

This past Halloween my wife, Veronica, and I were invited to a costume party. She is a very petite woman with huge, firm breasts, an adorable ass, and a silky, red muff surrounding her ever-moist cunt. I, in contrast, am more than six feet tall and extremely well developed, and my cock never fails to arouse women when they see how enormous it is.

Veronica decided to dress up as a little girl, and I rented a costume and dressed up as her pet gorilla. The party turned out to be a lot of fun, and Veronica and I were feeling pretty good. On the ride home I began to pretend that I was King Kong and that as soon as we arrived home, I was going to make her climb my "Empire State Building." This seemed to turn her on, and she began to grope in the darkness for the bulge between my legs. I reached under her short, school-girl dress and found that her sheer panties were already soaking wet. I reached up under her blouse and unfastened her bra, and her tits seemed to spring out into my hand. She gave a little moan as I squeezed her hard nipples. By this time I felt as if I were going to shoot my wad right there in the car, but luckily just then we turned onto our street.

As soon as I pulled into the driveway, Veronica jumped out of the car and ran toward the house. I chased after her and picked her up. She really seemed to enjoy being held against my furry costume and begged me to leave it on for a while. I threw her down on our king-sized bed, and I began to tear her clothes off while I made apelike noises. She began to squirm with pleasure as I massaged her body with my furry arms. She seemed to enjoy being held in my strong, animal "paws," and I got turned on by her powerlessness and my strength. I really began to get into the animalism of it all, and I pulled my swollen cock out from under my costume. I roughly spread her thighs apart and rammed my cock into her juicy pussy. We both climaxed with almost savage passion, and even afterward she seemed as if she just couldn't get enough of my deep, powerful thrusts.

Ever since that night we have become big collectors of all sorts of animal costumes. She especially likes my lion's outfit.—*F.W., Miami, Fla.*

Now that sounds like more *than a lion's share of animalistic pleasure.*

Fond memories

I fell very deeply and sensuously in love with my guy. I love to fantasize about our intimate caresses—the touches that are soft yet inflamed, the kisses that tease and tantalize the fibers of every nerve and make me ache to go that one step further. It is my supreme pleasure in life to pay tribute to my love's generous endowment by sucking and fucking him whenever and wherever I can. I get off on any part of his body: one look at his legs or chest can drive me wild.

One evening in particular stands out in my memory. After enjoying a few glasses of wine, my guy and I decided to lie back and watch a few movies. He had been fingering me and fondling my tits as we were lying there, and I was really hot. I couldn't wait to lower my head down to the throbbing cock that awaited me. I was licking his balls when I discovered a particularly positive reaction when I licked his anal region. By now he was superhard and really ready to fuck, but I continued to lick and probe him with my tongue. I wet my finger and slid it up his ass while I proceeded to suck that delicious meat. He was going wild, and I was completely turned on by the effect I was having on him. I know I never gave head as well and as hard. The pressure I exerted made every nerve react, and each slide of my finger was coordinated with the stroking of my lips. As I felt his muscles tense, I experienced one of the most total moments of sexual enjoyment in my life. His orgasm and mine were so intense that I thought I would cry. I may add that to watch my man enjoying these sensations is an overwhelming turn-on.

I take no credit for doing all the good "eating" around our place, however. His mouth on me is the answer to my every dream.—*S.F., Upper Darby, Pa.*

"I'll sure be glad when we get that second bathroom put in."

Is your 100mm here?

Then you're smoking more tar than you have to, to get good taste.

19	18	18	17	17	12	11	11
MG TAR	MG TAR	MG TAR	MG TAR	MG TAR	MG TAR	MG TAR	MG TAR
1.3 MG NIC.	1.3 MG NIC.	1.3 MG NIC.	1.0 MG NIC.	1.0 MG NIC.	0.9 MG NIC.	0.9 MG NIC.	0.8 MG NIC.

Only 10 mg tar.

Taste Kent Golden Lights 100's.

As low as you can go and still get good taste and smoking satisfaction.

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Pussy post, special delivery

I have been reading *Penthouse* for more than two years now and have kept trying to imagine what it would be like if any of the situations in "Forum" happened to me. Well, finally something did.

One day, after playing tennis, I was at my father's house alone, when the mail dropped through the slot in the door. I went to the door to get the mail and noticed through the window that the mailman was in fact a woman. I opened the door and saw that she was about twenty-five years old and very good-looking. We started talking, and I asked her if she'd like to have something to drink before resuming her route. She said yes, and we had some wine. Then she asked if she could use the bathroom. Naturally, I said yes, but I wasn't prepared for what was in store for me.

When she walked out of the bathroom, she was nude. We didn't waste any time! I went over to her, and we started kissing, and I caressed her breasts. Then we went into the bedroom. She pushed me on the bed and started removing my clothes. She kissed my neck and chest, working inexorably toward my cock. But she went right by my now rock-hard dick and kissed my legs all over. That was ample consolation for a while. Finally, she returned to my cock. She took it in her warm, moist mouth and started sucking on the head, her tongue flicking on the underside. I was in heaven! It was the greatest blowjob I've ever had.

Then she moved up and positioned her moist pussy on my saliva-slicked cock and started riding me. I reached up and played with her breasts, fondling those rock-hard nipples as if she were my last woman. We both came simultaneously and magnificently.

Needless to say, the mail was late that day. I got her phone number, and we've arranged for her to make a late-night special delivery soon.—*Name and address withheld*

Extramarital extrapolation

I am a thirty-three-year-old mother of two, married for twelve years, and I have just made love to a man other than my husband for the very first time. I did so because my husband has wanted me to for years. The results of my getting screwed by another man have been incredible. My sex life with my husband has gone from good to great. When I describe how I fucked and sucked my lover, my husband goes wild with delight. I am now a strong believer in trying anything once. If something this good can come of a simple experiment, a lot of good things must surely lie ahead provided that I stay adventurous.—*Name and address withheld*

The empress's new clothes

My experiences with women's clothes began a couple of years ago, after my wife and I had married. One day, when my wife went out shopping, I got an urge to go into her dresser and try on some of her underwear. At first, it was just panty hose, but as time went on, I had to try panties and then bras; it was very exciting to wear them. Everything was going well until my wife started noticing runs in her panty hose (I would get carried away at times) that weren't there when she last wore them. She also began to look quizzically at the traces of come in her panties. She must have suspected something a little out of the ordinary. She didn't tell me of her discovery; she wanted to catch me in the act. One day she told me that she was going to go shopping and left the house and drove off. I waited a couple of minutes and went to the bedroom to slip into something more comfortable (her sundry undies) and then went into the living room to relax and do my nails. Suddenly, the door opened, and my wife stood there with a not-so-surprised expression on her face. I could have shot in my panties. She stepped inside and said her suspicion had been confirmed.

She assured me that she wasn't mad and even said I looked cute and demure. At that she went to the closet and removed her prettiest dress and told me to put it on. She zipped me up and to my delight, the dress fit surprisingly well. Then came some makeup, a pair of shoes, and a pocketbook. That's when she said, "Let's go shopping!" I didn't know what to say to that. Then she threatened to tell the neighbors if I didn't comply; so I had no choice but to go. We went to Sears, where she insisted that I try on a dress she picked out. I have to admit that it felt strange to be in a women's dressing room. I must have made a convincing woman, since I was able to get into the dressing room, although at the entrance there was a stern, matronly guard who eyed me suspiciously. I quickly learned to affect a credible (I think), if somewhat clumsy and exaggerated, nice swing of hips and ass. My wife must have done a good job of arranging my shoulder-length hair, and I'm sure that the pink ribbon bolstered my feminine image.

A few weeks passed, and Christmas arrived. What a surprise I had when I opened my first gift. There was a pair of latex falsies (fabulous falsies) in my stocking! As I continued unwrapping, I was elated to find such surprises as a pair of four-inch, knock-me-down-and-fuck-me pumps, bras, panties, panty hose, eye shadow, mascara, lipstick, nail polish, a skirt, a blouse, even a rhinestone tiara, which I couldn't wait to flaunt on that "special occasion." I was so overwhelmed that I just hugged and kissed my wife for several minutes. She asked me what I was waiting for and told me to get dressed and made up. I remained in my new clothes all that day, all the while listening to her telling me that I was quite pretty as a girl. That night we had the most fantastic lovemaking session of our lives. She told me that if wearing women's clothing turned me on so much, she didn't mind at all.

A week later New Year's Eve came, and

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so did her domination. She had me make a resolution to keep my toenails polished and to wear panties with panty hose under my clothes every day. On many occasions I have had to change into a dress or a skirt and heels when I get home from work. I've also had to polish my fingernails and put on makeup at a moment's notice. I am so lucky to have such an understanding wife. One day she said that she would like to bring a friend in to "show off her girl." That will be an exquisite ordeal for me!—*Name and address withheld*

A victor's spoils

I'm in the air force and am in school, studying to be a weapons mechanic. I spend most of my time studying, but in my leisure hours I like to play poker.

One time, when a friend and I were playing, he ran out of money. (He's a terrible card player.) He wanted to continue to play; so, as a joke, I suggested that we play a hand and the loser would have to suck the cock of the winner. My friend did not take it as a joke and dealt out the cards. Needless to say, I won. I told him that I just meant it as a joke, but he said that a bet is a bet and proceeded to unzip my fly and remove my cock.

To my surprise, I began to get an erection. He was doing an unbelievable job on my cock. What was curious was that he had the reputation of a stud for screwing almost every WAF on the base at least once, and he was giving me the greatest head of my life. Since that night, whenever I bomb out with a girl, instead of jacking off, I take out my deck of cards and play a couple of hands of poker with my friend. My playing has improved enormously! But he's so good that I'm afraid I'll be too spoiled to accept blowjobs from anyone else. So far I have been lucky and haven't lost. Who knows? I might be in for a pleasant surprise when I do.—*Name and address withheld*

Train drain

For the past month I've been staying with my brother in Toronto in an attempt to find a summer job. However, my efforts proved futile, and I soon found myself boarding a night train back home. I was disconsolate about all the time I had wasted in Toronto, and at the time I didn't feel in the mood for anything at all except sleep.

Half an hour after the train had left the station, the lights were dimmed as people settled down for sleep. As the hours passed by, the people in my car fell asleep, thus leaving me the only one awake. I'm an insomniac, and I knew it would be useless for me even to try to sleep. I got up and filled myself a cone of water, and when I returned to my seat, I found that a girl had occupied the empty seat next to mine. I stared, quite surprised, at this nice prospect when she turned around and saw me. She was licking her lips so sensuously that I got a slight hard-on. When I sat down, she asked me something in French, which I didn't understand. Recognizing our communication problem, she smiled at me and, without warning, grabbed my cone of water. As she raised it to her lips, she poured it down the inside of her shirt accidentally. As I looked down at her wet shirt, I understood her continuing smile.

The water had caused her shirt to stick to her body, revealing her protuberant tits. They were so luscious that I couldn't keep my eyes off them. Their firmness and smoothness gave me a gigantic hard-on immediately. Before I had a chance to make a move, she quickly grabbed my head and pushed it underneath her drenched shirt. I licked all the moisture off her and then sucked her tits until they were even harder. She began to make soft moans as I reached awkwardly for her pussy.

She pushed me back against the chair, pulled my zipper open, and reached for my cock, which was so hard that she had trouble taking it out. When she finally did get it out, though, she began to show signs of being impatient with the awkwardness of the situation. Before I knew what was going on, she jumped out from the seats, pulling me along after her by my cock! I had such a hard-on from the pressure she exerted that I almost came off. Luckily, everybody was still sleeping (or so it seemed). Finally, she brought me to the men's room and flung me down on the toilet seat, slammed the door behind her, unbuckled my pants, and pulled them off with my underwear. She quickly dropped to her knees and took my cock into her mouth. She first licked the head and then moved down to the shaft, sucking violently. Within minutes I was ready to shoot my load into her mouth when she squeezed my balls gently. This caused me to ejaculate so fiercely that I nearly overloaded her mouth. She took it all down and still sucked for more, but I was completely dried out.

After a rest I picked her up off the cramped floor and placed her on the toilet seat. She was giggling as I stripped her and pushed my face into her warm pussy and began to eat her out. As I slurped up her warm vaginal juices, she nearly went through the roof when she came. As I slurped away, she neatly stuck her finger up my ass, giving me such a hard erection that I couldn't stand it any longer. I picked her up and threw her against my body, shoved my cock into her wet cunt, and began to pump for all I was worth. We came simultaneously and collapsed in each other's arms.

When our ardor finally subsided, I was surprised to find everyone still asleep. However, the girl remained so cool about the whole thing that I had to infer that she was used to this kind of activity. She gave me a sweet smile, kissed me, and fell asleep on my lap. Soon afterward, I fell asleep, too, exhausted.

When I awoke, we were pulling into Montreal, but she and all of her things were gone.—*Name and address withheld*

"They discriminated against me because I was incompetent."

An electric encounter

Being an avid reader of *Penthouse*, I always enjoy the letter section. Although the letters may range from personal fantasies to outrageous situations, they are always entertaining. It was a letter you received from a K.M. about rug shocks that prompted me to write this letter.

K.M. claims that rug shocks are the greatest thing he's ever experienced while making love. He says that shuffling his feet on the rug and getting shocks while fucking his wife is a great turn-on. Ridiculous! To leave a woman at the height of orgasm to shuffle around the room is absolute lunacy. However, the idea of sex and rug shocks has some merit.

I own a van and have carpeting all around the back. One night a beautiful blonde named Julie was getting high with me. Soon we ended up in the back, rolling around in the plush carpeting. While lifting up her sweater, my hand brushed against one of her tits, causing a shock. She jumped, and I began to create more shocks, which took her aback, to say the least. When we started to fuck, though, I realized that she had become more passionate than usual, and we had the best lay ever.

I've tried this with several other women, with uneven success, but I have never tried K.M.'s shuffling method. To ask a woman to wait while I try to make shocks in the middle of fucking her is not my style.

Rug shocks in foreplay, yes; in fucking, no!—*Name and address withheld*

Four play

I've made love to hordes of men, but there are four in particular I'm especially fond of—so much so, in fact, that I always wanted to make love to them all at once. Until recently I couldn't think of a way how. Then an idea came to me, and I immediately put it into effect.

I called all four guys on the phone and told them to come over and undress and wait for me. When they had all arrived, I took four scraps of paper I had marked "tits," "ass," "cunt," and "mouth." I put them in a hat and had each of the men pick one. Then I led them all into the bedroom, and the show hit the road.

Guy, who picked the word "ass," was the first on my bed. I followed, propping myself on him so that he entered me from the rear. The other three assumed their positions according to what they had picked out of the hat. First, Mike rested his knees on my shoulders and leaned over to allow his dick to find its way to my mouth. Next, Bill sat on my belly and began massaging his penis between my tits. Finally, my cunt got driven into by Larry, the best hung of them all. Four orgasms in one!—*Name and address withheld*

Beautiful dreamer

I'm a twenty-year-old fashion model, and I find your magazine very interesting. I'd like to share one of my fantasies with your readers.

In it I'm on a beautiful beach with a group of friends, mostly guys, playing volleyball. I'm wearing a light, slightly tight T-shirt and a pair of denim shorts that creep up my crotch and firm ass. At the end of the beach there's a steep cliff with a house atop it. A long stairway connects the house and the beach.

It's a very hot day; so I decide to go swimming. (Something about warm sand and water really turns me on.) I start walking to the water and swim for a while. Then I walk to the beach, and my T-shirt is wrapped tightly around my tits with my nipples poking through.

I notice a man with a nice bulge in his tight swim trunks watching me. He's truly gorgeous, and at that moment I know that I must have him. I sit on the warm sand, and he asks if he can join me. I say yes, we talk for a while, and we hit it off very well.

He asks if I'd like to take a swim, and we head for the water. We play in the waves for a few minutes, holding each other, and getting extremely horny. He tells me to follow him, and we swim around the cliff to a ladder leading to the house on top. (This whole scene and this man have got me hotter than I've ever imagined possible.)

After entering, we promptly tear off our clothes and jump in his velvet-covered bed. He starts licking my legs between my

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thighs very lightly and then sticks his soft tongue up my hot, wet pussy and flicks it around for a while. I beg for a taste of his sweet come, and we enter a sixty-nine position. I suck and stroke him while he yells for more (I love a noisy lover, and we both moan in ecstasy). He says he wants to feel my pussy around his cock; so I sit on top of him and start pumping the hell out of him until we come together. It's pure heaven; the fantasy ends with us wrapped in each other's arms.—*A.S., San Jose, Calif.*

Views from the top

It's time to set the record straight in a few areas. Anyone, male or female, who regularly reads "Forum" would end up with a huge inferiority complex, and this is wrong.

I'm a bisexual man who has fucked all over the block, beginning at about age five; so I should have learned a thing or two. I still manage admirably with both sexes, and my next birthday will be my fiftieth. Since my various partners range from about twenty-two to thirty-five, I must have something going for me in bed, but it's neither exceptional size nor exceptional stamina. Once I did fuck with a guy of sixty-five who was in beautiful shape for his age. I wasn't really eager, but he was a good friend; so I went along with it. A month later he died of a heart attack. Since he seemed to be rewarded by the pleasure of the experience, I figure it was worth it. We have to give in order to receive.

Reading some of the fanciful tales in "Forum," one gets the impression that the average male is like the spout in a milk plant, firing a glob of come every fifteen minutes all day and all night, seven days a week. Not so; but more important, not necessary. I like to be ready, willing, and available when any of my friends shows up. I almost always am.

For the record—and some of my sex partners are professional athletes under twenty-five—there are a few important facts that should be understood. Most show up all fired and ready as hell, but once they've popped off, they've had it for a while. This I understand, because I'm a male, too. The gals I know usually take longer to get there, but when they do, they are capable of multiple orgasm. In this department, I guess I'm fortunate, because I come slowly—always did. The average guy doesn't or can't hold off and is stuck trying to bring the woman to orgasm and hoping that his tool won't go limp while he works away. For guys with this problem, I have a suggestion that has worked well for me. Shove it in all the way and grind away in a rotary motion, saving the piston action for the time when you need it.

There is something special about simultaneous orgasm. In my opinion, this is the biggest drawback of oral sex in a sixty-nine, in that it's almost impossible to time the readiness of your partner, male or female. One partner usually gets stuck still trying to satisfy the other, after orgasm and interest have passed.

Another big hang-up is penis size, and while I can't complain—because statistics say I'm above average for a white male—it doesn't really matter. If someone likes you, that someone will fuck with you. If otherwise, there are lots of fish in the pond. It is true, though, that the male ego is a hell of a lot more fragile than the male image projects. For many males, rejection is a crushing blow, and it shouldn't be.

As far as cock size is concerned, it has little to do with effective sex. One can either be a lover or a klutz. Most female sensitivity is in the outer genitals, and a giant cock banging away in a small vagina can cause more pain that pleasure. One of my male friends has a great instrument, and he's proud of it, but he's a lousy lover. His biggest trouble is that he has never learned what to do with his cock. When we get together, which is fairly often, he keeps asking, "Isn't that a beautiful cock?" It is! I'd estimate it's an honest nine or ten inches, with an impressive diameter, but a number of times, it has gone limp before he has made it to orgasm. At this point, I'm discreet and assuage his embarrassment with "There'll be another time."

I think you have to fuck with any partner at least two or three times in order to adjust the relationship so that both partners can be sure of mutual satisfaction. People vary a lot in their sexual needs and performance. Personally, I find this difference exciting, rather than frustrating. The greatest pleasure in sex lies in the ability to satisfy.

At the half-century mark, I still don't have any trouble producing an erection when I want one. Failure in this department is mainly psychological. There are guys more than eighty who have an orgasm at night and still wake up with a hard-on in the morning. These older people, by the way, should not be dismissed as sex partners. Once the eagerness and the naiveté of youth have been stripped away, there is still plenty of time to stretch out and enjoy.

An orgasm is nice, but it's not essential for my enjoyment of sex. Life being what it is, sometimes I will pass a week without a partner and then end up with three in one day. While I may not feel the desire to come, the last arrival is just as important as the first. I completely enjoy the acts of sex, even though I have no compulsion for orgasm. The biggest problem with young people is that they tend to be too eager, too serious, and too compulsive. There *is* another day.

When it comes to fucking across racial lines, I've done that, too. I believe that the loveliest skin I've ever touched belonged to a gorgeous black stripper in a Florida nightclub and to a young black man in New York. The blacks I've known bring to their lovemaking an attitude that whites would do well to share. Those I've known personally have all been gentle people with beautiful souls, doing their best to give and to receive pleasure. My biggest regret here is that none of these encounters ever devel-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

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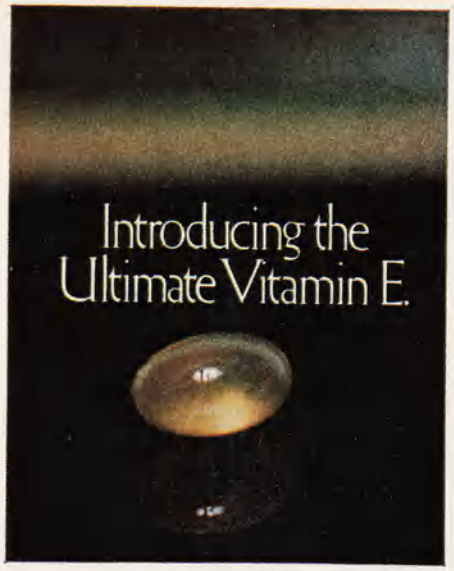

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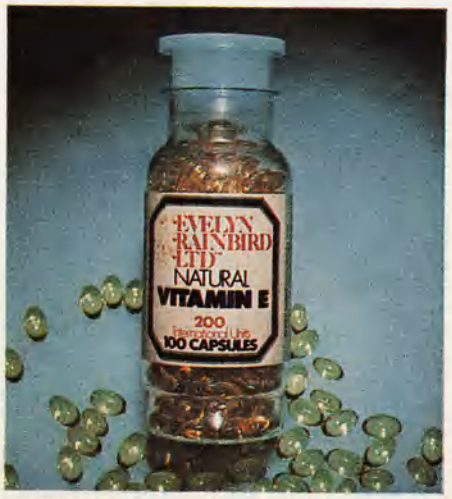


PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Cartergate continued

I want to thank Craig S. Karpel for the immense amount of work he has put into his "Cartergate" series. So far I found the articles very readable and am very glad to have been informed of the contents. As a citizen, I am very much concerned with the continuing freedom of the press. In our own country we are still pressing our government for a freedom-of-information law. Secrecy is the last step before tyranny.

I look forward to Mr. Karpel's future articles. "Freedom is eternal vigilance." Carry on strongly.—*Terry Burrows, B.Sc., M.D., Vice-President (Programme), United Nations Association in Canada, Metropolitan Toronto Branch, Toronto, Ontario, Canada*

I would just like to say that I thoroughly enjoyed Craig S. Karpel's article on President Carter and his team of "advisers." It is hard to imagine the intertwined relationships between the people who run the government and the people who run the huge multinational corporations until the connections are seen in print. Being a Canadian, I have seen several obvious cases where the multinational corporations manipulated the government, but I never realized that it could be to the extent that Mr. Karpel has shown. It makes one wonder who is really running the government.

With so many liberal, free-thinking people in the United States, I often wonder why there is not a party more responsive than the two ultraconservative ones that dominate the political scene and care nothing for the people of your country. Social democracy (government for the people) is much more rewarding than government by big business for big business.

I look forward to reading the rest of the articles in the Cartergate series.—*D.W. White, British Columbia, Canada*

What prompts me to write this letter is the series of articles in your magazine dealing with The Trilateral Commission.

As I read "The Real President" (December 1977), I was filled with a sense of hopelessness when I thought of the power behind the efforts of Zbigniew Brzezinski and The Trilateral Commission to blur the distinctions between corporations and government agencies and even nations. And I am afraid that we are impotent as a people against such awesome power. The year 1984 isn't that far away.

Reading Mr. Karpel's article, I was reminded of the film *Rollerball* or, rather, one facet of the film, namely, that of corporations running the world. The idea of corporations having complete control—political as well as economical—seemed far-fetched at the time; but after reading the articles in *Penthouse*, I realize that such an idea is not only possible but also on the way to becoming a reality. And I shudder to think of the consequences of such a system.

For many years, knowledgeable people have prophesied that the world was in danger of being ruled by industrial concerns. Among those people was Abraham Lincoln, who believed that profit-hungry industrialists would be the main threat to our sovereignty. Even President Kennedy spoke of the "gnomes of Zurich," the community of multinational businessmen whose goal is nothing less than absolute control of the world's economic and political systems.

It strikes me as ironic that men who believe in the free-enterprise system would seek such power. But then power is the greatest hallucinogen there is, and monopoly is the syringe from which it comes. It is even more ironic that Karl Marx believed in monopolies, too. He believed that the means of production and distribution should be controlled by the State. Marx called his system communism. I'm wondering what Mr. Brzezinski will call his system if he gets his way and the distinctions between corporations and government agencies are blurred, thus combining the means of production and distribution with the mechanics of the State.

The key to complete control is the control over all economic activity. Already the large corporations in the various sectors of the economy control the means of production and distribution. For example, the large energy corporations control oil and coal and uranium resources all the way from the wells and mining sites to the retail outlets. Surely, with such economic control, social and political control can't be far away. And the creation of such councils as The Trilateral Commission is an attempt to consolidate the various sectors of the economy into a cohesive unit in order to control all economic activity.

The frightening thing about all of this is that the control of all economic activity would be the control of all our means to function in society. And whoever has control of the means can decide which ends are to be served.

Already in Japan some of the large electronics corporations are experimenting with corporate communism. The corporations are self-contained entities. The workers live in corporation-supplied housing,

There are some things you never want to change.

Like the feeling you get when you reel in that first big one.

An old familiar feeling. An excitement that never changes.

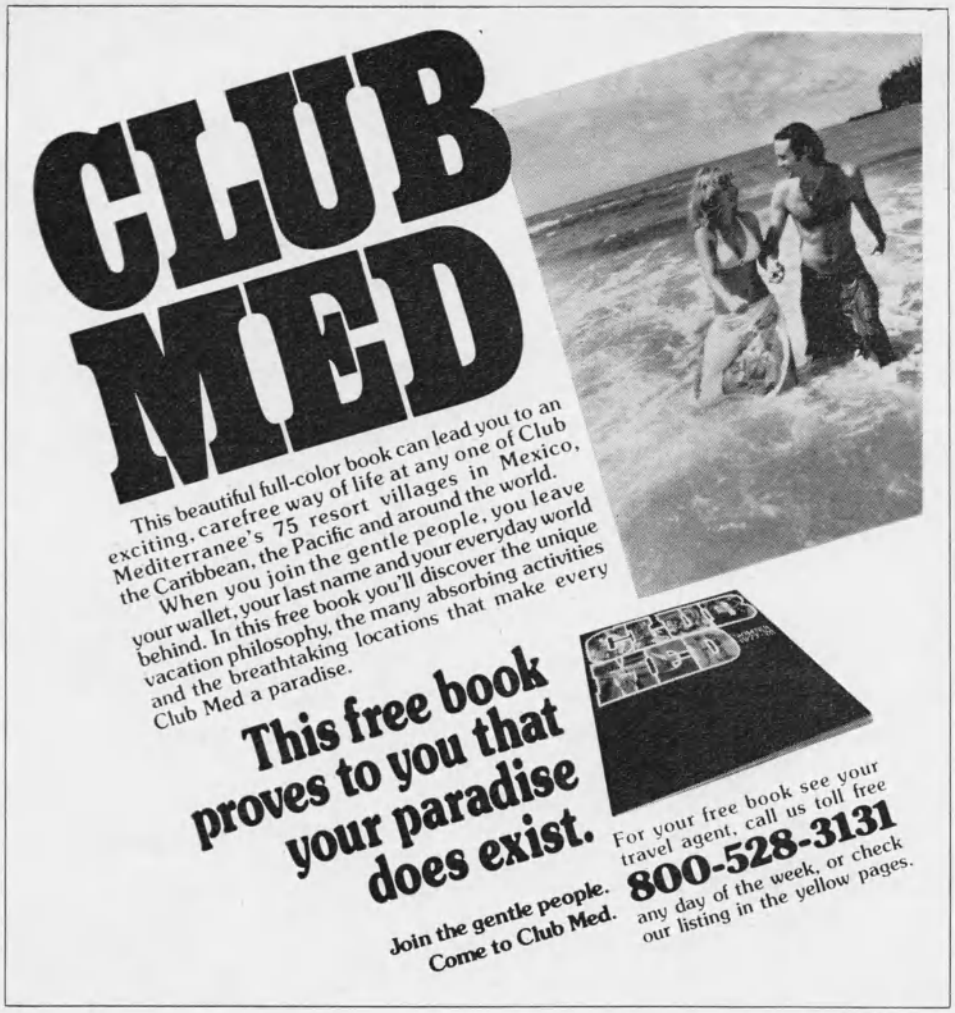
Like the feeling you get with every single sip of Smooth as Silk Kessler. So consistently smooth. Unchanging. There's no smoother whiskey at any price.

Like Kessler, the best things in America never change.

Thank goodness the best things in America never change.

SMOOTH AS SILK
KESSLER

JULIUS KESSLER CO., LAWRENCEBURG, IND. BLENDED WHISKEY. 80 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.


CLUB MED
This beautiful full-color book can lead you to an exciting, carefree way of life at any one of Club Mediterranee's 75 resort villages in Mexico, the Caribbean, the Pacific and around the world. When you join the gentle people, you leave your wallet, your last name and your everyday world behind. In this free book you'll discover the unique vacation philosophy, the many absorbing activities and the breathtaking locations that make every Club Med a paradise.
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shop in corporation-owned stores, obtain medical care in corporation-funded hospitals, and send their children to corporation-run schools. All this is in return for the worker's pledging his loyalty to the corporation. And every morning the workers assemble for daily calisthenics. Afterward they sing the corporate anthem and salute the corporate flag.

Is that what is in store for all of us? It scares the hell out of me to think what a system like that might evolve into. How long would it take for our individual sovereignty to disappear? I have no desire to be just another worker in the "beehive."

To my way of thinking, tyranny by another name is still tyranny—whether it's from the Left or the Right.—*Terry W. Mayfield, Birmingham, Ala.*

I read "Cartergate II" and found it to be very enlightening. Craig S. Karpel's ideas seem to be parallel to my own thoughts about the bureaucracy of our country.

I wish that Mr. Karpel would consider writing an article protesting the giveaway of our Panama Canal into the hands of the Communist dictator Omar Torrijos.

Penthouse has such a vast circulation in this country and is read by so very many loyal American people who are freethinkers that an article on the Panama Canal Treaties would greatly help to accomplish what most American people want, which is that the Panama Canal not be given away.—*R.E., Nanuet, N.Y.*

You will be pleased to know that Nicholas von Hoffman wrote an "Advise and Dissent" on the subject of the Panama Canal. Published in our January 1978 issue, the article is entitled "Why Carter Has to Give Away the Panama Canal in Order to Sell Out Taiwan."

The First Amendment

Thank you for presenting Nat Hentoff's fine article on First Amendment rights ("Advise and Dissent," November 1977). I agree strongly with Mr. Hentoff's view that we should look at the Bill of Rights as it was written and use common sense and individual judgment to create personal standards for what is "obscene."

I would like to stress one very important point; the First Amendment states: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." It does not authorize the Supreme Court to do so either.—*Nick Dragos, Sacramento, Calif.*

Ode to Abbie

While perusing your otherwise excellent October 1977 issue, I couldn't help noticing that Abbie Hoffman had come through once again with another in his series of annual "Ha-Ha, Bet You Can't Catch Me" articles ("Inside the FBI"). And, as usual, his often self-indulgent eloquence has provided a prosaically perfect, very entertaining essay that says absolutely nothing. But then again, the American people have come to expect that of him, haven't they? I guess as long as magazines like *Penthouse* and *Playboy* keep paying for what he writes, it doesn't matter if he says anything or not. Plastic surgery and plane tickets cost money these days.

Actually, I don't know that Abbie Hoffman ever had anything relevant to say, even at the height of the Yippie movement and the Chicago Seven controversy. He was an angry young man who knew all the problems and none of the solutions, and the American people quickly grew tired of him. It became a case of "Ignore him; maybe he'll go away." But, unfortunately, it appears that he doesn't take a hint very well. So, Abbie, if you're listening, take heed of the following:

Dear Abbie

Your armies have surrendered; your troops have quit or died.
And all your faithful followers, now on the other side.
Your friends are now your enemies; your exile, your reward.
And those your antics once amused have quickly gotten bored.
Some people learn too late in life the cause lasts not forever.
You've nothing but the debts to pay for all your past endeavor.
You've lost your face, you've changed your name, you've nothing more to say.
You're all but dead, and no one cares, so why not go away?

I suggest you paste this poem on your bedroom wall, Abbie, and recite it daily upon waking. Maybe then it will sink in.—*Bruce A. Bennett, Hawthorne, N.J.*

Palestinian homeland

I found Moshe Decter's "The Myth of a Palestinian Homeland" (October 1977) to be one of the best essays I've seen on the Middle Eastern issues. I would like copies to be used in the seminars that we run for the greater Milwaukee community.—*Mrs. Tybie Taglin, Director, Adult Services and Cultural Arts, Jewish Community Center of Milwaukee, Milwaukee, Wis.*

Short-story contest

While I was in New York last week, I bought my first copy of *Penthouse*. What an exciting experience was in store for me! The entire magazine is a work of art, tastefully executed to appeal to people of intelligence. (An exception might be the letters in the "Forum." But I read them, all of them, with amusement if not belief.)

But the real reason why I am writing is to commend you on your short-story contest winner. Suzanne Hudson's "LaPrade" (December 1977) is a magnificent story, professionally presented and dealing with a taboo subject with great sensitivity. I believe that this story should be included in an anthology or win an award for *Penthouse*. A laurel to you for your excellent taste!

I am sorry that I did not know about your

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

SX APPEAL...

200 SX. AT A DATSUN PRICE. Here's a Datsun to light your fire. A sporty package you won't find around every corner. It took Datsun to design it, and equip it for a very demanding driver. Overhead cam 2-liter engine. 5-speed overdrive transmission. Power front disc brakes. MacPherson strut front suspension. Radials at every corner. Electric clock. AM/FM stereo. Tachometer. Cut-pile carpeting. Reclining bucket seats. All standard. All up to Datsun's standard. The 200-SX. It's Datsun, driven to its SX-iest.

NOBODY DEMANDS MORE FROM A DATSUN THAN DATSUN.

DATSUN.
WE ARE DRIVEN.

"I like your style, Datsun."

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77

Viceroy

More Tobacco, Less 'Tar' than Winston or Marlboro.

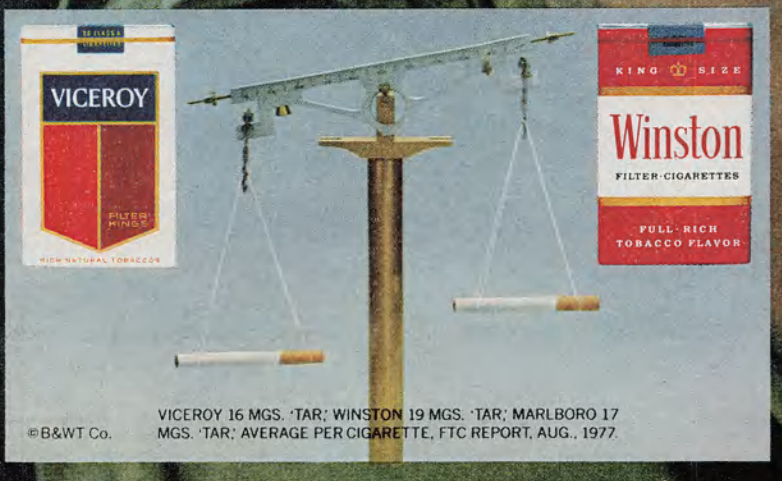
Rich, full flavor is the promise that Viceroy makes.

And it's a promise that Viceroy keeps. The method for delivering flavor is as simple as it is smart.

Instead of using stronger tobacco, Viceroy uses *more* tobacco and a *lower* 'tar' blend than Winston or Marlboro.

The result is a mild, fully packed cigarette with an extra satisfying taste.

And, yes, lower 'tar' than Winston or Marlboro.



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VICEROY 16 MGS. 'TAR;' WINSTON 19 MGS. 'TAR;' MARLBORO 17 MGS. 'TAR;' AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE, FTC REPORT, AUG., 1977.

"An occasional encounter
of the younger kind
might be good for your wife's ego
and your voyeurism."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER
OF THE MONTH

My wife and I have been happily married for thirty years, and our life together gets better every year. We are very devoted to each other and continue to look forward to growing old together. We have not been angels during our marriage, especially during the first few years. By mutual agreement we both had extramarital affairs, although we were very careful not to embarrass each other. Mutual friends, neighbors, and people whom I had business with were taboo. My wife was and still is a very attractive, petite brunette—and she never had any trouble in getting hold of this particular boy she liked.

After some years of marriage, our small "side trips" became fewer and then stopped completely. But we did have a single incident about twelve years ago. We went down to Saranac Lake, N.Y., for a weekend. After dinner we went into the dance lounge. I am not much of a dancer, unlike my wife, and we were mostly sitting there, sipping our drinks. Suddenly, a very young, red-faced boy appeared out of nowhere and asked my wife to dance. Mona, my wife, seemed very pleased that a young guy like that would dance with her; she was thirty-eight at the time but looked much younger. She looked at me, and I nodded my okay, wondering how a younger boy could even have gotten into the lounge.

Anyway, Mona and I had entertained ourselves by observing a prostitute who was sitting at the bar. She looked like a replica of Jayne Mansfield. A lot of men had talked to her, but she had refused them all. I was dandily dressed, and she had looked at me a few times, even when my wife was beside me. Feeling a little high, I walked over to her, and to my surprise she was willing to dance. Holding her was almost enough, but when she pressed herself toward me, I started to grow!

I looked around for my dancing wife, and I was in for a little shock. When I saw her and her partner, I did not have to be embarrassed about my own situation, for hers was a heck of a lot wilder than mine. She and her partner hardly danced at all. Standing in the same place and moving only her upper body, Mona stared strangely ahead, while the boy was leaning into her with his eyes closed. Their bodies clung together during the "dance," and I was sure they were almost in orgasms right then and there. Sure, I noticed that a few couples looked at them but my wife didn't seem to mind. First, I thought of interrupting them, but then I thought: "What the hell, we're French Canadians, and I don't know anyone in Saranac; let her have her fun." After all, shouldn't married couples, too, live and let live?

Judy, the whore I was dancing with, tried her best to get me. The reason she had cut the others out was her price; she wanted fifty bucks for a shot. Remember, this was twelve years ago! My erect penis, bursting into her, told her that I was an easy lay, but she had no idea that my desire came more from my wife's show. I told her that I might see her the next day, as she said she would be in the bar when it opened. I told her that I would need her service very much by then.

Upon coming back to my table, I saw that Mona was already there, and so was Lanny, the newly found boyfriend. It was all weird in a way. Mona could hardly talk to me; she still looked to be in a high state of sexual excitement, and Lanny tried to stare a hole in the table, red-faced and shy. I tried to cheer them up with drinks—but in vain. I got a feeling that I was disturbing something sacred, and I felt that I was witnessing something rare: a perfect match-up of sexual attraction. It sounds crazy, I know, and I felt the

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

same way at the time, but I realized that I might have hit the spike on the head.

With my one-sided but intentionally well meant conversation with the boy, I found that he was staying alone in his parent's cottage for the weekend. That Mona had made him sexually aroused was easy to see; what really staggered me was that Mona did not even try to hide that her only wish was to remain with him, and I knew her well enough to detect that she was horny as hell. I just couldn't break apart that something that was between the two of them. I said: "Boy, am I ever tired. I think I'll go to bed, but you, Mona, better make sure that Lanny gets home okay." Mona looked at me with warm eyes and asked, "Do you mean that?" I said yes, and I couldn't help adding that she had better be nice to him, as it might be his first time. Mona just looked at me, and as I got up, she took my hand. I read from her lips "Thank you."

She did not come home until 9:30 the next morning. It had been his first time, and he had been hot. Even though she'd had hardly any sleep, she came in only to pick up her bikini; she was going boating with Lanny. She was frank and thankful that I did not show any regret about the incident. Then she told me that she had seen me dancing with the prostitute, Judy. She asked if I wanted her. I said no, but Mona insisted it would help her mind, and she wouldn't feel badly about her adventure. Mona offered to call up Judy, but I did it instead, and Judy said she could be over in five minutes.

I never had much fun with prostitutes, but with Judy I had all the satisfaction I could ask for. Sure, she was a wonderful mistress and a cat in bed, but I still think that the knowledge of my wife's unashamed adultery and her robbing of the boy's virginity was what lifted me up in such a way. No such thing has ever happened to us since, but we often discuss the incident. We would never change that night if we had it to do over.—Y.M.

It's sometimes healthy for married couples to switch partners. As long as your wife still turns you on when you two are together, an occasional encounter of the younger kind is good for your wife's ego and your voyeurism.

GET DOWN, GET DOWN!

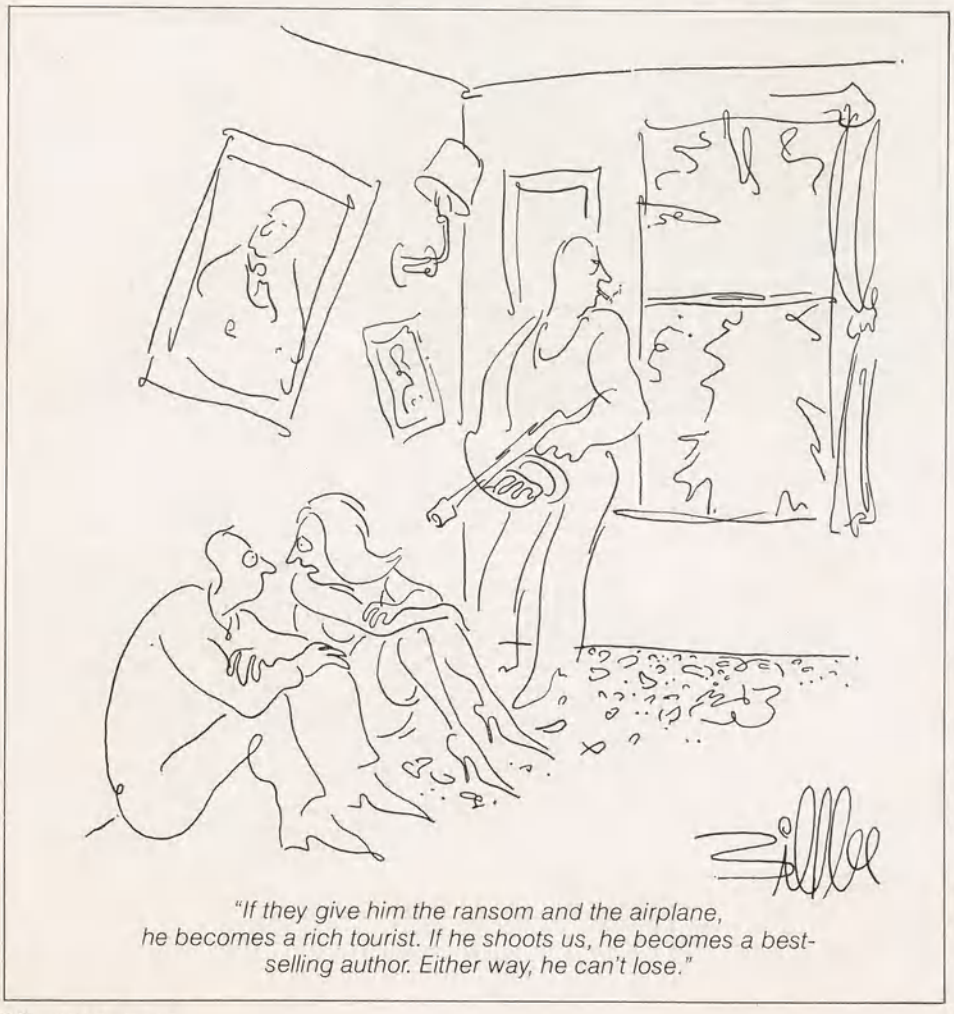
My boyfriend of more than two years and I have a beautiful relationship, sexually and otherwise. He is thirty-two, and I am twenty-four. We live together and make love four or five times a week and twice on Saturdays and Sundays. We had regular sex before we lived together, but it was only after we moved in together that he started going down on me. He said that he had never done it before, but you couldn't prove it by me, because no one had ever eaten my pussy before. To me he's an expert; he makes me have three or four orgasms with his tongue before he fucks me with his beautiful eight-and-one-half-inch cock and brings me off another two or more times before he comes with me. He says he enjoys our lovemaking completely, but I think that deep down every man wants to have his cock sucked. Now, I've never had enough love for any man to want to satisfy him completely this way until now. The thing is that Marty, my boyfriend, has put me up so high and thinks so much of me because, before he came along, I didn't fuck around. He thinks of me as a saint, and I'm afraid it will turn him off if I just start sucking on him one day. It would be even worse if I asked him if I could suck him. We're in the nude all the time, and I have been so tempted to take his beautiful cock in my waiting, wet mouth. I don't want him to think badly of me, and I don't want to ruin our sex life. Hurry! Tell me what to do. We were both tired last night and didn't fuck, so right now I'm horny as hell. I might not be able to wait for your answer. Tonight he's going to eat my pussy in grand style, and I only wish to return the feeling.—R.W.

Since you both have been with other lovers before and neither of you found the other in a virginal state, I can't see the point of playing the totally straight, inexperienced housewife, high up on her pedestal. It might well be possible that your boyfriend is as anxious for you to suck his cock as you are to do it, but you are both too concerned about "mutual respect." So neither one of you ever gets anywhere except frustrated. Don't hesitate next time you are in bed. Just turn your body in the so-called sixty-nine position, where each of you is lying, say, on the right side, facing the genitals of the other. While he goes down on you, you can begin by stroking and caressing his penis and scrotum and then gently, bit by bit, taking his beautiful cock in your mouth. Or else, surprise him one morning when he wakes up with a morning erection and is still half asleep; move down between his legs and begin to suck his cock with slow, deep moves.

POSITIVELY THE PITS

I experience a fetish, which I have a strong desire to read your opinion on. Ever since I can remember, I've been very much attracted to women's armpits. It seems paradoxical to most people, I guess. Those whom I've associated with call "the pit" an ugly, smelly part of the body. I look at it much differently. I always look at it with a hard-on!

For instance, the shots of Valerie Rae Clark in one of your issues caused me to cream in my pants. Rene La Fontaine, in the January 1976 issue, had a juicy pose that stretched me to the maximum. Her pussy and her pits—both—looked outstanding. The ultimate was in the July 1976 issue. The pictorial "1876" showed two women together, licking, touching, and feeling each other. And all this was climaxed by a shot of an armpit that had hair. I found this to be an uncontrollable turn-on.



"If they give him the ransom and the airplane, he becomes a rich tourist. If he shoots us, he becomes a best-selling author. Either way, he can't lose."

HOW TO HANDLE A HANGOVER.

It is easy to handle a hangover. Follow these simple rules and you won't get one:

1. Do not go to a party unless they serve only apple cider.

2. Avoid going out with attractive women. They will only lead you to alcohol.

If for some strange reason you find yourself at a party with an attractive woman where they serve alcohol, you may end up with a hangover.

You will have fun at the party. But the next morning you will not have fun with the hangover.

Too much alcohol can give you a terrible headache.

You will be exhausted from staying up all night having such a swell time. Your nerves will not be able to bear any more sensory input. A toothbrush dropped on the floor will set up a deafening clatter inside your aching head.

And your stomach will be upset because too much alcohol creates excess acid. Your mouth may even begin to feel dry like the guy in the movies crawling across the desert with his tongue hanging out.

Now try to remember all the fun you had last night. And take Alka-Seltzer® for that upset stomach and headache.

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Read the label. Use only as directed.

Alka-Seltzer® will give you fast relief because it contains both antacids and specially buffered aspirin.

Unlike plain aspirin, Alka-Seltzer® reaches your stomach already dissolved along with antacids to soothe your stomach.

So you get all the pain relief of regular aspirin while protecting your stomach.

In fact, it does wonders for your stomach. Fast. The antacids in Alka-Seltzer® go to work instantly to neutralize the excess acid and bring soothing relief.

When you take Alka-Seltzer® for a hangover you will discover the remarkable truth behind that great little phrase you catch yourself humming all the time: "Plop plop, fizz fizz, Oh, what a relief it is."® Fast. Fast. Fast.

Alka-Seltzer.®
"Plop plop, fizz fizz, Oh, what a relief it is!"®
Fast. Fast. Fast.

I really like a stubble of about four days: not too coarse and not too long. I really like armpits in a cupped pose. This can be created by a woman pressing down on something about half-an-arm's length away. I think it reminds me of a cunt in some ways. It gets me hotter than really nice tits. My girl friend loves sex, and we have it often, but she shies away from growing hair. I have asked her, but she says no, she won't. I have asked her to let me play around with her pits, but she won't let me. I try to anyway, and sometimes I get some pit.

Xaviera, is this a rare fetish? How can my girl enjoy underarm sexuality more? Please print more pit.—J.C.

Well, Americans are so conscious of cleanliness that asking a girl to grow the hair under her armpits is the same as asking her to grow the hair on her legs. She just won't do it. In Europe women are a lot more relaxed. I know a lot of German, Italian, and Spanish women who never shave, or if they do, do so only once a week. The armpit is a very sensual part of the body, and I myself love to put my head or my ear against the warm armpit of a man when I cuddle up against him either before or after having some good sex.

Actually, there is one man in my life whom I love but don't see too often. He lives in Canada, and I no longer live there. So, when we meet once or twice a year in Europe, I always insist that during the last few days of his stay, he wear a cotton T-shirt and not change it. I love the smell of his armpits so much that days, weeks, even months, after he's gone, I can still pull the shirt from a drawer, hold it to my nose, and take a deep sniff, imagining he is with me. A great way to get high is with natural smell. Then, of course, I masturbate while I fantasize about his body, his chest, and his hairy armpits.

You can do the same with your girl friend. Ask her for a little blouse or slip that she doesn't wear anymore, but be sure to insist that she doesn't wear any deodorant or perfume so that you can really smell the skin odor. Have you ever tried licking your girl friend's armpits? You might as well sniff, taste, and touch all at once. Even masturbating between her upper arm and her pit should be an exciting experience. Try it some day.

GIANTS, UNITE!

I have what I feel to be an unusual fantasy. It involves tall, heavyset women. I love to see big, husky women in fur coats. It really turns me on, but the thought of being lifted off my feet by a big, strong woman makes me even more excited. I've been turned on to this for as long as I can remember. Just the thought of being picked up off the ground and bear-hugged by a husky woman in a fur coat makes my head spin. I've always been a shy guy, and I'm really turned on to strong, aggressive women. My real problem is that I'm six feet tall, and I weigh 220 pounds. So, as you can tell, the women who could handle someone my size are few and far between. My only hope is to try to find a lady wrestler or weight lifter, but I've never seen any that could fill the bill. I'm not necessarily after a beautiful-looking girl; looks aren't that important to me, as I'm no Paul Newman myself. But since you've been around as much as you have, perhaps you could tell me where I might possibly find a girl like the one I'm interested in. I'd also like to know if you've ever run across anyone who shares my particular fetish.—B.B.

Read on.

EQUALITY ALL THE WAY

I have a fascination for girl wrestling. Many people share this interest, as is evidenced by the many girl photos advertised in wrestling magazines. None of the girls I've ever dated or known has seemed to be interested in wrestling. I keep hoping to find a female opponent who can test my strength and skill in a competitive match.

I often fantasize about wrestling with a girl who has a beautiful, sexy body and powerful thighs. When she gets me in a scissors hold, there's no way I can escape. I am at her mercy as she slowly and tauntingly crushes me until I pass out. I assume there are many men who have had this type of fantasy. I wonder how frequent it is among women.—N.W.

It is not so uncommon as you think to fantasize about being put in a bear hug by a big girl. Usually, small, shy men go crazy over taller, heavier chicks. Though they feel scared as well as protected by those girls, the attraction will always remain.

I personally have encountered several men who loved to get involved in some kind of wrestling match or else to watch two big girls throw each other down to the floor, pulling and pushing on any imaginable part of each other's bodies. There are plenty of big girls in this world who would love to overpower you. Either look through the ads in certain well-known sex magazines or else put an ad in one yourself, stating exactly the requirements you have in mind. I'm sure there are even some not-so-big girls out there who are strong enough to give you a good fight.

As for the first letter writer, it is somewhat exceptional that a big, husky fellow like you has an attraction to big women, since it is usually the opposites that attract each other. But in this world there are always the exceptions to every rule.

SLIP IN AND SLIDE IN

I'm twenty-six years old and have been married for almost a year, and I would like your opinion. What is the best lubricant to use during sex? We have been using Vaseline, but we really don't like it. What do you think is better?—J.H.

The best and most hygienic of all lubricants

"This one is for kissing the Secretary of the Army's ass, this one is for kissing the Chief of Staff's ass, this one. . . ."

The new Fiat 2 year, 24,000 mile Warranty.

Longer than Toyota, Datsun, Volkswagen, Honda, Chevette, Fiesta.

Fiat now offers a longer power train warranty than any of these imported or domestic cars.

We give you the same basic warranty as everybody else for the first 12 months.

But now we've added a warranty to cover the engine, transmission, and drive train for the *next* 12 months or 12,000 miles.

So basically, you're covered for just about anything that could go wrong the first year, and you're covered for transmission, drive train and most engine parts the second year.

How can we do this?

Well, it wasn't as simple as just changing some numbers on some paper.

We've spent millions of dollars and engineering hours over the last few years making Fiats more reliable and dependable. What we've come out with is a Fiat that's not only a pleasure to drive; it's so dependable and so reliable, it's also a pleasure to own. Your Fiat dealer can put you in one for a test drive. And he can also show you the details of our new warranty and how it differs from those of other cars.

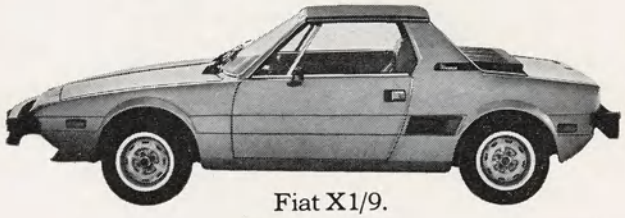
Here's How You Are Protected.
Fiat Motors of North America, Inc. will warrant to the retail purchaser each part of each 1978 Fiat except tires and batteries to be free, under normal use and service as recommended by Fiat, from defect in material and workmanship for 12,000 miles or 12 months from the date of delivery, whichever event shall first occur, and the transmission, drive train and most engine parts will be warranted for an additional 12,000 miles or 12 months, whichever event occurs first. Any part found to be defective will be replaced or repaired at the option of Fiat. See your Fiat dealer for exact terms of the Fiat Motors of North America, Inc. Warranty.

FIAT

First we improved the car.
Then we improved the warranty.

Fiat 131 4-Door Sedan.

Fiat 128 2-Door Sedan.



Fiat X1/9.

Fiat 124 Spider.

is human saliva. In many respects it is actually better than the lubricants available on the market. For natural saliva has all the qualities needed for alleviating dryness, soreness, and friction, and it is probably better for the skin than anything artificial.

If you'd like to use other lubricants, I'll suggust a few to choose from that are slicker than Vaseline, which tends to be just sticky: Lubrafax vaginal cream, Koromex jelly (sperm killing as well), Johnson's baby oil (odorless and tasteless), Emotion Lotion, or any odorless body lotion. You can also try K.Y. jelly, which is one of the most widely used jellies.

Nivea milk can give a highly erotic touch to your lovemaking because of the white substance of the cream. Apply it lovingly to each other's bodies and try mixing his white sperm with all that white cream.

LOOK, MA, NO HANDS

I'd just like to share an orgasmic tidbit or two with you and your readers. I am also vain enough to think that maybe I am one of the few who can perform this feat. Have you heard of this?

I possess what I have been led to believe is a substantially larger cock than the norm: a little better than eight and a half inches hard. The head of my cock is quite big, the shaft is almost ten inches in circumference at the base, and I am uncircumcised. A former girl friend of mine used to brag that she could bring herself off via muscle control. I wondered if I could do the same with some practice and much concentration.

It can be done!

The orgasmic sensation is really quite incredible. By tensing or contracting the muscles around the base of the penis, I can, in effect, control the supply of blood to the entire shaft, especially the glans, thereby rhythmically increasing and decreasing the circumference of the head. I can actually cause the foreskin to roll to and fro tractionally over the glans until ejaculation occurs. I have also managed orgasm with the foreskin pulled all the way back. It does take a bit of practice and concentration, but the sensation is really fantastic.

Is it possible that I may be muscularly massaging the prostate? Are you familiar with such a practice? This method is also a terrific variation on normal thrusting in intercourse, with the head of my cock lodged just beyond the woman's vaginal sphincter. I contract my cock, and she does the same with her cunt muscles—no thrusting while in the sitting position facing one another. I would be interested in your knowledge and comments.—W.B.

That's some new trick for masturbation! It is totally new to me, and I must have some of my partners try it before I can honestly make a comment on your letter. Meanwhile, for those who are interested in trying it themselves, follow up on W.B.'s directions!

"Neither the Renaissance nor the Golden Age of Enlightenment shall proceed until we find out who placed the 'whoopee cushion' on my throne!"

OLD DOG, NEW TRICKS

At the end of your book, The Best Part of a Man, *you ask for suggestions for possible inclusion in your next book,* Xaviera's Lessons in Love. *I hope it isn't too late, because I have one that I think is worth considering.*

In your chapter on circumcision, you tell of a boyfriend you once had who, knowing that you would have preferred him circumcised, trained his "best part" to stay back so that it had a circumcised appearance. I dare say this was helpful only for the sake of appearance and did nothing to improve his organ's effectiveness as a vagina massager.

My suggestion is a painless alternative to curcumcision—one of which also keeps the penis skin back during intercourse, the time when an exposed head is most needed.

Put a small rubber band around the penis about four inches behind the head, and hold it back in this position with lengths of thread or dental floss tied on either side to the rubber band. The rubber band is small enough to be slightly stretched when the penis is erect so that it grabs the skin and yet is loose enough to allow ejaculation. The threads pass back between the buttocks and around the waist so that the ends tie together under the navel. All surplus rear skin is behind the rubber band, of course, and the pleasure-sensitive foreskin is held relatively motionless against the shaft, where it rubs the vagina along with the head, instead of flapping over the head on every withdrawal, thus preventing friction against the vagina.

I dreamed up this technique and used it occasionally before I was circumcised, and I know firsthand that it works. For the man, it allows him to use all the pleasure-sensitive tissue that nature gave him without the frustration of a flapping foreskin. In this respect, it is even better than being clipped. I had the operation anyway, because my wife expressed your sentiment: a clipped peter just naturally looks better. Besides, the rubber-band-and-thread harness takes time to attach properly.

I hope someone out there can use my old invention.—T.R.

You and the above letter writer surely have some kinky, new ideas with regard to penis control and gadgets. I'm glad to have heard about your little contraption, and I'm sure my readers will try it out.

OLD DOG, NO TRICKS

I have been married for forty-one years. I am seventy-two years old. My sexual relations with my wife have been perfect until recently. Our foreplay was always vivid, imaginative, romantic, tender, and ardent. I continued caressing, hugging, and kissing her after the act as well as before it. I have a slender build and am five feet seven inches tall, and my wife is similar in build but shorter. My penis when erect is eight inches in length and six inches in girth. While fucking her, I would hold back my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 163

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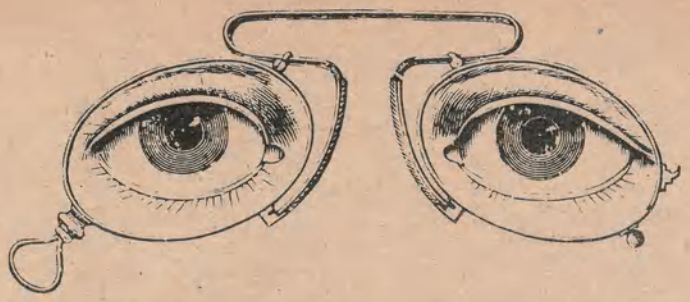


VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE JOY OF MEDIOCRITY

BY NICK TOSCHES

Some of my best friends are mediocre. One tells vauntingly of dinner invitations from Tony Orlando. Another is quick to remind me of America's debt to Ayn Rand. A third is an eater of sesame who aspires to write political speeches. And then there is Levine. When I first met him, his name rhymed with "ravine"; a few years later, it rhymed with "divine." I told him, with a sort of admiration, that I found this eminently mediocre. We no longer speak.

No one thinks of himself as mediocre, and most think of themselves as warriors against mediocrity. When T. S. Eliot wrote *The Cocktail Party*, he felt he had indicted mediocrity. He had no idea that the play itself was quite mediocre. One is not startled to hear that Paul Anka feels the blood of poets flowing through his wrists. Did Descartes know that *cogito, ergo sum* was a monument to *a priori* mediocrity? Does punk rock sense that it is merely a quaint rekindling of the mediocrities of 1914 futurism? Does Jimmy Carter think he's actually noticeable?

We have all committed acts of grave mediocrity in our lives. I recall the time I agreed to interview Roy Clark. I was fully aware that the gentleman was a titan of mediocrity, but the interview involved a free trip to Wyoming, where I had never been. I came prepared with only one question, and it was decidedly mediocre. I sat watching—rather, staring at—Mr. Clark as he tried to tape a motorcycle-safety commercial. Whenever he came to the word *motorcycle*, there was trouble.

"Hi, folks, this is Roy Clark, and I want to tell you about the the new Wyoming safety laws concerning motorsickles. . . ."

I counted eighteen takes. When he finally got the word right, the governor of Wyoming patted him on the back and congratulated him lavishly, as if he had deciphered the Mayan Codices. Then Roy turned to me, and I asked my question.

"Well, Roy," I said. "You play a lot of country music, and you play a lot of pop music. Which do you really prefer?"

"I like 'em both."

"You don't prefer one to the other?"

"I like 'em both."

"Honestly?"

"Yes. I like 'em both."

This went on for a handful of minutes; then Mr. Clark and I shook hands and exchanged smiles of mutual respect. The governor of Wyoming expressed his admiration for my craft.

Like most sins, this was an exhilarating experience, and I have relived it since. I've learned to blow smoke rings and to read Baudelaire in the original French. I've occasionally compiled lists of Things to Do. Just the other day, I filled out a *New Times* subscription form.

But I am a novice, and mediocrity, like Eleusis, has its mysteries. For instance, the letter *K*, which seems to be sacred and powerful to all who are anointed. Trying to pierce the mystery of *K*, I stood for many moments in the drizzling rain, pondering the glowing, plastic glyphs: Kash-N-Karry, Kwik-Sak, Majik Market, Pik-N-Pak, We-Sak-It, Krispy Chicken, Kountry Korner. Trucks roar along our highways at night, their vans loaded with large, recondite *K*s. In Biloxi the owner of an old Cash & Carry grocery store resists. He is found the next morning, hanging by a rope from one of his *C*s.

Something is afoot here, and the consequences may be great. Will students at some future Kollege of Mediokrity be assigned to read Dante's *Divine Komedy*, Dostoevski's *Krime-N-Punishment*, Wolfe's *Web-N-Rok*, Mailer's *Naked-N-Ded*? Will they discuss aloud the many implications of Shakespeare's "2-B or not 2-B, that is the kwestion"?

Television and poetry are perhaps the most energetic manufacturers of mediocrity. An "All in the Family" episode dealing with rape, or a "Maude" episode dealing with alcoholism, is a profoundly mediocre thing, but it still cannot compare with an Erica Jong poem about love or one of Lawrence Ferlinghetti's lyric visions of the Hipster Christ. Television, however, may brag of the made-for-TV movie, the only art form in the history of Western civilization that has not even tentatively peeked beyond mediocrity. One is tempted to write a scathing beatnik poem on the subject.

But, to paraphrase Aristotle (the father of modern mediocrity), there is mediocrity in all things, great and small. The tedious, hulking boxes of modern architecture, built in the image of Dwight Eisenhowever's soul, cannot fail to impress us. Yet consider the Air-Wick Freshener. Here, too, one will find mediocrity, of a more delicate and modest sort. There is even spiritual mediocrity. One looks upon the lantern face of Reverend Moon, feels blandness replenish his soul, and is saved. Or perhaps, scorning organized religion, one ponders the meaning of life. What's it all about?

Mediocrity has its immortal moments. Elvis Presley exhorting us to "Do the Clam." Bert Convy revealing to Johnny Carson, and the world, that if everybody did their own thing, life would be a heck of a lot easier. The invention of Tab. The birth of Merv Griffin. The death of God. Pat Boone's first nocturnal emission.

The autobiography of Sammy Davis, Jr. The Immaculate Conception. Marlon Brando's decision to help the redskins regain Hoboken. Donovan's comeback. The first French movie. John Lennon and Yoko Ono taking off their clothes. The inception of monotheism. The debut of Egg McMuffin. The first utterance of the word *thrust*. The birth of meaningful dialogue. Charo and Cugie's first coupling.

Mediocrity, unlike art, is eternal. It was mediocrity that drew our grunting ancestors from their caves to behold the world's wonderments and to utter irrevocable, dull comments about the weather. Mediocrity has taught us and guided us. It has driven us to mash our carrots, to freeze-dry our coffee, to shroud our furniture in clear plastic, and to stick safety pins through our ears. It took us to the moon, a place even more mediocre than Salt Lake City.

But where is a Keats to sing us an "Ode on an Air-Wick Freshener"? Where is an Aquinas to instruct us, "Not I, but the Mediocrity within me"? The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind.

The mediocre shall inherit the earth. I myself am ready for it. If Tony Orlando invites me to dinner, I know just what I'll wear.

UPI

Cugat and Charo.

SCENES

THE COMEBACK TRAIL

All the reviewers say that Liza Minnelli's new Broadway musical, *The Act*, isn't a Broadway musical at all but a flashy nightclub act. That's not strictly true. Feeble though it may be, Liza's new show does boast a story line.

It's about this movie star, see? Her career starts to sag a little, and she decides she'd better get back into the business before everybody thinks she's died or something.

Her husband, who is this honcho movie producer, says something like: "Hey, baby, why don't you make your comeback slow and easy—like, work up a Las Vegas nightclub act?"

She shudders and says something like: "Nightclubs, yuck! If I go on the club circuit, everybody will say that I couldn't get a job anywhere else."

Of course, she does work up a nightclub act, and she does go on the circuit, and she's such a terrific smash that the movies go crazy to get her back, and she can stop demeaning herself in the yuck! nightclubs.

To turn this dumb plot into an insidious allegory, just substitute "the theater" for "the nightclub circuit" and "a Broadway show" for "a nightclub act," and *The Act* offers a pretty good picture of what's becoming of Broadway these days.

The Great White Way is now the Comeback Trail, as Hollywood stars trek east in droves to bolster flagging careers. This season, a slew of stars and pseudostars who are temporarily between TV series or waiting out new movie contracts have committed themselves to Broadway shows. If they all pan out, Broadway will look like a Swiss fat farm by the end of the season.

Nobody's calling Liza Minnelli a has-been. But let's face it: after *New York, New York* and *Lucky Lady*, Hollywood did not exactly prostrate itself at her feet. New York City did, however, because the theater *appreciates* a star. Broadway is so starved for stars, who seem to be umbilically attached to Hollywood, that even a soap-opera lead is welcomed like minor royalty. For Liza, for the goods, the Broadway faithful would trample their own progeny in their stampede to the box office.

Martha Swope

Liza: fame as a commodity.

It isn't for the adulation alone that the stars are returning to Broadway. Being a star is like running a small industry: you've got to improve your product, broaden your market, and cement customer relations, especially in your "off" seasons saleswise. Most of today's stars are much shrewder business people than their predecessors (*pace* Joan Crawford). Between movies they use other media to keep their product familiar to the public eye. They write books, do TV specials, chat on talk shows, work up nightclub acts, make cabaret appearances, take one-man shows on tour—and appear on Broadway. Fame is a commodity that must be kept fresh.

A season's exposure in a Broadway hit can raise a star's stock in many ways. Richard Burton's brief but effective stage appearance in *Equus* won him the lead in the motion-picture version. *Follies* launched Alexis Smith on a nightclub career. *Irene* rescued star Debbie Reynolds from a nightclub career. Lauren Bacall's *Applause* comeback reminded the rest of the entertainment industry that she was still very much alive and marketable. Katharine Hepburn's return to the theater in *Coco* led to several feature and TV movies. Different strokes . . .

A stint in the theater can also be a lift for a star's morale. For an overexposed or overworked personality, it can be a vacation. For a foreign star, it can mean a chunk of easy money. For anyone who has worked exclusively in films and television, it can mean much more:

Michael Baumann/FUJI

Yul Brynner stars in The King and I: *a comeback, at last.*

an occasion for growth and development, a whole new career dimension.

Take Ted Knight. After seven years of fame and fortune playing Ted Baxter, the egomaniacal anchorman on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, Knight found himself at a career bend when the show folded last season. Unlike Ed Asner and Betty White, he didn't accept the spin-off show that MTM offered him. It was time, he felt, for a new comedy persona. While waiting for just the right series to come along, he signed for a Broadway comedy, *Some of My Best Friends*.

Playing "an international dummy" for seven years had ruffled his ego feathers, as he admitted in a preopening interview. "Week after week those put-downs, those really stupid things I had to do, were totally against my grain. I needed to do something like this play for my own self-esteem."

Some of My Best Friends undoubtedly figured in Knight's plans as a "class" career move. It could have been his chance to show the network brass that Ted Knight could play heavier comedy roles than that of "an international dummy." Instead, the turkey folded in a week, and Knight got nasty, calling the New York theater critics "executioners on Death Row."

But nobody ever said that Broadway, however friendly to slumming stars, was a patsy. Jerry Lewis's million-dollar debut vehicle, *Hellzapoppin'*, wound up in the law courts instead of on Broadway. *Odyssey* was a costly flop for Yul Brynner, holding up his comeback plans a season, until the revival of *The King and I*. Broadway's casualties include even television's Mary Tyler Moore, whose brief theatrical career began and ended in 1966, when David Merrick closed *Breakfast at Tiffany's* during out-of-town tryouts.

Still, for every star who has suffered a theatrical trauma on Broadway, there are some who are always welcomed by a big brass band whenever they come on "home" to the theater. Stars like Al Pacino, George C. Scott, Vanessa Redgrave, Henry Fonda, Madeline Kahn, and Jason Robards maintain a continuing love affair with the theater by the simple process of continually working in the theater. George C. Scott stated his position a few years ago: "Film stardom is a peripheral and distorted kind of fulfillment. Real actors all prefer theater to movies and go back regularly."

All stars talk that talk on the eve of a Broadway opening. The thing is, some of them you believe and some you don't. George C. Scott has made theater appearances every few seasons for the past twenty years. Him you believe. After an absence longer than some people's lifetimes, Sammy Davis, Jr., is coming back to Broadway this year in a revival of *Stop the World* . . . Him you wonder what he wants.

Admittedly, the theater is no defenseless virgin's breast. It is a commercial marketplace. Mutual exploitation is the name of the game, and Broadway plays it as enthusiastically as any of its visiting stars-for-a-season. There's nothing sinister about all this star wooing—just something a bit dangerous. It leads to things. Like the inflated twenty-five-dollar ticket top for *The Act*, which will inevitably spread to the rest of Broadway and screw up the precariously balanced economics of the industry. Similarly, the high cost and limited availability of stars has led to shorter runs for shows. This can only hasten inflationary economics and create an elitist theater.

In its lust for celebrity names on its marquees, Broadway has also made certain—shall we say—*accommodations* for stars who are untrained in the theater's special discipline, or who are just out of shape from all those *Celebrity Squares* appearances. Unfortunately, floor and body mikes are standard and unquestioned equipment these days, although some critics set up a wail when they spotted Liza lip-synching some pretaped numbers in *The Act*. As one musical-theater veteran put it recently, "We used to live in fear of laryngitis. Now they live in fear of machinery breaking down."

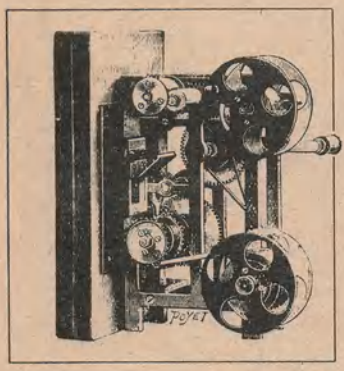
Broadway also accommodates its illustrious visitors by mounting flimsy shows that make sturdy star vehicles but lousy theater. At its most offensive, the practice weakens the collaborative nature of the theater and puts all the muscle of a show into its star's all-powerful hands. At its most absurd, this pandering to celebrity power is responsible for all the creaky revivals being hauled out to satisfy stars who are terrified to take a chance on untried, original material.

The ultimate extension is that trendy theatrical atrocity, the one-man show. A legitimate dramatic form in the hands of pros like Hal Holbrook and Julie Harris, the solo show is degenerating into a who-needs-people snub from celebrities who want to cut out any middlemen between themselves and their adulation and income.

Having stars on Broadway is nice. Nice for the theater, nice for the stars. But if a bit more discrimination isn't shown soon, we may wind up paying a week's salary for the honor of watching a star read his or her fan mail for two hours.—*Marilyn Stasio*

Richard Burton in Equus: *another chance at stardom.*

FILMS



DELIGHTS AND DISASTER

I'd take odds that if Michael Ritchie's ***Semi-Tough*** wasn't the best American movie to open last year, it was at least one of the two or three best and among the several best to open in quite some time. Deep thinkers may not agree. *Semi-Tough* raises no major questions, discovers no important answers, notices no significant issues, and settles none of the problems facing the world today. It does satirize est and health fads and the ownership of professional sports teams—all easy targets—but it isn't primarily satire. It is comedy, unpretentious and highly personal comedy with rather delicate ambitions. And that, though marvelous, is not so easy. Consider the difficulties of a Burt Reynolds movie about pro football—in which everything may depend for a moment on the audience's appreciating the way Jill Clayburgh flutters one false eyelash in a bewilderment that quietly signifies her superiority to all the people around her who know exactly what they are doing.

The moment I've in mind occurs in the midst of an est-type indoctrination session where Clayburgh is gamely trying but isn't getting the message that will turn her into a born-again, raised-consciousness freak, so that she can understand the new secular religion of the guy she's supposed to marry. He (Kris Kristofferson) and his best buddy (Burt Reynolds) play football for the Miami team that her dad (Robert Preston) owns. They both happen also to share a luxury apartment with her. The three are in fact the best of friends, not lovers. And despite everything else that goes on in the fairly busy movie, including Miami's bid for the championship that season, the plot of *Semi-Tough* has essentially to do with how Reynolds saves the other two from marrying each other.

Some critics have compared *Semi-Tough* with another lovely movie, *The Philadelphia Story*. But I think it comes a lot closer to *Design for Living*, which the great Ernst Lubitsch directed in 1933, which is also a comedy about two men and a woman who keep falling in love but nevertheless maintain a friendship, and which is a masterpiece—though never very popular with audiences. The problem lies in the relationship. It challenges our conventional notions of a happy ending and asks for a kind of poised appreciation rather than for a warm rush of mindless approval. Ritchie shares some of Lubitsch's problem; people don't know how to take his conclusions. He also shares some of Lubitsch's sense of timing, tact, intelligence, and sophistication. He has, without much fanfare, emerged among the major filmmakers of the 1970s.

Most of Ritchie's movies are satires about contests: *The Candidate, Downhill Racer, The Bad News Bears, Smile*. The new film marks a change because its formal contest, the climax of Miami's football season, becomes no more than a series of interludes. And the satire, though pervasive, serves mainly as a background for the not-quite-romantic drama at the center.

Ritchie's is usually the gentlest of satire anyway, like the beauty contest in *Smile*, which he laughs at and also admires. A typical sequence in *Semi-Tough* catches his vision well enough, in a Ramada Inn cocktail lounge complete with singing pianist, red-glass candle holders, and middle-aged waitress in miniskirt and beehive hairdo. I suspect the Ramada Inn came all provided, and Ritchie needed only to place his actors and set up his cameras. Perhaps that's all he did. But knowing where and when and, most important, why, makes all the difference here and throughout his continuing record of high life in America.

However, the value of *Semi-Tough* lies in the three-way friendship, which is clever and funny, and often quite beautiful. Burt Reynolds has shown how good he is so many times by now that even people who mistrust his image must accept his achievement as a comedian. In roles that Clark Gable would have played years ago, Reynolds is always better than Gable. Kris Kristofferson is at least better than he's been before, and for once he plays in an ensemble rather than against the presence of some leading lady. But Jill Clayburgh—with her grace, her toothy smile, her wonderful and slightly batty stridency, even her outrageous southern accent—virtually transforms the screen into a place where she lives and makes living for others supremely possible. If you'd like a cram first course in the potentials of movie-acting subtlety, any five minutes of Jill Clayburgh in *Semi-Tough* will provide it.

Burt Reynolds in Semi-Tough: *high life in America*.

Clayburgh and Kristofferson.

Luis Bunuel is now seventy-eight years old, and for some time he has been announcing each of his recent movies as his last—an announcement that, thank God (or whatever spirit rules Bunuel), he keeps proving wrong. The most recent, ***That Obscure Object of Desire***, continues the sleek, sumptuous, cooly erotic look that began to characterize his work a decade ago with *Belle de Jour* and that has made the films of his seventies the most popular of his incredible career. But the refinement and the elegant good manners should not

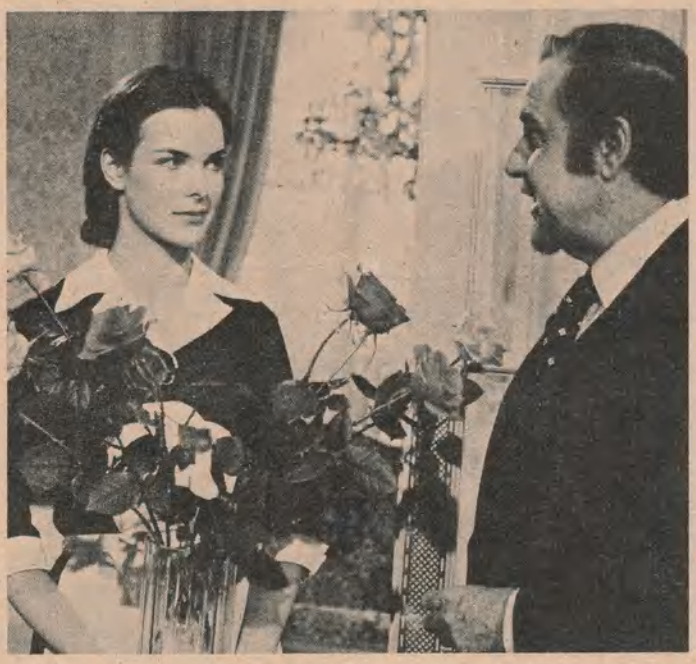
fool you. The impulses behind these films in important respects remain unchanged from the impulses behind the surrealist masterpieces *Un Chien Andalou* and *L'Age d'Or,* with which, fifty years ago, the same Buñuel began writing outrageous film history.

You can find that history in any movie handbook; so let's return to *That Obscure Object of Desire*. It concerns the reckless pursuit, by a wealthy, rather aged French gentleman, of a poor but gorgeous young Spanish girl (played by two actresses, with the voice of a third) who leads him maddeningly on, while Western civilization incidentally collapses around them. The gentleman tells his story, shown by way of flashback, to a group of acquaintances in the first-class carriage of a train traveling from Madrid to Paris. The framing arrangement, the telling of the tale, is in fact as hilarious as anything in the body of the film. The old fellow (Fernando Rey, a superb actor and for some time now a mainstay of the Buñuel films) never does get into the object of his desire (alternately Carole Bouquet *and* Angela Molina, who don't much resemble one another except that they're both willowy, voluptuous, and beautiful), though he suffers a humiliating succession of invitations and rejections, and he almost goes crazy trying. Meanwhile a plague is sweeping Europe, and a coalition of left-wing terrorists, right-wing terrorists, and something called the Revolutionary Army of the Infant Jesus is kidnapping or killing everyone of substance—though the potential victims are mostly too preoccupied, or perhaps just too polite, to notice what's going on.

It would be tempting to point to an insane love affair in the midst of a world in revolution, and thus to draw a moral. But it would be wrong, because the world at large seems just as absurd as the obsessions of the world in miniature, and it has not even Fernando Rey's suavity or his ladies' tantalizing perversity to redeem it. I don't believe there is a moral. The major Buñuel movies are actions, not self-proclaimed units of meaning. Their style *is* their substance. And what they teach is the ridiculous and yet admirable grace with which their people keep skirting a seemingly inevitable abyss.

A fly found floating in a well-iced martini at a fashionable cocktail lounge becomes for the unflappably cheerful customer, "Well, one fly less!" Which is how you keep your head up as your value systems come crumbling down around you.

That Obscure Object of Desire happens to be essential moviegoing. If you want worldly returns for your entertainment dollar, you can begin by noting the gloriously tailored clothes Fernando Rey puts on or the glories beneath the clothes Carole Bouquet and Angela Molina take off. You won't be slighting the film. You'll merely be taking a first—necessary—step toward the unique vision Buñuel can give.



Luis Buñuel's That Obscure Object of Desire: *a ridiculous grace.*

The Serpent's Egg, made in English in Germany, is the worst Ingmar Bergman film I've seen. Set in Berlin in the 1920s, it tells the story of how an American Jewish circus performer (David Carradine) uncovers the sources of Nazism while he wanders through a claustrophobic nightmare world of cabarets, rooming houses, hospitals, and prisons. The settings notwithstanding, its real location is a country of the mind—a place where Bergman has been before and which he has by now so well mapped out with so many signs and symbols that there are no new discoveries to be made. Bergman is a literalist of the imagination. When given a stylistic frame, as in, say, *Smiles of a Summer Night* or the recent *Magic Flute*, he can make movies of great delicacy and beauty. But when thrown upon his own invention, he constructs deadeningly obvious symbolic psychodramas in which everything is either explained away or else drenched with otherworldy mystery instead of explanation. Put beside Luis Buñuel or even Michael Ritchie, *The Serpent's Egg* would make it seem that sometimes Ingmar Bergman, the most celebrated screen artist of our day, can't direct a movie.—*Roger Greenspun*

CLOSE BUT NOT QUITE

In the beginning they make themselves known through toys. They also turn on radios, TV sets, photographs. And when they get close enough they are absolute hell for refrigerators, dishwashers, electric ranges, whole community power systems. But they start with toys—battery-operated trucks and tanks and toy animals that suddenly begin to move around and make small noises.

So it is no accident that the one who first discovers them is a four-year-old boy; that the man who finally goes off with them plays with model trains; and that when they do make themselves visible to us, they are like little, hairless children with big, soft, blinking eyes, and with nothing to say, but with wonderfully appealing, shy grins.

After all the hoopla that preceded its opening, after the press junket to Los Angeles that didn't take place, after the absolutely secret sneak preview in Dallas that only a few of the national news magazines heard about and happened to attend, after all the *concerned* speculation on the market about where Columbia Pictures' stock would go upon its premier—Steven Spielberg's ***Close Encounters of the Third Kind*** comes as rather a pleasant multimillion-dollar anti-climax: optimistic, full of thrilling sights and sounds, and almost totally without content. This last, the immateriality, may have been a stroke of genius—movie-industry genius. Perhaps the world is exactly ready for the blank apotheosis that seems the burden of Steven Spielberg's movie.

It begins, as I said, with toys. Then the little boy (Gary Guffey), despite the pleas of his mother (Melinda Dillon), is drawn to the blinding light outside the kitchen door, and he doesn't come back. Meanwhile, the model-train freak (Richard Dreyfuss), who is also a power-company lineman, has his own close encounter on a country road late at night. And, in conditions of greatest secrecy, an international team of scientists headed by François Truffaut (yes, the French director, who speaks very little English, which for this movie is no problem) starts to investigate the UFO phenomenon.

Everyone who has felt the Alien Presence has a vision, an ill-

defined something that he or she must give expression to and that looks like a cross between a solitary Alp and a weary chicken croquette, until Richard Dreyfuss, in a burst of creative frustration, tears the top off the miniature one he builds—he later builds one of garbage cans, wire fencing, mud, and shrubbery, and it takes over his living room and totally displaces his wife—and discovers through television that it's really a model of Devil's Tower National Monument. So, upon the Black Hills of Wyoming converge Dreyfuss and Dillon and other unidentified Flying Object spotters.

The scientists get there first, having picked up transmitted map coordinates by radio telescope, the way scientists would; and there is much—skillful—suspense over whether Dreyfuss will make his contact despite concerted official opposition. But of course he will, and when the ultimate flying saucer arrives—shining overhead like a colorful and quite festive intergalactic chandelier—he is ready for his close encounter of the third kind and his ascension into glory.

In its appearance, its often charming special effects, its expert but patently phony process shooting, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (also known as just plain *Close Encounters*, which makes it sound like Noel Coward, and as *CE3K*, which makes it sound like a chess move) resembles nothing so much as 1940s espionage melodrama or (almost the same thing) 1960s James Bond. But in its subject matter it is essentially 1950s science fiction, with the difference that in the old days the busybodies from outer space would have come either to warn us against shooting off atomic bombs or else to steal our vitality. However, the visitors in *Close Encounters* seem without purpose except, perhaps, for that of encounter for its own sake—though there is no saying (and the movie certainly doesn't say) where that might lead. That with the best minds of several continents at their disposal, the visiting aliens actually pick Richard Dreyfuss, may be saying enough. He is surely "everyman"—with just enough imaginative reach to fashion a Devil's Tower out of materials in his own backyard.

Richard Dreyfuss.

At the age of thirty, Steven Spielberg has made lots of TV films, one good theatrical movie (*The Sugarland Express*), and, in *Jaws*, one possibly stultifying success. *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* may represent for him a step backward in the right direction, being more interesting than *Jaws*, though not so promising—or even so expert—as *The Sugarland Express*.

In its spectacle, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind is* exciting, and prodigious, and just tactful enough not to overload its fantasy with masses of detail. But in its human drama it is often banal, dully assertive, and full of fancy editing tricks that do not make up for the glazed look actors take on when forced to stare too long with awe and wonder at absolutely nothing while they mutter, for the sound track, the obligatory sci-fi "Oh, my God!" Since there are no real, certifiable villains—not the Otherworldly Aliens, not even the U.S. Defense Department—the whole point seems to be to discover universally benign intentions. Which may make you feel good but which doesn't make for the most stimulating evening at the movies.

But there remains a lot to admire in *Close Encounters*, including, in its nondrama, several distinctly bright ideas. I liked especially the fact that contact is finally made by means of music, a sort of duet between space ship and earthlings playing a synthesizer with results that resemble some Stravinsky—say, an early woodwind chamber piece. But, recalling the source of all this movie concertizing—*Thus Spake Zarathustra* in Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*—it is pleasant to speculate that *Close Encounters* may have chosen its own Richard Strauss theme. The four notes that constitute the first message from outer space seem suspiciously close to the beginning of the great third-act trio from *Der Rosenkavalier*, music that is perhaps as near as that composer, or this movie, ever comes to sublimity.—*Roger Greenspun*

Melinda Dillon and Cary Guffey await their "close encounter."

WORDS

CONSPIRACIES

Frank Snepp is the angriest spy to come in from the cold since Alex Leamas. But unlike novelist John Le Carre's fictional antihero, who wallowed in self-pity, Snepp is very much alive and very much a noisy activist.

In a 590-page book, ***Decent Interval*** (Random House, $14.95), Snepp, thirty-six, savages his former masters in the CIA for institutional stupidity and operational cowardice during the fall of Vietnam in April 1975. A sample:

"It is not too much to say that in terms of squandered lives, blown secrets, and the betrayal of agents, friends, and collaborators, our handling of the evacuation was an institutional disgrace. Not since the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion of 1961 has the agency put so much on the line, and lost it through stupidity and mismanagement."

But in addition to spotlighting, from the inside, the many CIA inadequacies during the last days of the war, crusader Snepp paints a vivid portrait of a Machiavellian Henry Kissinger pursuing in distant Washington his own grand design for the universe while the simplest plans were going awry in Saigon.

America's final efforts in Vietnam were doomed to failure, Snepp writes, because Kissinger "with his addiction to secrecy never quite levelled with Congress or the American people about what was essential to preserving his imperfect peace." The author served eight years with the CIA and became a senior analyst in Saigon,

but he was no hawk. Nor was Snepp a dove. What made him angry enough to defy a secrecy oath and publish his charges was the CIA's eagerness to cover up the details of a less than noble evacuation from Saigon.

According to Snepp, the CIA left behind to the untender mercies of the victorious Communists 400 working members of the Vietnamese counterpart to the CIA, 400 members of the South Vietnamese special police branch, and a large Vietnamese staff of CIA code clerks, computer operators, and translators, plus hundreds of high-level Communist defectors who had served as informers.

The agency also failed, Snepp says, to ensure the destruction of personal files and intelligence dossiers that had been assembled with the aid of the Saigon government and that identified many of those left behind, including 30,000 Vietnamese specially trained for the notorious Phoenix program.

Snepp was aboard one of the last choppers out of Saigon. He returned to CIA headquarters in Langley to discover that his colleagues were receiving medals and plush new jobs. Rather than assisting in the cover-up, Snepp noisily argued for a full investigation of the Vietnam debacle but was shushed by his superiors. He then went public, with his manuscript edited and printed by Random House under stringent secrecy. The Justice Department is considering legal action against Snepp on the grounds that, even though he quit the CIA in 1976, he has violated his secrecy agreement and gone back on a promise to submit his manuscript for clearance.

If so many vulnerable Vietnamese were left behind in Saigon, who, then, were those 130,000 finally brought out? They were businessmen and farmers and hangers-on and others who had nothing to fear from the Communists other than a traumatic readjustment to a Spartan political regime. They also included the handsome Snepp's Vietnamese bar-girl mistress, whom he managed to slip quietly aboard a departing air-force plane.

Snepp's book is much more than a bitter polemic against his former bosses. A talented writer and a trained observer, the repentant spy has provided an engrossing inside view of the CIA and the State Department under severe stress. That they failed to meet the last great challenge in Vietnam was symptomatic of the whole American experience in that unhappy conflict.

I appreciate Snepp's literary efforts because I was present as a reporter in Vietnam during those last days, and I watched unbelievingly as the chaos rolled across the land. Reading Snepp's book two years later brought some mad logic to the whole affair. It didn't reconcile me to Saigon's ignoble end, but I better understood the reasons behind it.—*Peter Arnett*

UPI

Wagner International

Henry Kissinger, Frank Snepp: CIA coverups.

SOUNDS

CAPTURED LIVE

Just as the Rolling Stones are about to tear into a climactic "Sympathy for the Devil," near the end of their concert album ***Love You Live*** (Rolling Stones Records), a string of firecrackers explodes, followed by the mortarlike thudding of cherry bombs. The audience, which is already screaming its lungs out, starts to roar, and *then* the music begins. It's a jarring moment, one that sets the adrenalin flowing even after several listenings; it's a moment that will never be matched by a studio recording.

Love You Live is unlike the Rolling Stones' earlier live albums in several significant respects, but it is like some other recent live albums in that it gives the performers a chance to take risks and try things they haven't tried before. The traditional live album—a band playing its hits or running through a well-rehearsed live show—is still very much with us, but rock and jazz musicians and record producers are discovering that the live album is a medium in its own right. It is a medium whose resources have only begun to be tapped; advances in remote-recording technology now make it possible to get concert tapes that are as clear and clean as studio efforts.

For the Rolling Stones, the new possibilities of live recording meant the chance to become a bar band again. With visceral, rhythm-and-blues-based rock a coming thing this year, the idea of recording tough, tavern-style music must have been appealing commercially. But there is no mistaking the joy and energy the Stones invest in side three of *Love You Live*, which they recorded at the El Mocambo club in Toronto. The repertoire consists of blues and R&B, the kind of music the Stones originally played, and the performances are so exuberant and idiomatically right that they put the other three-fourths of the album to shame.

Can this be what the Stones intended? Probably not. But despite the firecrackers, cherry bombs, and audience hysteria (all of which seem to have been recorded and mixed as carefully as the music), the regular concert recordings on *Love You Live* do not pack half the punch of the album's El Mocambo side, which is topped by a strutting version of Muddy Waters's "Mannish Boy" and a slinky, slide-guitar-dominated "Little Red Rooster." At this point in their career, the Rolling Stones seem to be most successful at Chicago-style electric blues. Perhaps the band feels trapped in its role as a mass phenomenon, fated to play in stadiums and indoor arenas. In any event, by recording at the El Mocambo, the Stones have been able to recapture their youthful fire and spirit.

On Santana's ***Moonflower*** (Columbia), the audience is mixed down in relation to the music, rather than up, as on *Love You Live*. Here the purpose of live recording was to goad the musicians, particularly guitarist Carlos Santana, into the sort of incendiary improvising that is rarely captured in the studio. Of course, concert albums have often aimed at capturing better, looser playing. But *Moonflower* is innovative because it combines live tracks with studio recordings, without any clear demarcations or album credits allowing the listener to distinguish between the two.

This is an album that aspires to the best of both worlds, and although a few other bands have attempted similar live-studio mixtures, none has been as conspicuously successful. The more controlled studio recordings here are of new material; the rawer live

selections are Santana favorites, from "Black Magic Woman" through the recent "Dance, Sister, Dance." Cynics might suspect that the inclusion of these hits is the band's attempt to goose a leveled-off career. But each of the album's four sides works as a musical statement; and since Santana is above all a great performing band, with one of the most distinctive and passionate guitar soloists in rock, the mixing of live tunes with new studio recordings is justifiable from a strictly musical point of view. It works so well, one suspects that other groups will soon emulate it by recording live-studio hybrids of their own.

Jazz thrives on spontaneity to a much greater degree than rock does, and the tradition of the live jazz album has tended to reflect this divergence. Theoretically, the idea is to preserve the minute-by-minute flow of inspiration, and because of this the best live jazz recordings have been those that capture musicians in relaxed, familiar working situations—Miles Davis at the Blackhawk, Coltrane at the Village Vanguard. But here, as with rock recordings, the groups are heard playing their regular repertoires; and while the albums are as good as a good night in a jazz club, they are rarely any better. Those special, magic nights that occur unpredictably in the world of jazz performance are almost never captured and preserved for us by recording equipment.

A second tried-and-true formula for live jazz recording is the special-concept performance, such as last year's V.S.O.P. concert featuring pianist Herbie Hancock and two all-star bands, composed of his sidekicks from earlier groups. But the V.S.O.P. story has an interesting sequel. The critics' reactions to the first half of the concert, which reunited Hancock with Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter, and Tony Williams, his cohorts in the Miles Davis band of the mid-1960s, and Freddie Hubbard (in Miles's place), were uniformly positive. So the five musicians momentarily dropped their own bands—Shorter is co-leader of Weather Report and the others front popular jazz groups of their own—and toured the country as The Quintet.

Out of that tour came ***V.S.O.P.—The Quintet*** (Columbia), another innovative use of the live-album format. Instead of playing the tunes they had written and performed during the 1960s and resurrected at their first reunion concert—tunes like "Maiden Voyage" and "Nefertiti," which have become jazz classics—Hancock and company performed new compositions, and with a minimum of prior rehearsal. The result is one of those rare jazz albums that capture both the agony and the ecstasy of spontaneous creation. At times the quintet seems about to splinter apart, with the rhythm players and horn soloists competing rather than working together. But because the musicians are masters of their instruments and idiom, and particularly because of the supercharged atmosphere of their collaboration, they bring order out of chaos again and again with improvisations of remarkable inventiveness and urgency.

The earliest live jazz recordings aimed at capturing this kind of spontaneity. They were recordings of jam sessions—not real jam sessions, which are after-hours affairs organized by and for musicians, but staged jam sessions, held in concert halls or theaters. The father of the staged jam session and of jam-session recording is Norman Granz, whose Jazz at the Philharmonic troupes, featuring the reigning jazz stars of the 1940s and 1950s, used to barnstorm across North America, Europe, and Japan at regular intervals. Granz is still active as president of Pablo Records, and although he no longer mounts Jazz at the Philharmonic tours, the musicians who record for him—they include the great Count Basie, who is over seventy and still going strong, and Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, and Oscar Peterson—do get together and jam at various jazz festivals. Granz, never one to do things halfway, records and releases every minute of these events on his label.

At the 1977 Montreux Jazz Festival in Switzerland, for example, Granz recorded six albums, one of them a two-record set. They are ***Count Basie Jam***, ***Dizzy Gillespie Jam***, ***Oscar Peterson Jam***, ***Milt Jackson–Ray Brown Jam***, ***The Pablo All-Stars Jam***, and a double album of outtakes from all of the other five sets, ***The Jam Sessions***. Pablo has been an unusually prolific label since its beginning, churning out albums at a positively bewildering pace. But even so, the Montreux avalanche is exceptional, and one does not know quite what to make of it.

The participants are great jazzmen. In addition to the stars, one hears generous samplings of Benny Carter, Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, and Joe Pass. And, undeniably, such jazz musicians turn in some of their most inspired playing in informal jams with their peers. One thing is certain: the facilities at Montreux are state-of-the-art, from the recording studio that is built into the theater to the Bosendorfer concert grand piano on the stage.

Perhaps there is too much music in these Pablo releases; perhaps some intelligent editing would have made the fruits of the festival more easily assimilable. But the music is fine music and superbly recorded, and one suspects that Granz is making albums, not just for today's record-buying public, but for posterity. One wonders whether, seventy years hence, the Rolling Stones' "Mannish Boy" will sound as vital and alive as the vinyl legacy of the septuagenarian Count Basie.—*Robert Palmer*

The Rolling Stones at the El Mocambo in Toronto: to be a bar band again.

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ARGUMENTS FOR THE ELIMINATION OF TELEVISION

Television is not an open window through which all perceptions pass. It is no more a "neutral" technology than a gun. A former advertising executive attacks the phenomenon of television itself as damaging to society in selections from his forthcoming book, "Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television."

THE CENTRALIZATION OF EXPERIENCE

The first moment that I became deeply concerned about television was during the early 1970s, when a shocking burst of figures appeared in newspapers.

It was reported that in the generations since 1945, 99 percent of the homes in the country had acquired at least one television set. On an average evening, more than 80 million people would be watching TV. Thirty million of these would be watching the same program. In special instances 100 million people would be watching the same program at the same time.

The average household had the set going more than six hours a day. If there was a child, the average was more than eight hours. The average person was watching for nearly four hours daily. And so, allowing eight hours for sleep and eight hours for work, roughly half of the adult nonsleeping, nonworking time was spent watching television. Considering that these were average figures, they mean that half of the people in this country were watching television even more than that.

As these numbers sank in, I realized that there had been a strange change in the way people received information, and even more in the way they were experiencing and understanding the world. In one generation, out of hundreds of thousands in human evolution, America had become the first culture to have substituted secondary, mediated versions of experience for direct experience of the world. Interpretations and representations of the world were being accepted as experience, and the difference between the two was obscure to most of us.

I heard many people say, "Television is great; there are so many things on TV that we'd never otherwise experience." People were seeing television images of Borneo forests, European ballets, varieties of family life, distant police actions, current events, or re-creations of historical crises, and they were believing themselves to be experiencing these places, people, and events. Yet the television image of the Borneo forest or the news or historical event was surely not the experience of them and not to be relied upon to the same extent. It was only the experience of sitting in a darkened room, often alone, with the body totally stilled, even the eyes unmoving (television viewing is one of the only experiences in life in which the eyes are scarcely moving), passively staring at flickering light, as if it was a hypnotist's candle, ingesting images that had been edited, cut, rearranged, sped up, slowed

Illustration by Sean Early

By Jerry Mander

down, taken from distant places and other times, mixed in with each other, and confined in hundreds of ways. Were people aware of the difference between this sort of passive reception of rearranged information and prior modes of direct, active experience? With their faces blank, their minds seemingly inoperative, were people even awake?

We were told that the mass media was producing the best-informed population in the world, and yet, as TV grew to become a kind of environment surrounding our awareness, I began to think that it might be confining our knowledge more than expanding it. Because television delivers its information in the form of images, people tended to accept these images as whole, complete, and reliable. "Seeing is believing." It was natural that we should all perceive this way, since 4 million years of evolution had not prepared our species to process *artificial* images, those that have been separated from source and context, rearranged, and packaged.

A new muddiness of mind seemed to be developing. People's patterns of discernment were becoming dulled rather than sharpened. Studies appeared proving that many viewers took fictional programs to be "real" and used them to inform and advise their own lives. In one celebrated example, Dr. Marcus Welby, a totally fictional character, received 250,000 requests for medical advice. Finally, it was clear that humans did not make much distinction between preprocessed, filtered TV information and that which came by direct experience. To be sure, this "new muddiness of mind" was having some serious consequences.

If people were believing that an *image* of nature was equal to or even similar to the experience of nature—subtle, slow, moody, involving all the senses—and were therefore satisfied enough with the image that they did not seek out the real experience, then nature was in a lot bigger trouble than anyone realized. People can lose the ability to attune to nature's rhythms or to care about its destruction. "Nature is boring." Or, if people believed that images of historical events were even close approximations of actual events, which evolve over time and have complexity, nuance, and detail, then historical reality was in big trouble. As TV became the major mental experiential field for most of the people in the country, as it began to merge with environment, the confusion of television information with a wider, direct mode of experience was advancing rapidly.

Because so many of us were confusing television experience with direct experience of the world, we were not noticing that experience *itself* was being unified to the single behavior of watching television. Switching from channel to channel, believing that a sports program was a significantly different experience from a police program or news of a war, all 80 million viewers were sitting separately in dark rooms engaged in exactly the same activity at the same time: watching television.

It was as if the whole nation had gathered at a gigantic three-ring circus. Those who watched the bicycle act believed their experience was different from that of those who watched the gorillas or the flame eater, but everyone was at the circus. Worse, as we all watched from our separate living rooms, it was as if we sat in isolation booths, unable to exchange any responses about what we were all going through together. Everybody was engaged in the same act at the same time, but we were doing it alone.

What a bizarre situation!

It was suddenly possible for an entire nation of 200 million people to be spoken to as individuals, one to one, the television set to the person or family, all at once. I remember being chilled at the thought, realizing that this fact in itself, a single information source capable of speaking images directly into the minds of hundreds of millions of people at the same time, expressed an autocratic relationship which no one was even discussing. One speaks; millions absorb! The fact that the machine also seemed to hypnotize, addict, pacify, isolate, and confuse people, and as we have since learned, make it difficult for people to separate the real from the not real, only made matters that much worse.

Instead of being frightened by all this, however, those who even noticed it celebrated our new unification. TV was described as some kind of breakthrough in the evolution of consciousness, uniting all of us in a kind of one-minded experience previously thought to reside only in the realm of the mystic. Even McLuhan, who saw so much, encouraged that kind of nonsense, speaking of our new "tribal community," all vibrating to the same drumbeat. What he didn't say was that this drum could be played only by a few players, its messages were predefined into a certain channeled form, and the vibrating millions were all going unconscious.

My fears were encouraged one day as I sat reading the *New York Times* and noted a small item. It concerned a Pentagon proposal to President Nixon that an electronic gadget be attached to every TV set in the country. Capable of being activated directly by the president, it would turn on every set in the country at once. My mind flew into a paranoid pattern.

It's 4:00 A.M. We are awakened by the national anthem. Where is it coming from? What's that light over there? It's the TV set. There's President Nixon . . . announcing what? His final dream realized? With everyone hypnotized by television, with *it* as the center of all reality, with all minds plugged in, with the world outside of television becoming more obscure all the time, I began to imagine that awful scenarios, coups d'etat, might seem sensible and logical.

A few months later I saw in the *Times* a follow-up story that said the Pentagon pro-

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posal had been scrapped. Apparently, the administration felt that people might "misinterpret the intentions" of such a project. But whatever the intentions of the Pentagon and Nixon, the technology itself had already accomplished something new and seemingly permanent. Middle-of-the-night coups and other brutal and heavy-handed means of grasping control may actually be a thing of the past. No power-crazy president is likely to try to take over. No half-mad dictator is likely to send his armies over the land. These have all become irrelevant and unnecessary now that a kind of slow-motion, subtle, invisible soft coup is well underway. We are already spoken to, all of us, at the same time, night and day, from a monolithic, centralized force. A handful speak; we all absorb. We are not being told to shape up or be shot or jailed. The coup is taking place directly inside our minds. The few commercial interests able to dominate this technology speak their images into the deep recesses of our minds. These images tell us who we are, how we should live, and how the natural world is organized. Even after our daily four hours in front of the image machine are over, the images continue to glow in our minds, like some kind of neuronal billboard or house of mirrors by which we compare our reality. With tens of millions of Americans absorbing the same images from the same source, hour after hour, night after night, our common field of perception, awareness, and knowledge slowly narrows to fit what the machine can and does convey. All experience merges. All diversity disappears, flattened to fit the needs of a technology. Forests become TV forests. Relationships are TV relationships. Life is commodity life. With everyone fixed to the machine, we all slowly evolve into creatures who are indistinguishable from the TV images, or from one another, as if some cloning process had occurred. We didn't need a Big Brother to arrange this transition. A technology made it possible and inevitable, while dulling all awareness that it was happening.

* * *

HOW TELEVISION DIMS THE MIND

A fascinating study of television was completed in 1975 by a team of researchers headed by psychologists Merrelyn and Fred Emery at the Center for Continuing Education, Australian National University at Canberra. It caused a sensation in Australia but was barely noted in America.

The Emerys concluded that when we watch television, our usual processes of thinking and discernment are semifunctional at best. They conclude that while television appears to have the potential to provide useful information to viewers—and is celebrated for its educational function—the technology of television and the inherent nature of the viewing experience actually inhibit learning as we usually think of it. Very little cognitive, recallable, analyzable, thought-based learning takes place while one is watching TV.

The report says: "The evidence is that television not only destroys the capacity of the viewer to attend; it also, by taking over a complex of direct and indirect neural pathways, decreases vigilance—the general state of arousal which prepares the organism for action should its attention be drawn to specific stimulus.

"The individual therefore may be looking at the unexpected or interesting but cannot act upon it in such a way as to complete the purposeful processing gestalt. The continuous trancelike fixation of the TV viewer is then not attention but distraction—a form akin to daydreaming or time out."

The authors present a forty-page technical treatise summarizing relevant brain research to trace the effects on the mind of a "simple, constant, repetitive, and ambiguous visual stimulus," particularly upon the left side of the brain, the area where language, communicative abilities, cognitive thought—comprehension—are organized, the critical function of man that makes him distinctively human."

The Emerys say that the evidence shows that human beings "habituate" to repetitive light-stimuli (flickering light, dot patterns, limited eye movement). If habituation occurs, then the brain has essentially decided that there is nothing of interest going on—at least nothing that anything can be done about—and virtually quits processing the images that go in. In particular, they report, the left-brain "common integrative area" goes into a kind of holding pattern. "Viewing is at the conscious level of somnambulism," they assert.

If the Emerys are correct, then their findings support the idea that television images enter unfiltered and whole, directly into our memory banks but are not available for conscious analysis, understanding, or learning. It *is* sleep teaching. In order to make use of these images, we humans have to drag them up out of our unconscious, as we do dreams. But this is very difficult.

All of this helps explain recent findings that children, after watching television, have difficulty recalling what they have just seen. Whatever "knowledge" they gain is the sort that passes through the conscious regions where it would be available for recall and use.

Television as sleep teaching would also help explain my own observations that the more that public issues are confined to television, the *less* knowledgeable the public seems to be about them. The voter cannot process information he or she is apparently receiving. When Carter and Ford made their implicit agreement to avoid content and concentrate on style, they were right on the mark.

Herbert Krugman, a researcher whose brain-wave work the Emerys drew upon, compared brain-wave activity while one is watching television to brain-wave activity while one is reading magazines.

"Ralph, please, we all have a headache!"

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"It appears that the mode of response to television is . . . very different from the responses to print. . . . The basic electrical response of the brain is clearly to the medium and not to the content differences," said Krugman. "The response to print may be fairly described as active. . . . Television is not communication as we have known it. Our subject was trying to learn something from a print ad but was passive about television. . . . *Television is a communication medium that effortlessly transmits huge quantities of information not thought about at the time of exposure.*" (My italics.)

I took the Krugman report and the Australian study to Dr. Erik Peper, a widely published researcher on electroencephalographic (brain wave) testing, formerly associated with MIT, currently at San Francisco State University.

It turned out that Peper had worked on a study similar to Krugman's.

"Krugman's statement is correct," he told me. "You get a decrease in beta [fast waves] and an increase in slow activity with a large percentage of alpha."

I asked Peper to explain the meaning of this.

"Alpha-wave patterns disappear at the moment when a person gives visual commands, when he takes charge of the process of seeking information. Any orienting outward to the world increases your brainwave frequencies and blocks [halts] alpha-wave activity. Alpha occurs when you don't orient *to*. You can sit back and have pictures in your head, but you are in a totally passive condition and unaware of the world outside of your pictures. The right phrase for alpha is really 'spaced-out.' When a person focuses visually, or orients to anything, notices something outside himself, then he gets an immediate increase in faster wave activity and alpha will block [disappear]. Many meditators are in alpha, but in meditation you are learning self-control and how to call upon your own internal processes. There is no such discipline with television. You are not training your mind to control itself, which biofeedback, and also meditation, accomplish; television trains people only for being zombies. Instead of training active attention, television seems to suppress it."

I asked Peper to describe the experiment he worked on.

"As far as I know, this study is the only one that has been made, aside from Krugman's. We took ten kids and asked them to watch their favorite television programs. Our assumption was that since these programs were their favorite shows, the kids would be involved in them and we'd find there'd be an oscillation between alpha slow-wave activity and beta. The prediction was that they would go back and forth. But they didn't do that. They just sat back. They stayed almost all the time in alpha. This meant that while they were watching, they were not reacting, not orienting."

I told Peper about a study which showed that children who were watching television were far slower to react to an emergency than children who were doing something else.

"That's predictable," Peper said. "When they are watching television, they're being trained not to react."

He then volunteered his own thoughts about television as an educational medium: "To really learn anything, you have to interact with the source of the data. With television you don't really think. I know that speaking for myself, I can only really learn if I get engaged, as in the Socratic method of teaching. The best teaching is an interactive form. Some people learn best, for example, by writing notes because the notes are a feedback system."

"Television watching is only receiving," he went on, "no longer reacting. It can't do anything but hold your attention; you are receiving, not looking. The key for why they're in alpha is that when they're watching they're not looking *at*, not orienting. This is all by way of totally agreeing with Krugman. If you have a light which is not really being attended to, you can get an infinite amount of alpha. Perhaps it's that the TV target is so far away, the screen so small that your eyes needn't move; you're looking at infinity, in a way, like looking at the hypnotist's flashlight. If you look at moving targets, you have at least a little active interaction; that would tend to put you into beta. But with television, although there seems to be movement, you stay all the time in alpha."

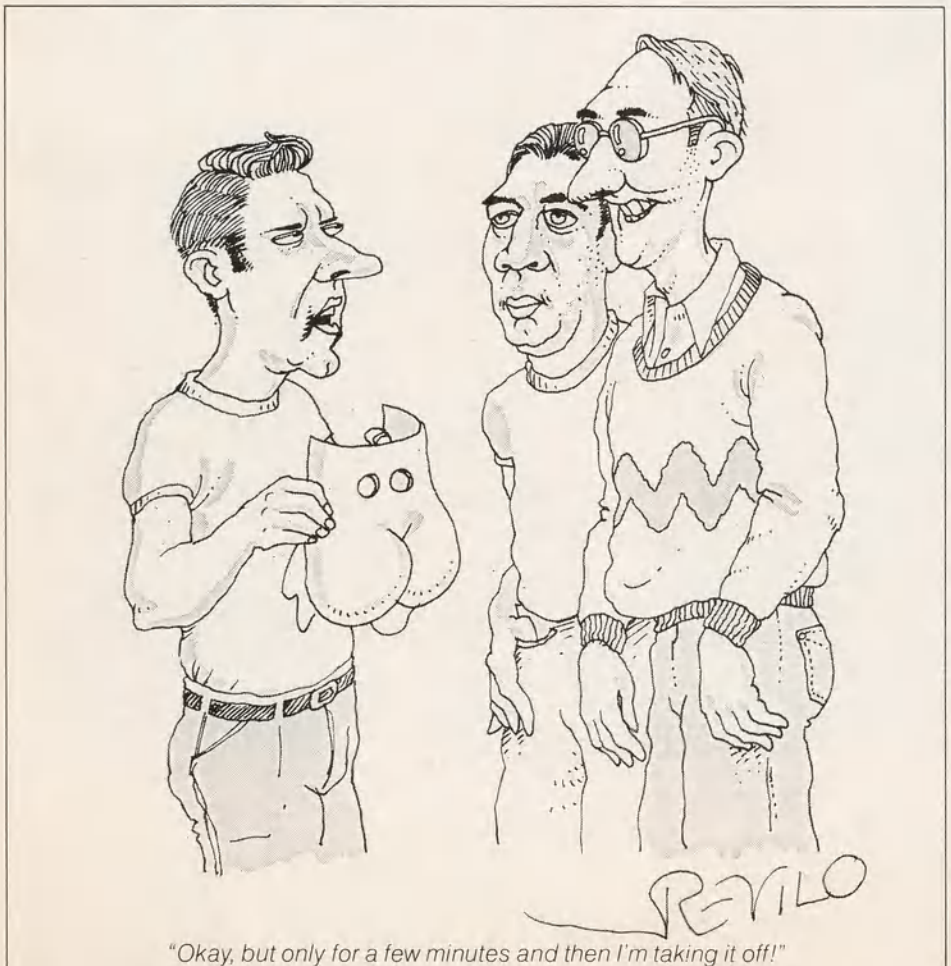
I asked Peper if he agreed with Krugman that reading was a more active learning process. "Definitely," he said. "Reading produces a much higher amount of beta activity. You would expect abnormality in anyone who produces alpha while reading. The horror of television," he added, "is that the information goes in, but we don't react to it. It goes right into our memory pool, and perhaps we react to it later, but we don't know what we're reacting to. When you watch television you are training yourself not to react, and so later on you're doing things without knowing why you're doing them or where they came from."

And so it is in the nature of the television signal and its interaction with the human mind to inhibit conscious learning processes. TV does not educate; it implants. This is inherent in the technology. There is no way to change it.

* * *

THE INHERENT BIASES OF TELEVISION

To have only businessmen in charge of the most powerful mind-implanting instrument in history naturally creates a boundary to what is selected for dissemination to nearly 250 million people. There can be little disagreement with the point that if other categories of people had control, then the choices would be different. If television is a medium of brainwash, it follows



"Okay, but only for a few minutes and then I'm taking it off!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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'Enriched Flavor'™ tobacco convincing increasing numbers of high tar smokers to make low tar move.

MERIT continues to attract 75% of all its smokers directly from high tar cigarettes. Many from brands they've been enjoying for years.

That's the latest report on 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco and the impact it's having on the cigarette market.

Smokers who thought they'd never find a low tar cigarette with enough taste to switch to are changing their minds.

And their brands.

The taste tests show why.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1978

LOW TAR-'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

Tests Convince Smokers

MERIT and MERIT 100's were packed with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And taste-tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

And you can taste it.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

Kings & 100's

PUNK

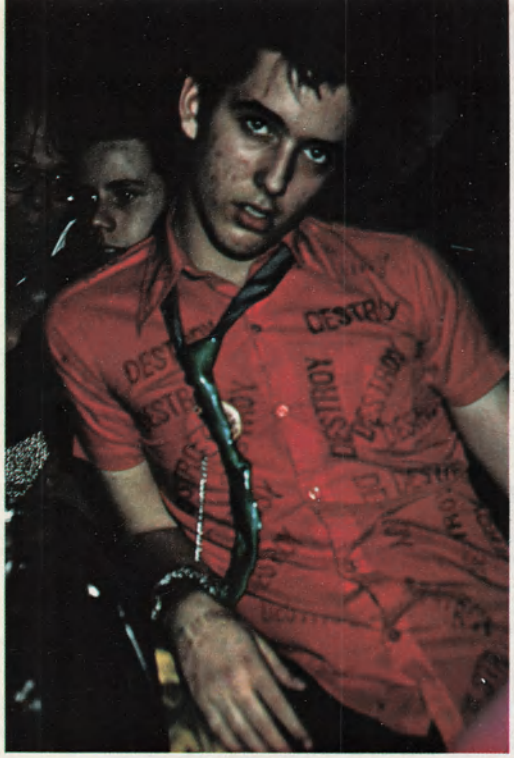
Up-front sex, violence, and exhibitionism – what's behind the scene?

Anton says it all started at the old Max's Kansas City in the late sixties, when Mickey Ruskin owned it. Andy Warhol and the Velvet Underground were in attendance nightly, nourishing their bodies on chick peas and feeding their souls on a new brand of superstardom. Androgynous chic. Indeterminate sexuality. We all wondered where the whole underground scene was going. A lot of us thought Warhol and his groupies would just weird themselves out of the picture. Punk was only just beginning to fester . . . random pockets of infected human energy bubbling and growing beneath the surface, swelling with its unavoidable and incandescent pus, its pathological punk need to be seen and heard.

Huge new sounds were being heard—the primal screech of Punk. Ruskin had moved on to open the Locale, in the West Village; the freaks seemed to be dispersing, but some followed and new ones emerged. Then he went to the fringes of Soho and started the Lower Manhattan Ocean Club on Chambers Street. Velvets like John Cale and Lou Reed performed there, but the sixties heroes came on like seventies establishment. The kids were looking for raunchier digs.

Heavy rumblings of sound and thought were also coming out of the East Village, where slum queens boogied with real-life Fonz-cats. A grimy, smoke-filled Bowery club called CBGB's was attracting the real funky action—noise, glitter, and a fuck-you philosophy. The kids were dressing in black leather, slicking back their hair, and calling Mick Jagger an asshole. It was the birthplace of Punk.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTON PERICH



Pissed off and spiteful, Punk grew up goofing on itself. The bands were putting out a new rock 'n' roll as violent as it was sexual, and the whole thing was a big joke, like life. Ha, ha, suicide'll get ya!

Filth and poverty were glorified as high style to ridicule uptown notions of radical chic. Safety pins were the new royal jewels, and you stuck them through your nose or ear, laughing, between gulps of flat draft at CBGB's. Punk poetess and musician Patti Smith said the guitar was the new weapon, but if you didn't have the bucks to buy strings, you carried a knife. Drags like Wayne County (*opposite page, top center*) belted out transvestite rock. The bloodier your T-shirt, the hipper you were. Look mean, dress nuts, talk bad. Get your kicks off S & M. Fuck over the suckers. Jerk off the jerk-offs. Life's a shitty party anyhow. Do it before it does you.

Rich folk wanted in on the party, but the Bowery was too fragrant a slice of life for them, and they brought the Punk imperative to their own neighborhood, the East Fifties, Studio 54. Well-heeled pseudo-Punks are the worst sort of lowlife to the kids on the Lower East Side, but if you're not part of the real party, it's hard to tell crashers from initiates. Wanting to be a Punk won't make you one, but dressing Punk and talking, thinking, drinking, and drugging Punk is pretty easy.

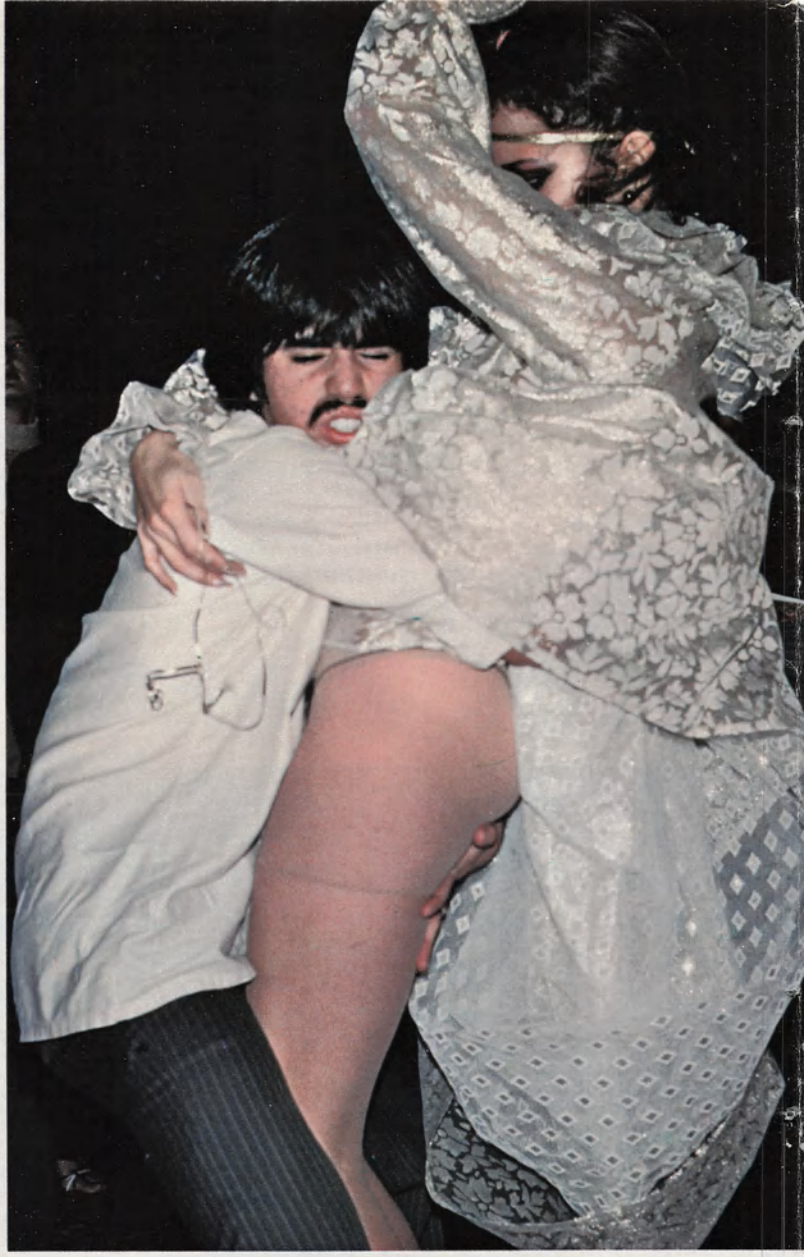
Scenes from the old Max's, Studio 54, and CBGB's. Public sexuality, Punk euphoria, blood on white, spiffed-up funky, drag chic. Fashion models with big-time bread hanging in with the real toughs. Outraged and outrageous, Punks are nasty as spit, boozed up or spaced out, lookin' mean, talkin' dirty, pissed off, and fucked over. Red blood scares the bluebloods; so they paint their T-shirts and imitate the other trappings of Punk. Says a CBGB's kid about the Studio 54 scene: "You can look like shit, but you don't smell like shit unless you are shit."

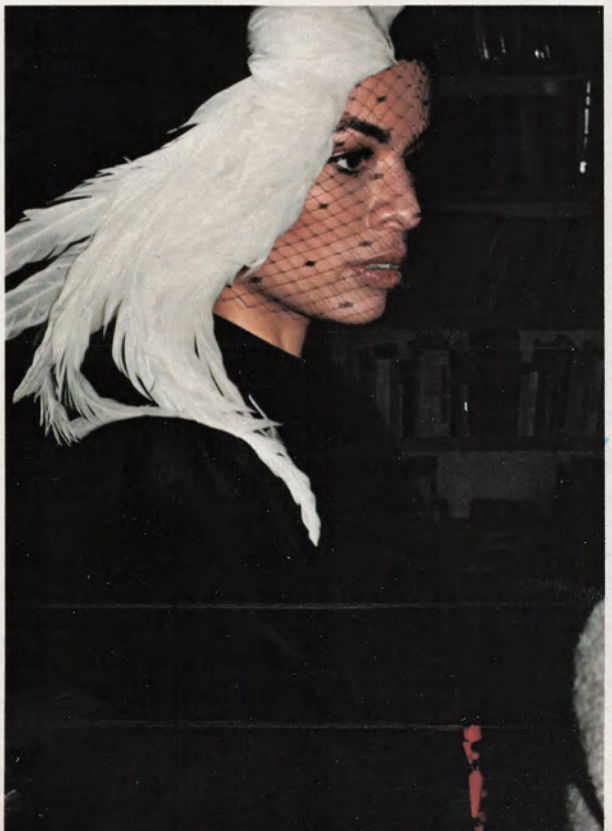
Warhol stars at Max's (Nikko and Eric Emerson) were the pre-Punk royalty. Doin' it on the dance floor at Studio 54 is where it's at for sex. At CBGB's it's safety pins through your ears. Rich Punks uptown like to show tits and ass; Bowery kids get off on minor mutilation. It's all the same kind of kicks.

Helen Wheels (*pictured below*) gets into suicide when she performs at CBGB's. Helen makes love to one of her daggers as she sings, the New Wave of sex. Blood and guts are hot. Death's the ultimate orgasm. Murder makes you come. Get off on gore.

Punk music makers Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious of the Sex Pistols in London scream, "I hate you!" at their fans, whipping them into frenzied adoration. The Dead Boys jerk off with vibrators on stage. Some groups fuck chicks as they beat out their Punk tunes.

MR. CLUTCH

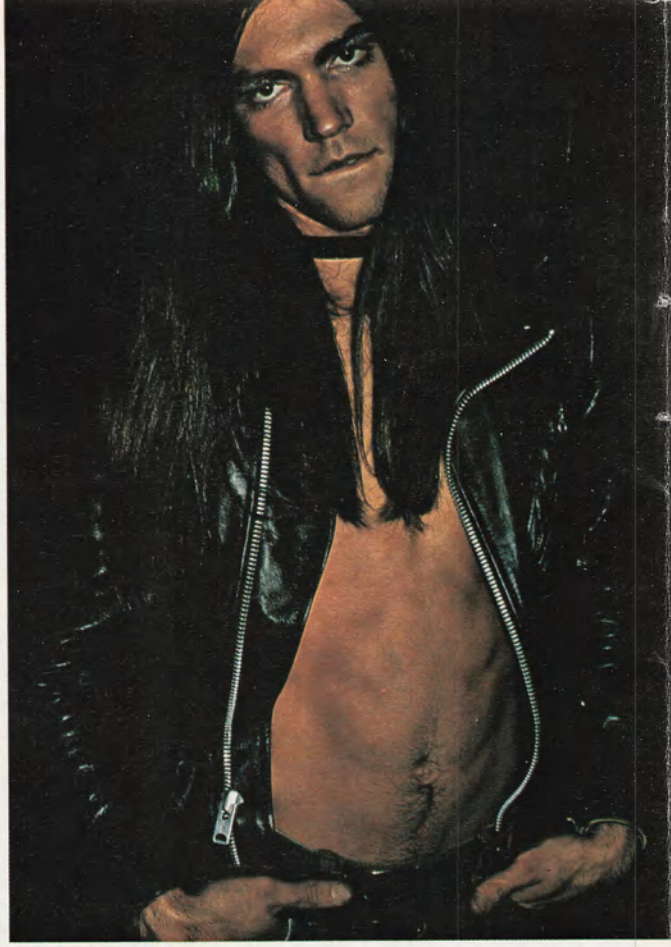




There are beauties, like Bianca Jagger (*opposite page, at the Leo Castelli Gallery*), to be found among the beasts. And, although one Punk credo has it that the lack of beauty is not necessarily corrupt, the marvelous-looking women who are attracted to the scene mystify many people.

If you talk to the inside Punksters, you discover that real, honest-to-goodness, behind-closed-doors fucking is rarely practiced by the habitués. The show's the thing, it seems. Public displays of sexual enticement and abandon replace one-on-one intimacy—perhaps a reflection of the cynical social trend toward general emotional distance.

Punk band Hell on Wheels performs at CBGB's; Johnny Winter arrives at Studio 54; Cirinda Foxe and Angela Bowie cuddle up at the old Max's; a fashion model dances à trois at Studio 54; the writers of the hit musical Hair *laid back at Studio 54; a Punkster pair arrive at the opening of Pierre Cardin's ballet-theater production on Broadway.*



There are stars glittering in the squalid ambience of the Punk motto "Greased and ready to kick ass." Sylvia Miles; Debbie Harry of the Punk band Blondie; and disco queen Grace Jones, who belts out the throbbing "I Need a Man" for boogie fans nationwide.

Everyone's a superstar. Fucking and killing are the same. Do it in feathers, in drag. Show tit, bare ass, suck cock, suck blood. Punk is puberty revisited. Beat 'em up or get creamed. Carve a swastika on your chest. As Punk singer Richard Hell belts out: "I was sayin', let me out of here before I was even born, it's such a gamble when you get a face; I belong to the blank generation, and I can take it or leave it each time." The New Wave is crashing onto our shores. Get it on before it gets you.

THE SELL-OUT OF CHILE AND THE AMERICAN TAXPAYER

For two years the former U.S. ambassador to Chile has tried to tell the American public the true story of our shameful interference in the affairs of that country. In this exclusive article, Korry presents the facts that five American presidents, a Senate committee, and the press have concealed.

BY EDWARD KORRY

For two years I have devoted my life to the lonely and futile struggle of trying to tell the American people what Jimmy Carter, like Richard Nixon before him, insists must remain Top Secret.

My name has been on extreme-left assassination lists, my life has been threatened by the extreme right, my reputation has been shredded by ITT and CIA agents, and my bank account has been depleted because I believe that the electorate should hear the facts of a story that has dominated the media for the past four years—what the United States did in, and to, Chile.

Carter told a press conference last November that the story still can't be told, because he has to safeguard "national security" secrets. I say that the cover-up is motivated only by the desire to protect domestic political interests, that the tale of the United States in Chile would reveal how our political system has been converted into an insiders' monopoly for the accumulation of power, wealth, and status. That's why Carter himself has had to lie to the public about this case. That's why he has heeded Nelson Rockefeller, Henry Kissinger, Teddy Kennedy, and scores of others who have privately pleaded that he let sleeping principles lie. After all, the essential "national secrets" regarding Chile are already on public record. The Senate investigation of the CIA established in 1975 exactly what was done to prevent Chile's President-elect Salvador Allende from taking office in 1970 and what was subsequently done to undermine his government.

The most recent chapter in this tale unfolded, appropriately enough, last October 31, Halloween. Our most notorious spy master, former CIA Director Richard Helms, was secretly whisked by Carter's men at the Justice Department to a federal court to plead "no contest" to the misdemeanor of "having failed to answer [Senate Committee] questions fully, completely, and accurately, as required by law." Later that day Attorney General Griffin Bell told the press that the government had arranged in secret a strange plea bargain with Helms—the government would drop its charge of perjury (which is a felony) in return for Helms's in effect pleading guilty to a lesser offense. Helms received only a suspended sentence, and the government was spared having to put him on the stand to testify about all he knew.

The details of how the "open" Carter administration had worked out this trick-or-treat surprise for the public are fascinating. Bell had met privately with Edward Bennett Williams, Helms's attorney (who had previously worked for such clients as Jimmy Hoffa, Robert Vesco, John Connally, Teddy Kennedy, and the *Washington Post*). Despite Bell's pledge, on taking office, that he would keep an open record of such meetings, at least two sessions with Williams were concealed. Second, Bell disclosed that despite Carter's assertion (at a September 29 press conference) of total ignorance of the Helms deal, the president had personally discussed the case months earlier at an Oval Office session attended by Vice-President Mondale and Bell. Third, by stressing how good a case of perjury the government had constructed and by stating that the government had yielded only because of Helms's threat to renounce his oath of secrecy and to tell whatever he chose from his enormous reservoir of secrets, Bell was introducing a novel principle in American law: that blackmail, the sleaziest of crimes,

M. PRESLEY

supersedes justice.

Carter, Mondale, and Bell labored for months to make sure not only that Helms would escape unpunished, but also, and more important, that he would not be forced to take any witness stand. Their plan was to invoke "national security" to block a trial. The Justice Department sat on a federal grand jury recommendation for Helms's indictment until public interest in the case receded. The delay gave Helms's many friends in the Senate, the government, the banks, the multinationals, and even the media—everyone from David and Nelson Rockefeller, to Henry Kissinger, Cyrus Vance, and Averell Harriman, to newsmen such as Eric Sevareid—opportunity to lobby for him. Bell was also able to separate Helms from some of the more serious charges made against him—that he had conspired with ITT to commit perjury, which possibly enabled that company to defraud the government of $92.5 million. If the former CIA director had to answer *these* charges, the public might have learned the whole story of Chile—including the names of some very high officials who told Helms to lie to the Senate.

I had been collecting evidence of these and other possible crimes for two years when, at the end of March 1976, I alerted the Justice Department. I saw myself as a victim of possible CIA and ITT perjuries and conspiracies. I intended not only to clear my name but also to show how our political system actually works and to illustrate what Ken Kesey, author of *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, meant when he said that the fall of Richard Nixon was only a "ritualistic sacrifice."

I knew that the power elite would try to silence me. Ambassador Ralph Dungan, one of Kennedy's top White House aides and now a high Carter administration official, warned me in 1975: "Don't try to put that stuff on record. Don't try to take on these guys. They can murder you."

My conversion from friend and employee to enemy of the establishment began early in 1975. A brief, not unfriendly invitation from Sen. Frank Church started the process. As chairman of the newly formed Senate Select Committee to investigate the CIA and the FBI, the Idaho liberal expressed the hope that I would testify. Whenever and however he wished, I replied.

The invitation was no surprise. The Senate had been pushed into action by the revelations of CIA actions in Chile. I was ambassador to that country for four years, from October 1967 to October 1971. I had the legal responsibility for CIA actions in Chile in 1970, the year Salvador Allende was elected to lead a "popular unity" government. I had met with Nixon in the Oval Office, conferred with Henry Kissinger, Nixon's national-security adviser, and attended a session of the then supersecret "Forty Committee" in the White House only ten days before the grotesque murder of Gen. Rene Schneider, the Chilean commander in chief. I had drafted most of the policy that the United States pursued throughout Allende's first year in office. Obviously, I had something to contribute to the public's demand to know the facts about the American intervention in Chile.

In June 1975, Gregory Treverton, a young Select Committee representative, telephoned me, on Senator Church's behalf, and asked for an informal interview prior to my Senate appearance. I told him that of course he could have it. A few days later the State Department rang. Would I mind if one of its men attended the interview as a silent observer? I had no objection, I answered. So on July 19 one J.J. Hitchcock arrived with Treverton at my house in Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. (I later learned that Hitchcock had just joined the State Department after years of service for the CIA.)

To prepare for their questions, I traveled to Washington, to Chicago, and even to Paris to cross-examine former colleagues in government. I interviewed my successor as ambassador, my deputy in the embassy, the Foreign Service Officers in the political-affairs section, the two Latin American experts on Henry Kissinger's National Security Council, the Chile specialists in the Intelligence and Research Bureau of the State Department, and my former defense attaché in Chile. The new director of the CIA, William Colby, finally agreed to see me, too. And after an exasperating wait of many weeks, I gained entry to State's archives so that I could reread all the official cable traffic to and from my embassy in Santiago.

> After I learned what happened in Chile, I wrote Kissinger: "You and the president . . . deliberately chose to permit me and my family to run the risk of murder. . . ."

I embarked on this search because I did not want to rely on memory. Journalism had taught me that "reality," like "respectability," is often like a stage set for a Jean Genet play—a perverse maze of mirrors in which servants are transformed into masters, dwarfs into giants, and villains into heroes.

A summary of what I knew of America's relationship with Chile illustrates that point. It shows why Watergate was not an aberration but an inevitability. It traces the straight lines from the romanticism of the Kennedy years to the sordidness of Nixon's—why, in short, we are what we are.

(1) President Kennedy handpicked Chile and its Christian Democrat leader, Eduardo Frei, to be the progressive, democratic models for the entire Third World, to be Camelot's alternative to Cuba. Through Attorney General Robert Kennedy, who oversaw the "Special Group" in the White House that decided all CIA programs (an earlier version of the "Forty Committee"), the United States began working in 1962 for Frei's election.

(2) The Kennedys utilized every means—illegal and unconstitutional as well as legitimate—to defeat Frei's Marxist opponent, Salvador Allende. Through the CIA and other federal agencies, tens of millions of public dollars were spent on Frei's election. So overcome were the Kennedys by their fear of Castro that they even responded with public money to appeals from foreign Jesuits for federal help to combat not only "Marxism" but also "laicism" (a theological term for the widespread Free Masonry movement in Chile) and "Protestantism" (a reference to the American Pentecostal missionaries then swarming across South America).

(3) When President Kennedy and David Rockefeller both attended a Harvard University Board of Overseers meeting in 1963, Kennedy persuaded him to organize American big business for the anti-Castro crusade. The banker recruited thirty-seven leading multinationals, such as ITT, to form the Business Group for Latin America. Then Attorney General Bobby Kennedy, the supposed guardian of our laws, systematically integrated members of the same Business Group into CIA programs. As an inducement to Rockefeller, JFK pledged that he would satisfy his request for no-loss guarantees on any future investments in Latin America. The United States would sign insurance contracts against any expropriation by foreign governments of the corporations' properties. (By the time I had arrived in Chile, the taxpayer had been put on this insurance limb for $600 million in ultrarisky Chile alone, mostly to ITT and the copper giant, Anaconda. This sum was then one-fourth of the worldwide total of such insurance issued by the United States.)

(4) In early 1964 President Johnson assured David Rockefeller's group that he would abide by Kennedy's commitments. Not only did he send all available CIA and State hands to Santiago in a frantic last-minute outpouring of cash to defeat Allende, but also he retained Ralph Dungan, Kennedy's architect of our grand design for Chile, to oversee this enormous effort. When Frei won by a landslide, Dungan's immediate reward was to be named ambassador to Chile. From there he pried from LBJ more U.S. aid per capita than any other country at peace received.

(5) Frei's Christian Democratic government achieved more social and economic progress—in education, land reform, tax collection, income redistribution—than had any previous administration. By any

"What in the hell do you mean, 'Not tonight!'?—we only live for 24 hours!"

fair standard, it was humanistic, democratic, progressive.

(6) The Johnson administration sent me to Chile with specific instructions to keep Allende out of power. The president himself said so, and in 1967 and 1968 Vice-President Humphrey wrote me to emphasize the importance of barring the Communists from power. In just four years the Democratic Congress approved almost $2 billion in aid and loans for Chile.

(7) Nixon fired me briefly in early 1969 for my defense of Frei. Soon after taking office, he had settled scores with the Kennedys by secretly crossing Frei's name from the list of heads of state to be invited to Washington. Then Nixon decided to give no further aid to Chile. These decisions were, in part, Nixon's response to vigorous anti-Frei lobbying in Washington by Chilean fat cats, by their multinational allies, and by the CIA. Helms's agency had issued a National Intelligence Estimate of Chile immediately after Nixon's election. It was so unfairly critical of Frei's performance—and of progressive, socioeconomic policies in general—that I had exploded in a series of cabled protests. When I said that these anti-Frei actions were foolishly designed to put the Right back into power and would result only in strengthening the Leninists and in weakening the strongest single bulwark of democracy, I promptly received a pink slip.

(When I flew to the United States to hunt for a job, I was rehired at State's suggestion. Frei had written Nixon to seek a new copper deal, starting with a demand for majority ownership of the Anaconda properties. State preferred me to handle this hot potato.)

(8) In 1970 the Foreign Service officers in Chile concluded that an Allende victory would signify "Fidelismo without Fidel." Allende's Socialist party program had promised a fierce class war. The party's leadership had excluded for decades the pleasure-loving Allende from its Central Committee or any policymaking post. It wanted a truly revolutionary president. It had submitted reluctantly to Communist insistence that the popular Allende be its 1970 candidate; in return, it won a pledge to have veto power over every Allende government policy.

CIA penetration of the Communists and of the far more violent Socialists confirmed the fact that an Allende government intended to combine the tremendous powers of the presidency and the Chilean preference for government-run enterprise in order to gut the two fundamental freedoms of the press and of association. As an ex-newsman, I regarded as immoral any silent observation of such a process.

(9) I had been appalled by what I found in Chile in 1967. The United States had bound itself publicly to the Frei government. It had become enmeshed in the political affairs of Chile—shockingly so. Dungan was described in Washington and Santiago as "a member of the Frei cabinet." He had sought to have the CIA finance the Christian Democrats into a Kennedy-like machine. He arranged with the CIA to start a weekly newspaper in Santiago; he had Frei ministers on the CIA's payroll; he consulted often with the key Jesuits; he pressured Anaconda to fire all non-Christian Democrats. The United States had taken the responsibility for every facet of Chilean life—agriculture, education, health, finance, production, savings and loans, police, and military.

I told the Johnson and Frei governments that I could not and should not play viceroy. I told them that the incestuous relationship was hurting us both. I urged that we disengage quietly and prudently, that we introduce a low-profile policy throughout Latin America, that we eliminate our military missions in Latin American countries, and that we urge the multinationals to take constructive initiatives in order to avoid confrontations over the inevitable nationalizations of copper and other holdings.

So, before Nixon's election, the official presence of the United States in Chile was slashed, every CIA program was trimmed to the bone, our military contingent was reduced to a small fraction of what it was, further "guarantees" of U.S. investments were stopped, and the Jesuits were shunned. After Nixon's election, on my own authority and despite CIA protests, I closed the weekly newspaper.

(10) The CIA convinced me in 1970 that my policies would boomerang into helping Allende. Democracy itself was in trouble in Chile. The Socialists had joined the rightists in plotting with Chilean generals to overthrow Frei. The Communists were using large subsidies from abroad to buy and sell senators and deputies, to blackmail key figures, and to plant agents in all other parties. Fascists were receiving cash and other help from Brazil to destabilize Frei. And my hands-off, "low-profile" policy was, according to the CIA, abetting the process of sapping the country's democratic vitality. The CIA said that my aloofness was being read as indifference. Indeed, since Kissinger and Nixon had tabbed the military governments of Brazil and Argentina as their Latin favorites, it appeared that I, too, had decided that democracy was no longer of any importance.

So, I agreed to do something to counter the Allende campaign. I did not follow the CIA's recommendation that the United States support Jorge Alessandri, the candidate of the Right. But I did approve the spending of money on general anti-Communist propaganda—posters, leaflets, and billboards like those the CIA had financed for years around the world.

(11) The multinationals appealed over my head to the Nixon administration for an all-out, joint effort to defeat Allende and to elect Alessandri. On April 10, 1970, David Rockefeller's group, which was renamed the Council of the Americas, proposed this covert action. Council President José de

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

"Don't you hate it when they undress you with their eyes?"

"Señor, there's only one way to order tequila."

Ask Two Fingers what was the best tequila.

He was known not to say a word. He'd just hold up two fingers.

That was mighty strange behavior for a tequila man who only had the first two fingers on his right hand.

However, once you got to know him and his Two Fingers Tequila better you understood what he was meaning.

"Stick those two fingers up. You're not going to get some of that dime a dozen stuff!" Two Fingers once hollered at a non-believer in Albuquerque.

The man soon became a believer. A lot of folks in the late 30's did because Two Fingers Tequila had a flavor you could taste—even when you mixed it.

"The way I make it," he'd grin. "That's the difference."

At that point Two Fingers would clam up. No one ever found out what that "way" was.

Heck, only a handful of folks ever knew he had any other name but Two Fingers.

An old lady in Carson City, Nev., told us his last name was Ortega. Claims she heard Honey, the woman who always traveled with Two Fingers, call him that during a tiff they had.

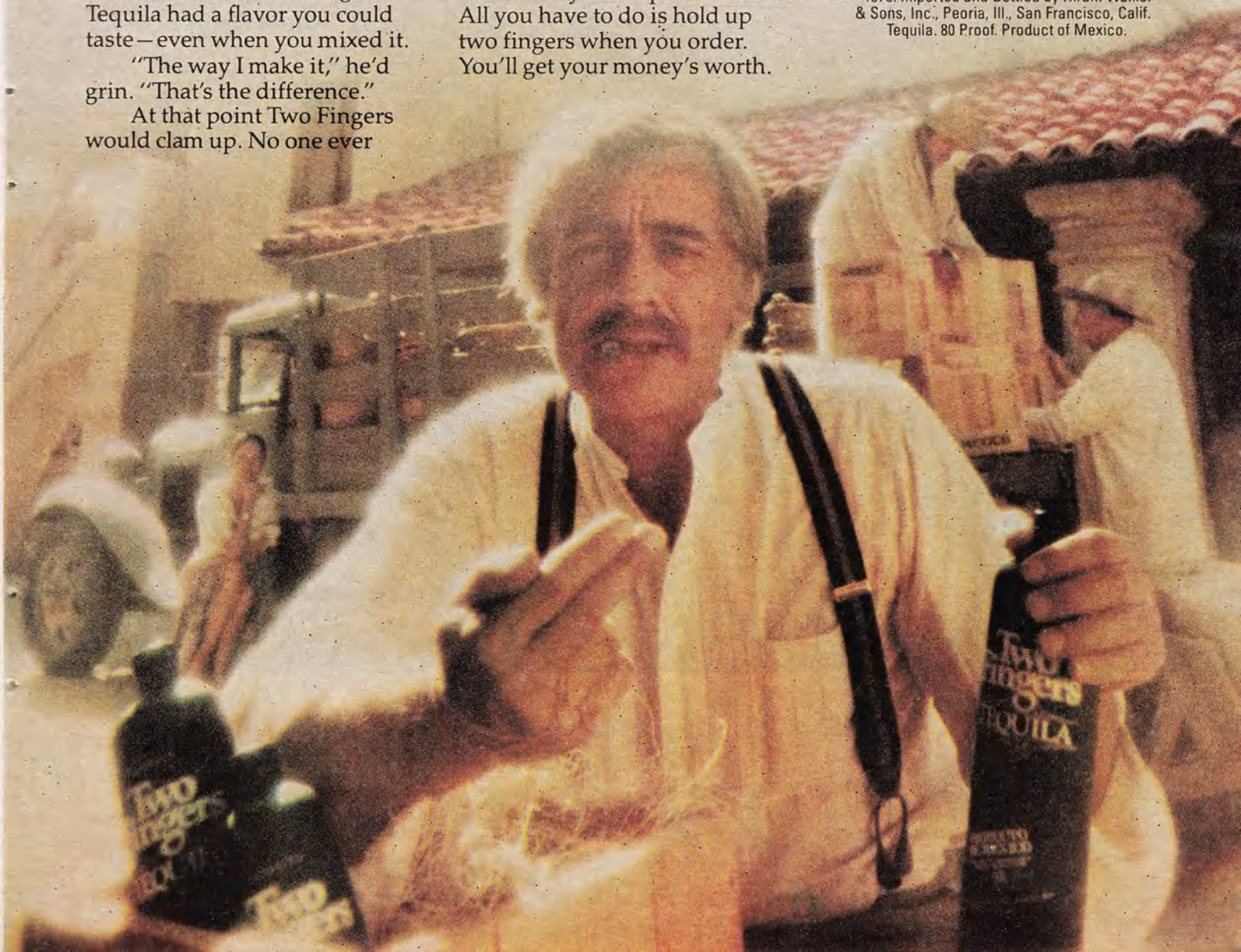
The old lady's story is probably not too reliable though. Her nurse said she babbles a lot.

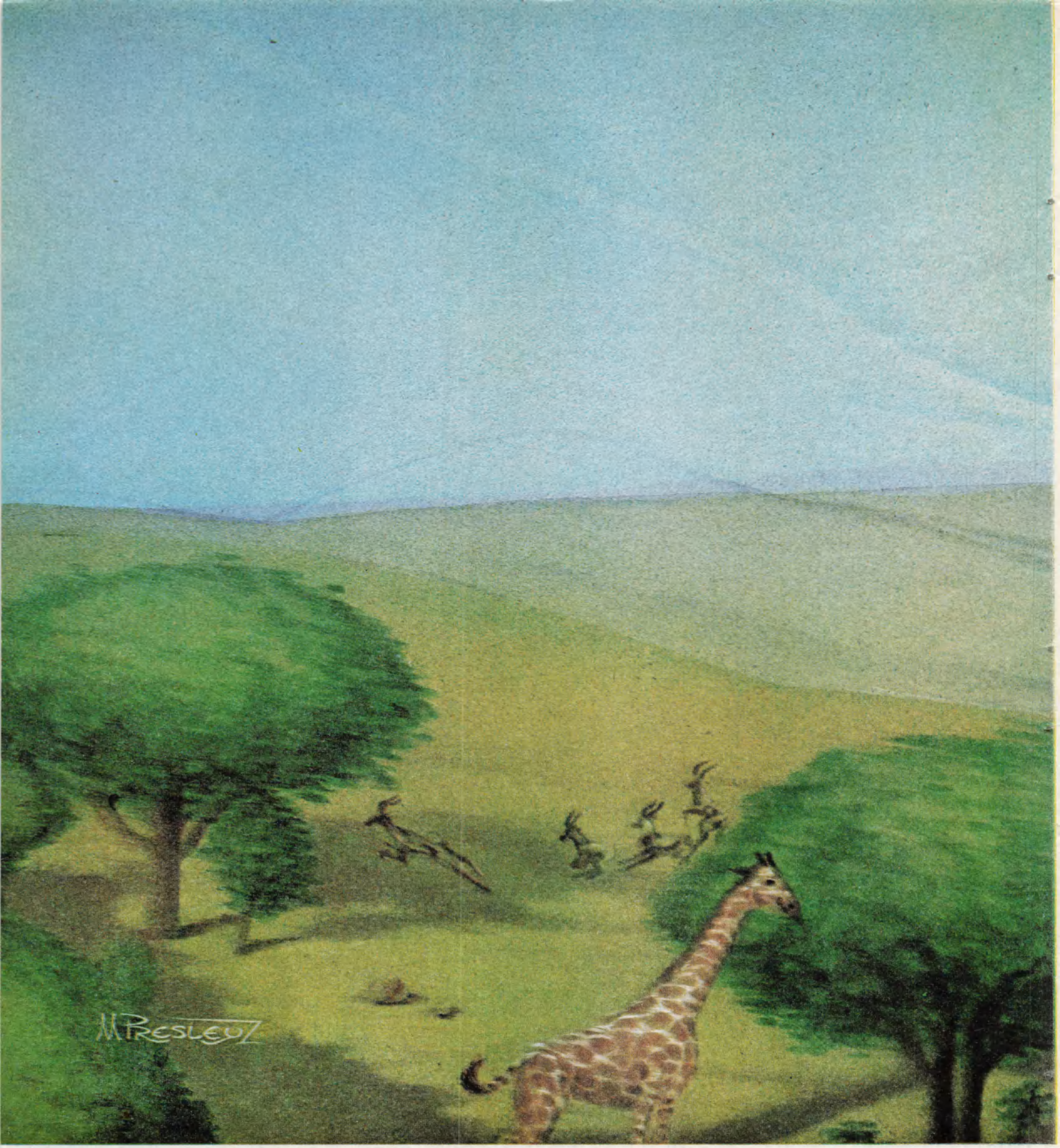
Two Fingers seems to have stopped making his tequila trips without warning in the late 30's.

He was the last of a breed and we'll probably never know his name for sure. His legend is fading pretty fast.

Luckily his tequila lives on. All you have to do is hold up two fingers when you order. You'll get your money's worth.

©1976. Imported and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill., San Francisco, Calif. Tequila. 80 Proof. Product of Mexico.





With the knowledge and approval of the United States, West Germany is secretly testing the cruise missile—potentially the most deadly weapon of the nuclear age—and the Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile (IRBM) at huge proving grounds in eastern Zaire in the heart of Africa. This program is in deliberate disregard of international agreements on the limiting of West German rearmament—specifically, the 1954 Treaty of Brussels.

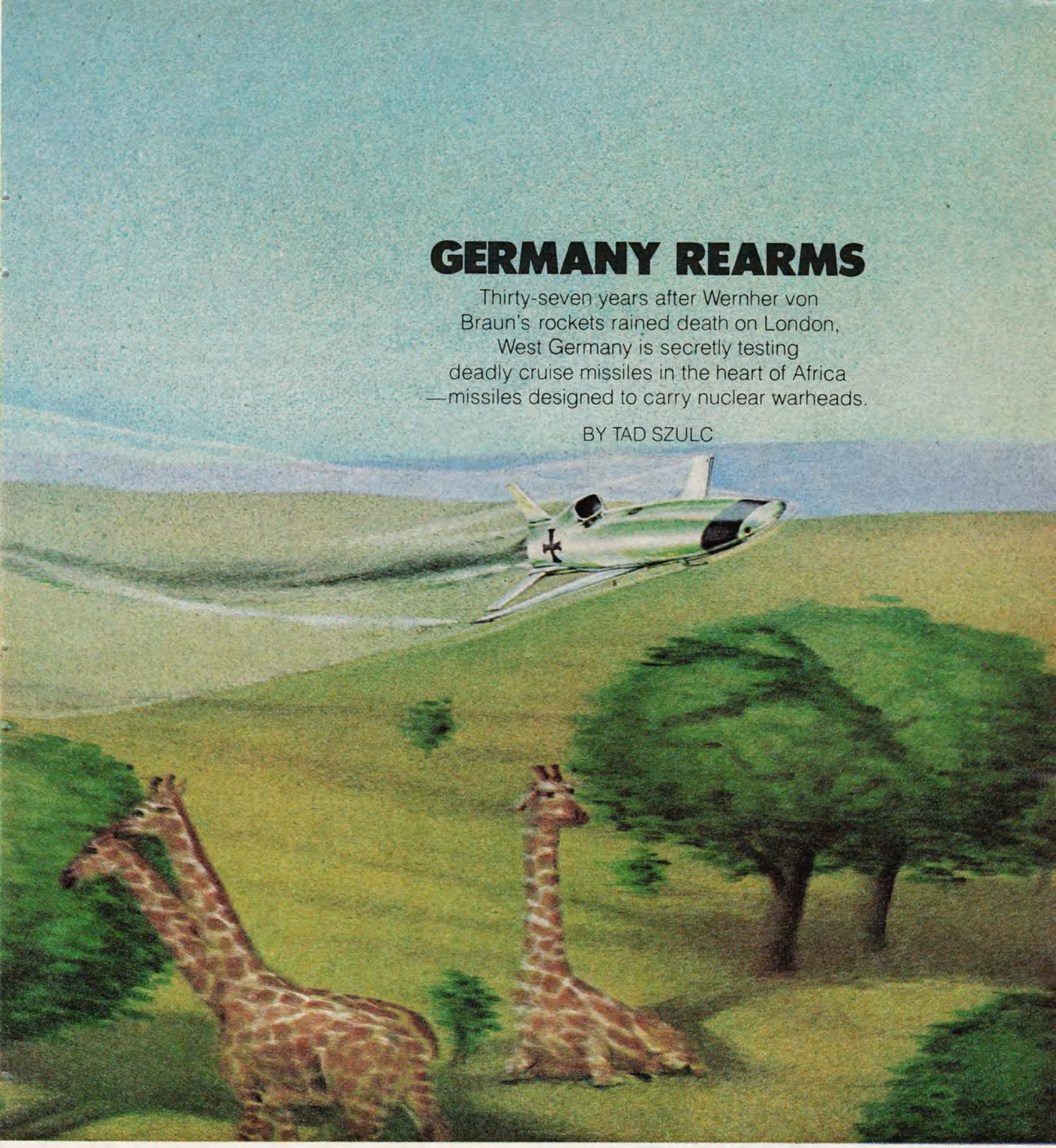
Carter administration officials have privately confirmed that both the Central Intelligence Agency and the Bundes Nachrichtendienst (BND), its West German counterpart, have played a crucial role in this program through the recruiting of American-trained scientists and political coordination in Kinshasa, Bonn, and Washington. Kinshasa, formerly Leopoldville, is Zaire's capital.

Zaire, known until 1971 as the Congo, is one of Africa's largest countries, and it is rich in copper and uranium, the latter being the principal element in the development of nuclear

GERMANY REARMS

Thirty-seven years after Wernher von Braun's rockets rained death on London, West Germany is secretly testing deadly cruise missiles in the heart of Africa —missiles designed to carry nuclear warheads.

BY TAD SZULC



energy. Both Zaire's location and wealth have made it a highly strategic part of Africa, and for that reason it has been Washington's favored client state since it won independence from Belgium seventeen years ago.

Under the corrupt and inept administration of President Mobutu Sese Seko, however, Zaire has been tottering for years on the edge of virtual bankruptcy and political collapse, notwithstanding vast American economic and military assistance during these years. This state of affairs, plus West German and U.S. pressures, have resulted in Mobutu's agreement, in 1976, to turn over roughly one-tenth of his territory, a 100,000-square-mile area (the size of the state of Colorado), to the West Germans for their missile program in exchange for annual payments of $50 million and deliveries of small arms by Germany to his disorganized army. The proving grounds are located in the Shaba (formerly Katanga) Province.

Nominally, the German operations, in an approximately rectangular forbidden zone along Lake Tanganyika in the east, are

run by what Bonn euphemistically describes as a "private company" for purely scientific purposes. But there is massive evidence, as will be seen below, that the whole West German military-industrial complex is behind this enterprise and that the Bonn government is the ultimate recipient of the missilery produced in Zaire.

The secret cooperation by the United States in the Zaire undertaking, through the supply of cruise-missile and other advanced technological know-how, constitutes another aspect of the deepening American involvement in Africa. But, essentially, this is a back-door approach to West Germany's rearmament on the most dangerous level: unable to help Bonn develop advanced missilery on German territory for political and legal reasons, the United States has been doing so clandestinely through Africa since the closing years of the Nixon administration.

Bonn had long wanted its own cruise missile (both France and Britain are in advanced stages of development). But since the United States has not thus far been willing to provide the actual cruise-missile weaponry to Germany, the Germans decided to develop it themselves. That they had U.S. cooperation in this endeavor was, in effect, confirmed by American Defense Secretary Harold Brown when he told the NATO Defense Ministers' Meeting last December 7 that "the United States has made no commitment not to transfer cruise technology to its European allies."

The Zaire situation is one of the most closely held secrets in Washington, D.C. Although American officials acknowledge publicly that West Germany is experimenting with "rockets" in Africa, they go along with Bonn's cover story that the Zaire project is nothing more than research on weather satellites. No U.S. participation is officially admitted. This article is based on information obtained in private discussions with highly reliable sources, who have access to most of the relevant knowledge, in Washington as well as in Western Europe. In Washington some of the information was made available because of the concern on the part of certain individuals that the United States is engaged in improper activities in the context of the Zaire situation.

Specifically, the West German missile production and tests are in direct and flagrant circumvention of the 1954 Treaty of Brussels, which places clearly defined limits on German rearmament. Aside from the prohibition on the manufacture of nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons, the Brussels Treaty—signed on Bonn's behalf by the late Chancellor Konrad Adenauer—forbids the production, on German territory, of "long-range missiles and guided missiles." This is spelled out in Paragraph 4 of Annex III of the Brussels Treaty. Neither Defense Secretary Brown nor anyone else in the December NATO meeting made the slightest public reference to these treaty limitations.

This treaty was conceived by the Western powers as a guarantee against excessive rearmament by West Germany after she was admitted to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) and the decision had been made to let her develop modern armed forces. Only nine years had elapsed since the Nazi defeat in World War II, and, quite naturally, the European allies were nervous about the notion that Germany would once again become a danger to them. Europeans have long memories, and they remember how Germany moved to rearm herself after losing World War I. By 1954 the Germans were already on their way to becoming an economic power in Europe, and NATO felt that while Germany should have an army, there must be safeguards. Thus Germany committed herself under the Brussels Treaty not to produce strategic bombers, certain types of naval vessels and biological, chemical, and nuclear weapons.

However, the Brussels agreeement had a flaw: its phrasing did not rule out the German production of missiles *outside* German territory. Perhaps at the time no one thought that this would be possible, and perhaps it was a deliberate loophole not to foreclose German options in the future; it cannot be ruled out that at the apogee of the Cold War with the Soviet Union the idea of loopholes was not wholly distasteful to the United States. Besides, according to officials, there is in the treaty a "classified" section that may allow for such contingencies.

> The cruise missile that Germany is testing was developed to carry nuclear warheads. It's unlikely that any country would use it for another purpose.

In any event, the work going on today in Zaire is obviously designed to equip West Germany with the most sophisticated delivery systems for missiles with conventional or nuclear warheads.

Although there are no indications that Bonn is developing actual nuclear weapons—the Bonn government has signed and ratified the Non-Proliferation Treaty banning the production of such arms—the acquisition of such a delivery capability may well be the first step in the direction of West Germany's going nuclear some day, if it judges such action necessary. The United States has developed the cruise missile for the specific mission of carrying nuclear warheads, and it is unlikely that any country would wish to use the cruise missile for another purpose.

And West Germany's neighbors on both sides of the Iron Curtain—France in the west and East Germany, Poland, and the Soviet Union—are deeply concerned and even suspicious about a missile-delivery capability in Bonn's hands. Rightly or wrongly, these countries—particularly the Communist ones—tend to link the Zaire program with the existence, in Germany, of a small plant that reprocesses spent uranium from nuclear power plants into plutonium, which is the core element of nuclear weapons. The same concern extends to the agreement under which West Germany is developing a $10 billion nuclear-industrial complex in Brazil, ranging from the prospecting of uranium to its enrichment, the construction of power reactors, and the installation of a plutonium-reprocessing facility. Even the United States is upset over the German-Brazilian deal because of its plutonium-production aspects, but the Carter administration has failed to dissuade the two governments from pursuing it. Washington, of course, does not wish to see a nuclear capability in a Third World country.

Both the Zaire testing and the deliveries of small arms by West Germany to Mobutu led France to raise these matters with Bonn in an urgent manner and on a high level in the mid-1970s. Paris had asked Bonn to explain clearly the nature of the Zaire activities, but French officials are known to be unconvinced about the German cover story on weather satellites.

The Soviet ambassador in Kinshasa has delivered a formal protest to the Zaire government, but, not surprising, he has received no satisfactory reply. The Polish government is equally upset, and officials in Warsaw have been talking privately about acquiring a nuclear capability for Poland—with Soviet assistance—if West Germany goes nuclear.

Bonn, for its part, has been very defensive about the whole Zaire matter. Not only has it been insisting on the scientific nature of the project and on the private character of the company that runs it, but also it has gone to the lengths of allowing a West German television crew into the forbidden zone to film a story about the project. Predictably, the film did suggest that the Germans in Shaba were busily preparing their area for weather-satellite experiments.

However, American experts dispute the need of an area as large as Colorado for testing weather satellites. But the cruise missile and especially the IRBM do require a vast operational area so that they can be recovered within the proving grounds after the launch.

Curiously, Bonn has allowed glaring contradictions to affect its Zaire cover story. Thus a photographic blowup of a cruise missile was displayed at the 1977 air show at Le Bourget, near Paris. There was no explanation as to where, when, or how the Germans had produced a cruise missile. American specialists who studied the photograph have concluded, however, that the

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missile was flying over what appeared to be African terrain.

Knowledgeable informants in Washington, speaking privately, do not buy the German cover story. I have been told flatly that the cruise missile is being tested in Zaire and that preparations are underway for IRBM launches. Officials also said that West Germany has already developed four or five cruise-missile prototypes that have flown over the leased Shaba enclave.

Still in private, officials in Washington have said that the Zaire enterprise represents a colossal international deception. Bonn, they said, by not building missiles on its own territory, has not violated the letter of the Brussels Treaty. But doing it in Africa certainly violates the spirit of the 1954 pact.

There are major international implications in the German missile program. The Soviet Union, for example, may well take the view that a German missile-delivery capability would alter the strategic balance in Europe. It may demand that the German missiles be counted under the ceilings being negotiated in the current phase of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) between the United States and the Soviet Union.

Up to now, the ceilings have applied only to American and Soviet missiles—in 1969 the Russians had agreed not to count French and British nuclear weapons under SALT—but the German developments may change this situation. The United States stores nuclear warheads in West Germany for its own forces under what is known as the "double key" arrangement, meaning that Bonn has to agree to the use of atomic weapons located on its territory by American forces. But the Soviet fear is that West Germany, with its own delivery capability, may prevail, in an emergency, on the United States to be allowed to use American nuclear warheads on German missiles.

The most troublesome is the cruise missile. This is a missile that was perfected by the United States in the early 1970s and is launched with a nuclear head from a "mother" launcher, such as a bomber or a submarine. The cruise missile, with its own engine and guidance systems, can be fired at a target with extraordinary precision. It is the ultimate guided missile, which has the additional advantage of following the contours of the terrain with its own guidance mechanism. It was the introduction of the cruise missile that deadlocked the Soviet-American SALT discussions since 1974, although, in the latest round of talks, the United States has agreed on limiting the range of the new weapon. There are extraordinary security measures surrounding the Shaba testing area (which lies between Lake Tanganyika in the east and a north-south line at 26° 55' of longitude in the west; the boundaries are delineated in the north by the river Lukuga and in the south by the tenth parallel, which is situated along the Zaire-Zambia border).

The lease contract, signed on March 26, 1976, between the Zaire government and OTRAG (a German acronym for "Orbital Launch and Rocket Corporation") constitutes an unprecedented waiver of sovereignty for the twenty-four-year duration of the contract. OTRAG, a West German service corporation operating the test site on behalf of German defense contractors, may act in the area "as if it were sovereign," according to an American government legal expert. The only similar situation in the world currently exists in the 1903 Panama Canal Treaty.

Article Two of the contract provides that Zaire "expressly and without restrictions grants to OTRAG the right to take all measures that it deems necessary for the exercise of full and complete power in the territory" and undertakes to draft implementing legislation. Furthermore OTRAG enjoys exclusive "disciplinary" powers over all its personnel and their families, who thereby are not subject to Zaire laws.

The same article establishes the "permanent" closing, by the government, of air space over the leased territory to all aircraft except OTRAG's and the Zaire Air Force's. OTRAG is also free to construct airports wherever it pleases in the leased zone.

Article Three, a provision without parallel in international law, vests in OTRAG the decision as to which persons may live in the enclave. Undesirable persons may be kept out by OTRAG. The government, likewise, has taken the obligation to "evacuate," if so requested by OTRAG, all persons, including Zaire citizens, whom OTRAG does not wish in its territory. Such persons are to be "kept away" from the zone by the Zaire government. The government is also responsible for maintaining security for all OTRAG facilities and personnel if the company's operational needs require such precaution.

Finally, Article Three provides that no "observations"—in writing or through photography—may be taken in the forbidden zone without OTRAG's authorization.

The official German claim that the sole purpose of the Shaba operation is to develop cheaper weather satellites and the insistence that OTRAG is a "private company" are contradicted by the 1976 contract, as they are by new evidence that identifies two powerful West German military-industrial complex consortia as the driving force behind the Zaire project.

The opening section of the contract, which the Germans never made public, declares that OTRAG "needs a vast operational area lending itself to the launching into the atmosphere and space of payload missiles and to all activities in every domain that, directly or indirectly, are related to it."

There is no mention of weather satellites in this contract, and only in its final section does it refer to OTRAG's commitment to place in orbit—free of charge—an experimental *reconnaissance* satellite for the Zaire government. As an American expert remarked to me, "I can't see why Mobutu

"I'm not sure if it was an obscene call or just a wrong number. It was someone calling 'Dial-A-Fuck.'"

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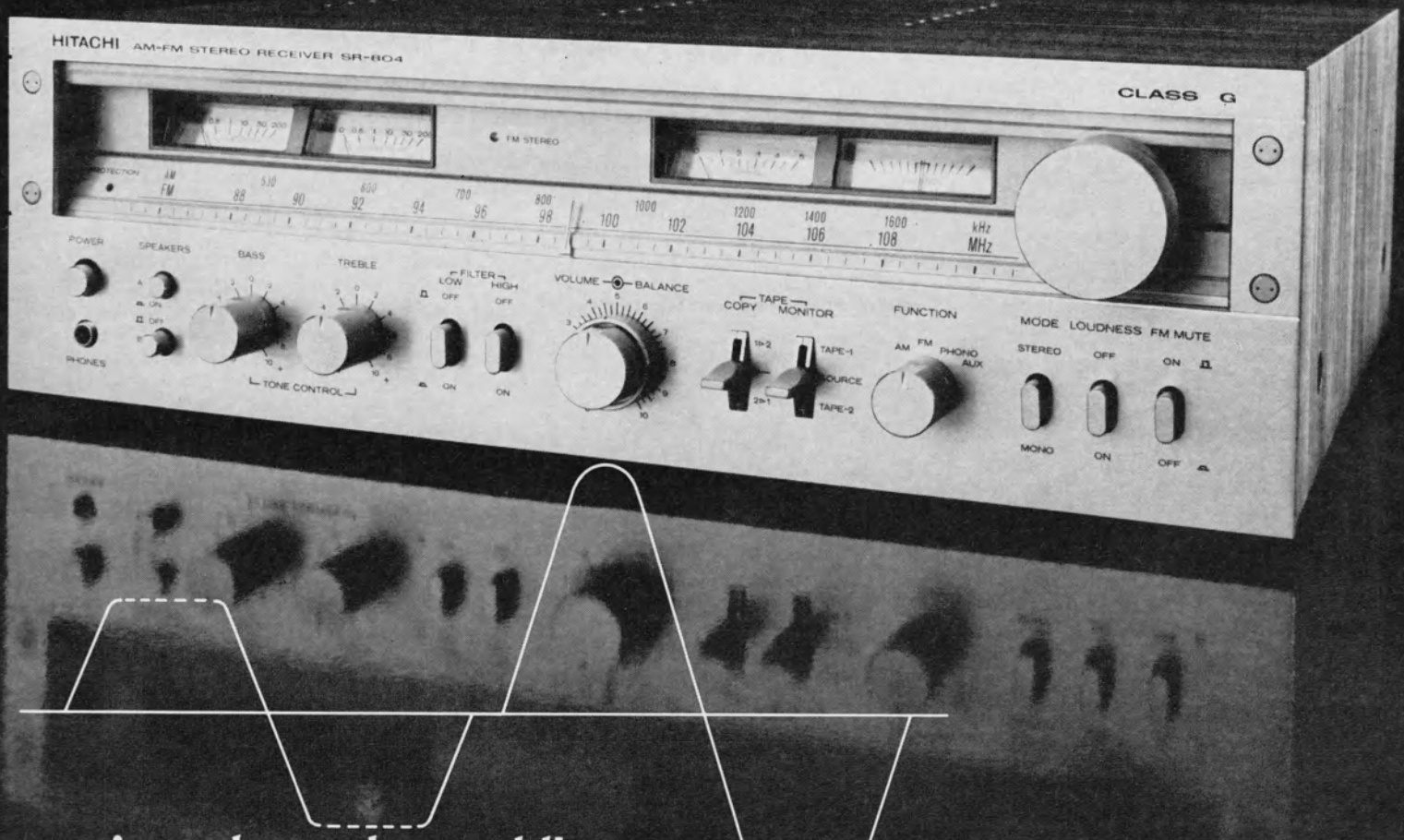

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needs a *recon* satellite unless he thinks he can spot Angolan guerrillas with it—and this is nonsense."

Should Zaire wish to have its own communications satellite, however, OTRAG, according to the contract, is prepared to launch it into space at a 20 percent discount from the price it charges its other "clients" for placing space vehicles into orbit. These provisions appear to be intended to "sweeten" the deal for President Mobutu, in the opinion of experts.

But the real giveaway of the German project appears in the section of the contract dealing with OTRAG's payments to Zaire. Thus Article Five provides that Zaire will receive $50 million annually in lease payments after OTRAG receives its full remuneration for the launching of a payload rocket from a "client." OTRAG's "clients" are not identified in the contract, but it is obviously improbable that cruise missiles or IRBMs would be purchased by private companies. And the identity of OTRAG's technological backers—and that of its real clients—makes it quite clear what the Germans are doing in Shaba.

The principal consortiums engaged in the production of the missiles being tested in Zaire are the German aircraft company Dornier, which provides the airframe; the German Messerschmidt company, of World War II fame, providing the engines; and the French Thompson-CSF company, which builds the navigational-guidance systems for the German missiles. What remains unclear is why a French company is involved in this secret deal when one considers the French government's deep concern over the German circumvention of the Brussels Treaty.

According to highly placed Western European informants, OTRAG is producing the cruise missile and the IRBM for the West German consortium formed by the Messerschmidt, Belkov, and Blaum companies, the principal defense contractors in West Germany. At the proper time, it is believed, the missiles will be turned over to the West German armed forces.

And there are other strange aspects concerning OTRAG. Although Bonn claims OTRAG is a private company, it enjoys full tax exemption in West Germany. As an operating company with control and command functions in Zaire, it is puzzlingly divided into three divisions.

The "headquarters" division is located in Neu-Isenburg, a city near Frankfurt. According to reliable informants, it is this division that works in direct liaison with the BND, the West German intelligence service. This is where the whole Zaire operation is being coordinated.

Under OTRAG's reorganization early in 1976, before the final contract with Zaire was signed (an earlier contract had been signed in December 1975), two separate divisions were created. One was OTRAG, AG, concentrating on operations and research, and the other was OTRAG, S.A.-Africa, with offices in Vaduz in the principality of Liechtenstein. Vaduz is a tax haven for multinational corporations and, clearly, a convenient channel for a concealed flow of funds for the Zaire project.

OTRAG's president, the man who signed the contract with Zaire, is Dr. Lutz T. Kayser, a mysterious figure described as a top missile expert. Dr. Kayser reportedly had worked in the 1960s for the National Aeronautics and Space Agency (NASA), at the height of its space program, but this affiliation is not shown in current NASA records. The agency says that its employment records are stored at the federal archives center in St. Louis, Mo. CIA officials have refused to provide any background on Dr. Kayser, although the CIA routinely keeps files on foreign-missile experts. One CIA official privately explained the refusal: "This is too sensitive to discuss." It was also learned that Kurt Debus, who worked with Werner von Braun at the Army Rocket Research Center in Huntsville, Ala., in the early 1960s, is currently working for OTRAG on the Zaire project.

> Unable to help Bonn develop missiles on German territory, the U.S. has been doing so clandestinely through Africa since the Nixon administration.

American officials, speaking privately, have indicated that there is a strong possibility that the United States has made available to West Germany the required technology for the cruise missile and IRBM projects under the so-called Program of Cooperation (POC). This is a secret program (dating back to the late 1950s) under which highly classified military technology is provided to NATO allies, including West Germany. In some instances, POC operations have been conducted between the Pentagon and NATO defense ministries and top military commands, bypassing the State Department in Washington and foreign ministries in the European capitals.

In general, West Germany's entry into the Zaire picture has solved some problems for the United States in terms of keeping the Mobutu régime afloat. Because of congressional strictures, American military aid to Zaire has been kept down to a small volume. In the fiscal year that ended in October 1977, the United States gave Zaire $28.5 million in "nonlethal" military equipment, including a C-130 transport aircraft. The plane was authorized after guerrillas from Angola had attacked the Shaba Province in March, not far from the German proving grounds. The proposed figure for the current fiscal year is $17.5 million.

Thus the Germans have picked up the slack. During 1977 West German transport planes belonging to a "private company" (an American official commented that this company "is as private as the CIA's Air America was in Vietnam") have delivered several million rounds of 9-mm ammunition and an unknown number of submachine guns to Zaire. At the height of this airlift, around September 1977, there were three weekly flights of this type.

To provide the appearance of noninvolvement, the Carter administration has also encouraged other Western European governments to come to Mobutu's aid. In March, French aircraft flew Moroccan troops to Zaire to help Mobutu fend off the guerrilla attacks from Angola because his own army was disintegrating.

Since July 1977, French, Belgian, and Moroccan advisers have been attached to the Zairian army, which is undergoing a major reorganization after its catastrophic performance in the spring.

To a large extent, however, the Europeans—acting with American blessings—are beefing up Mobutu's strength as much for his internal survival as for defense from abroad. Though the Mobutu régime is widely recognized as highly inept and corrupt, the conventional wisdom in Washington and Western Europe is that there is no real non-leftist alternative to him.

But there is no assurance that, given the volatility of the Zaire situation, he can keep power for an extended period. With inflation running at a 70 percent annual rate and with unemployment spreading, violent strikes erupted in 1977 in Kinshasa and Lubumbashi in the Shaba "copper belt." Besides, Mobutu is totally broke.

Under the circumstances, Mobutu seems to look for salvation in the Shaba deal with the Germans. The $50 million annual payments from OTRAG are highly appetizing to Mobutu, who hopes for additional German assistance.

For the Germans the 1976 contract is an ideal arrangement. The lease on the Shaba territory runs until the year 2000, and no Zaire government—neither Mobutu's nor his successor's—can cancel the contract. From a German viewpoint, the cost in terms of payments to Mobutu is negligible. The investment in the facilities in the Shaba proving grounds—air strips, launching ramps, housing and a hospital for OTRAG personnel—is calculated at around $300 million, but most of it comes directly or indirectly from the West German defense budget (although the budget does not show it). OTRAG personnel in Zaire enjoy full diplomatic privileges and immunities, another indication that this is a West German government operation.

The question, however, is whether Western public opinion is prepared to stand still for this extraordinary new dimension in German rearmament and for the American involvement in it.

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SEXUAL ROULETTE

She never knew who was moving in next.
And it was always *their* move.

Klein the psychiatrist rose and burped. He took from a cabinet his Sony TC-45, the small, black-and-silver machine that his wife had given him the Christmas before last. From a different shelf in the same cabinet he took six cassettes, each of which bore a white label the size of a thumbnail. On the labels were written initials and numbers: L.K.-1, L.K.-2, L.K.-3, and so forth. Klein sat, stuck a Vantage into his mouth, and inserted the first cassette. Hearing his own voice, he pressed the Fast Forward button.

"I just feel that everything's wrong," said the voice of Linda Kirsh. "I mean, everything *is* wrong, and I feel awful." A modestly awkward silence followed.

"How is everything wrong?" Klein heard himself say. He despised the sound of his own voice on tape. It destroyed his resonance, he thought, and made him sound like a child.

"It's messed up. Everything in my life is messed up. Everything."

"Try to be specific." Being subjected to pathos before lunch repulsed Klein, and his voice took on a sudden tautness.

"I hate my job. I want to be an actress, not a key-punch operator. I *am* an actress. It makes me sick to watch television; I can act rings around those people! But here I am, punching out computer cards on West Twenty-first Street. A college degree, and this is the best I can do. I thought I'd come to New York, and it'd be just like *Career* or, at least, *The Best of Everything,* but it's the same as it was in Racine; only it's dirtier. I go to all the auditions, and send pictures to everybody. Where I work they laugh at me when they see me reading *Backstage.* It's awful."

"How about your social life?" God, that sounds cheap, thought Klein. Perhaps it had sounded better full of its original resonance.

"My social life is ridiculous. I mean, I don't have a social life. It's disgusting. When I moved here three months ago, I had no idea rents were so outrageous. I thought I could get a nice, cozy walk-up in Greenwich Village, like Shirley MacLaine had in *Career.* I wound up paying 400 for a two-bedroom on Perry Street. About half the size of Shirley MacLaine's place. Plus the phone, the utilities. Four hundred. In Racine you get a house with two acres for 400 a month. But I thought, you know, 400 is a lot, but I'll get a good job, some nice parts. I'll be able to afford it. But I didn't get a good job, and I didn't get any nice parts; I became a fucking key-punch operator, which pays 160 a week before taxes.

"I barely made the first month's rent, and I had to borrow from some old bag at work the second month. Then I saw an ad—I guess it was in the *Voice*—for one of those roommate agencies: *Roommates*, it said, *More for the Money.* I hate roommates. I mean, that was the worst thing about college. But it seemed getting a roommate was my only alternative to going back to Racine like a fool.

"I visited the agency, some dump on East Fifty-fourth Street, and I filled out a card and paid out fifty dollars. A few days later my roommate arrived, and in a few more days she moved in. At first, Mary Ann didn't seem so bad. She struck me as friendly, sort of quiet. I was pleased she had very little junk to move in, mainly just clothes.

"Then she started with her boyfriends. Every night, it seemed, she had a new one. They were giggling and making noise and slamming doors and flushing the toilet and skittering about like large, mindless mice.

"I had stupidly agreed to split the telephone bill with her, fifty-fifty, just like the rent. I noticed she spent a lot of time on the phone at night. God only knows what she does all day long. She works at home. A public-relations consultant, or so she says. I asked her to get me a job once, and she said the job market was bad these days. So the phone bill came, and it was for $170, and I had only made one, brief long-distance call. We had a vile argument.

"I realized that cutting my rent in half was not the grand relief I thought. I was still broke every weekend, and I had no privacy at all. I decided to get a third roommate, and Mary Ann went along with me. I thought this would solve my money problems. The roommate agency found a girl who was willing to use the living-room couch for a bed and pay $120 a month for the privilege.

"I felt Joan was weird from the start. She told me she was a model; but when I asked if I could look at her portfolio, she didn't seem to know what I was talking about. And what sort of model works only at night?"

Klein removed the cassette prematurely. He recalled its end: the droll descriptions of her anxieties, the prescription for Librium, his fine, resonant good-bye. He inserted another cassette.

"I feel like an intruder when Mary Ann's at home with her boyfriends. I shut myself in my room, but after a while their sounds penetrate the walls. I stepped into the kitchen to get a Coke the other night, and I heard the loudest, most violent orgasm! Then they started laughing. It got quiet for a half hour or so; then it started up again. He was giving her commands: "Suck my cock! Bend over! Lower!" There was a lot of moaning. I was sitting in the kitchen, listening to all this when he came hurrying out of the bedroom stark naked. He stood there in front of me with his dick poking straight out, and he asked, 'Got any Mazola?' It was awful."

"How did you feel?" Klein's voice asked. "Were you angered? Embarrassed? Jealous?"

"All of those things. I was angered at the invasion of my privacy. I was embarrassed by the sudden appearance of a hard cock. And I guess it made me a little jealous, in an odd way."

"Did you speak with Mary Ann about it?

BY NICK TOSCHES

Did you explain how you felt?

"I tried, I really did, but she got very nasty. She said what she did in her bedroom was no business of mine. I guess I sort of backed off from her.

"But it isn't just Mary Ann. There's just as much happening on Joan's couch these days. On my way to the bathroom one night, I saw her lying there naked with a different guy sucking on each tit. I stood and watched. One of the guys put his penis into her mouth."

"Did it make you aroused?"

"Well, of course. I went to bed and masturbated and thought of the guy who had his penis in Joan's mouth."

"You don't speak much of your own sex life Is there a reason for that?" Klein was pleased with himself. Clinical yet provocative; that's the stuff, Klein-o, he congratulated himself.

"I don't have a sex life. I masturbate a lot. I fantasize a lot. I go crazy a lot."

"What do you fantasize about?"

"Well, okay, mostly, you know, fucking. I'm twenty years old, and for the last five years I've had the same fantasy. I'm sitting on a park bench, reading, and this really good-looking guy comes along and starts flirting with me, and I reach out and place my hand on his penis. He goes nuts with lust and takes me home to his wonderful penthouse and undresses me. His cock is very, very large, and I take it in my mouth and suck him off very slowly and smoothly. I draw it fully into my mouth and rub his buttocks as he comes in my throat. I keep his dick in my mouth and let it shrink after I've sucked all the warm semen from it. I keep it there for as long as it takes for it to grow hard again; then he lays me down and fucks the shit out of me. But this is just fantasy. I'm a virgin."

Klein's penis stiffened casually, and he stroked it briefly, almost condescendingly. "Why don't you fulfill your fantasy?"

"I want to, but things just don't seem to turn out right."

Klein unzippered his double-knit crotch and flipped the cassette over.

"Last night I heard Mary Ann getting her cunt licked. I heard the bed lunge and squeak with their fucking. I wanted to sneak in and join the fun. I wanted to feel his thing between my legs. I just sat there in the kitchen and masturbated.

"They're driving me crazy, both of them. It's not just the constant moaning and slurping. Joan keeps odd, vile-smelling plastic containers in the refrigerator and blasts Barry White records at six in the morning. Mary Ann came home drunk one night and shot the lock off the door with a 38."

Klein, penis in fist, heard the third cassette. For the fourth, his favorite, he lighted a Vantage.

"Now she's moved two of those guys in with us. They haven't really moved in. They came over to fuck her five nights ago and haven't left. This morning there were six toothbrushes in the bathroom, and I can account for only five of them. There were only three Tuesday morning. It's awful.

"I woke up this morning and found Mary Ann sitting in the living room. She had only a bra on. On each side sat one of these two lunatics who've moved in, and she was jerking them both off at the same time. And they were all watching Dinah Shore on TV! In Mary Ann's bedroom I saw Joan. She was lying in bed naked, snoring. At the foot of the bed sat a small Oriental fellow whom I had never seen before. He was staring very intently into Joan's butt, and he had on *my* mauve panty hose and *my* yellow silk blouse. The whole room smelled of Mazola.

"It is impossible to relax at night. Orgasmic yelps and moans drift through the apartment with the dull insistence of Muzak. I reached into my vegetable crisper the other day and found a dildo, taped to which was a cold and wilted note: 'Dear Joanie, when this you find, please think of me. Ha-ha. With all my crummy heart, Dom.' If my mother saw me now, she'd have a stroke."

Klein could not find the passage about the high heels. He pressed the Fast Forward button.

"The other night I found out who the sixth toothbrush belonged to. It seems that Mary Ann has a third bed partner these days, a girl of seventeen named Lucille. Those two fellows who moved in, by the way, are brothers, Leslie and Valentine. Valentine cornered me in the bathroom the other night and introduced himself: 'Valentine's the name; lovin's the game.'

"Anyway, Lucille wears mink panties and a leather corset. The first I saw of her she was tied to a chair in the kitchen, and some fat Puerto Rican, resplendent in red boxer shorts and a hard-on, was rapping her thighs with a rolled-up copy of *Ms*. Each time the magazine left a red mark on Lucille's skin, the Puerto Rican pointed at it and whispered, 'Mira' with glee. When the Puerto Rican left, Lucille told me, 'Don't get the wrong idea, Toots. When it's just me and another broad, I do the ass-whuppin'.' Toots!

"I took a bath, and when I came out, another young lady was tied in Lucille's place. After freeing our house guest, Lucille stripped her of the stockings and slip she had worn. She slapped her and told her to prepare for rape. This I was not going to miss. With no further notice, Lucille jumped at our guest, knocking her to the floor. With her knees she pinned the girl's shoulders down, and with her hands she grabbed the girl's legs. Much slurping followed, and then Lucille bounded about so that she pressed upon our guest belly-to-belly and face-to-face. Their legs entwined violently, and Lucille began to pump. Soon I heard our guest say something to Lucille that I will never forget. 'Come in me,' she said."

Klein replayed this part of the tape, for the sound of Linda Kirsh's voice coupled with the content of her narrative filled him with lust. He recalled the shape of her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

"When did Jesse go that-a-way?"

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 1977.

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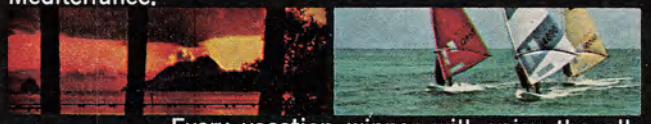

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CHILE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

Cubas, accompanied by council staff and by Anaconda Chairman of the Board C. Jay Parkinson, traveled to Washington to remind Assistant Secretary of State Charles Meyer and Office Director William Stedman that the United States had triumphed in Chile from 1963 to 1964 by joining forces with business. They offered to spend $500,000 to elect Alessandri if the United States would also commit itself.

Meyer said nothing. He opposed such interference. But Rockefeller had recommended Meyer, a high Sears executive, to Nixon. The executive committee of the council included Harold Geneen, ITT's boss, and Donald Kendall of Pepsico, Nixon's closest friend in the multinational world and his principal client before he was elected president. Meyer dared not voice a veto that would enrage Nixon and the Rockefellers.

I learned of the Parkinson–de Cubas pitch when an envelope stamped "Secret eyes only" arrived. It contained a "memorandum of conversation" prepared by Stedman. On April 28 I sent a withering, unconditional rejection. Alessandri, I said, was the candidate of Chile's rich. The rich could give him money if he needed it. If we funded Alessandri, I said, that would arouse anti-Americanism among the 60 percent of Chileans who were opposed to any rightist. For the next six years an Alessandri government could blackmail us into giving huge amounts to keep "the Communists" at bay.

(I later discovered in the State Department archives that my candor so alarmed the White House that it told Secretary of State Rogers to collect all copies of my cable, including the CIA's and the Pentagon's. It reclassified it as "no distribution" to reduce readership to Nixon, Kissinger, Rogers, and a few aides.)

Stedman wrote me in May to "applaud the destruction you wrought" and to report Meyer's private delight.

(12) The Nixon-Kissinger-Helms team asked me to consider the military overthrow of Allende even before he was elected. In August, a month before the election, I recommended that the United States follow a "cool but correct" policy with any Allende government. I ruled out the alternatives of knee-jerk hostility or embrace. Immediately, a hush-hush Washington cable asked about a fourth possibility: military overthrow. My answer was no.

(13) President Frei sent a provocative message directly to Nixon immediately after the election: "The odds are fifty to one that Allende will turn Chile into another Cuba."

(14) Chilean plotters of the Right and center, including some of Frei's lieutenants, contacted Allende's opponents in the Chilean military soon after the election. They arranged for American multinational managers to meet the most conspiratorial of the plotters: a General Viaux. The Forty Committee overruled my orders to the U.S. military to avoid any contact with the Chilean military. Instead, it asked me to consider scenarios by which the Chilean army might move. The richest man in Chile, publisher Augustin Edwards, a close friend of Donald Kendall *and* the Rockefellers, arranged via the CIA to meet me a few days after the election. Before fleeing to the United States that day, Edwards said that he wanted to ask me only one question: "Will the U.S. do anything militarily—directly or indirectly?" My answer was no.

This background was imprinted in my mind five years later, in mid-1975, as I walked into CIA Director William Colby's office to meet him for the first time. I was convinced that the United States had had no covert action with the Chilean military while I was in Chile; I was positive that there had been no U.S. interference in the electoral process beyond the modest programs that I had approved. I would swear—indeed I had to the Senate—that there had been no U.S. complicity in the murder of General Schneider by General Viaux's men.

Nonetheless, I wanted to read Colby's secret Senate testimony on Chile in April 1974. Months later, the media revealed that the new CIA director had told of the United States, spending $8 million from 1970 to 1973 to "destabilize" Allende and Chile. And, to my astonishment, the *New York Times* said that I had played a key role in these CIA schemes even though I had left Chile two years before Allende's overthrow; it added that I, like Helms, had lied about it.

Colby refused to let me read his testimony. "National security" forebade his telling me a word of it, he said. So I summarized my understanding of U.S. actions in Chile. He listened without comment. When I told him that I was about to debate *Times* reporter Seymour Hersh at a college in my hometown as part of a campus "truth squad" campaign, Colby nodded approvingly. Where and when? his aide asked.

The debate took place only a few weeks before the arrival of Treverton and Hitchcock for their interview. Greg Treverton's questions were gentle, his manner solicitous. He asked for, and I gave, a candid review of my experience and analysis. Then he focused on two key issues: the assassination of General Schneider and the actions of ITT. I rattled off the many steps that I had taken to forestall any rash U.S. involvement, including arranging for the jailing of Allende's most likely assassin in the Chilean military, and I expressed my bitterness at the *Times*'s assertions of my complicity in the alleged CIA plots. This reply provoked Treverton to turn toward the silent Hitchcock and whisper: "Don't you think we can tell him?" Then he swore me to secrecy. "There *was* a CIA plot with the military," he said. It was code-named Track

"Seeing this is your first time, I'll explain things to you. First, that is an ass back there and this is an elbow."

"Dick Cavett introduced me to the white rum martini."

"I first met Dick when we were both in a whacky off-Broadway play in a theatre so small, the cast out-numbered the audience.

One night during the play's very, very, very brief run, Dick insisted that I (a gin man) order a drink I'd never tried before—a white rum martini. 'This will strike you as heretical,' he said, 'but you may like it better than your beloved gin.'

I've stayed with the white rum martini ever since. It has a smoother, cleaner taste than the gin variety.

Today, I'm a journalist, Dick's doing his new TV show and, happily, we're still pals.

We've noticed that a lot of people are now asking for white rum instead of gin or vodka. Well isn't that how it always goes? When a good thing comes to off-Broadway, it usually finds its way uptown."

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II (to distinguish it from my open endorsement of Frei's public, constitutional schemes to block the Chilean Congress's confirmation of Allende's election). Treverton disclosed that a Helms–White House cable had been sent behind my back to the CIA station chief in Santiago. "It instructed him to do everything possible to stop Allende from taking power."

Nixon, Kissinger, and Helms had agreed that neither I nor State should be told a word of this. The CIA promised General Viaux a lifetime annuity and safe passage from Chile if his plot to kidnap General Schneider backfired. A few days before this feeble-minded scheme to provoke an army takeover of Chile was put into action, however, the White House suddenly ordered the CIA to cut loose from Viaux.

"Why," I exclaimed to Treverton, "that's because I saw Kissinger and Nixon on October 12. I told the president that Allende's ratification was certain and that only lunatics would be snared by any military plotters."

"My God," I said as Treverton's news sank in, "Colby set me up."

I had, in effect, debated Hersh and many others as Colby's spokesman. Colby had encouraged me to disseminate information that he knew to be very wrong and very self-destructive. No less worse for me was another implication of the concealment, by Nixon, Kissinger, and Helms, of Track II. The CIA station chief and the State Department officers in my embassy had told me in early 1971 that I was at the head of an assassination list. Even though the number-two man on that list, Frei's former interior minister, was machine-gunned to death that June, I had shunned all but the most minimal protection because I thought it wrong to act guiltily or fearful if the United States had clean hands. As I wrote Kissinger after I'd learned of Track II: "You and the president, and others, deliberately chose to permit me and my family to run the risk of murder rather than give me the choice that knowledge [of Track II] would have granted."

Treverton ended the interview with two assurances: one, that he would write a full summary, send me a copy for review, and circulate it to the full committee; two, that I would have a timely hearing with the senators before any report on Chile was written.

Autumn came, and neither pledge was kept. By phone and by letter Church and Treverton set dates for my testimony but then fobbed me off with excuses. When I learned that my predecessor (Dungan) and my successor (Nat Davis) had testified in secret, that my CIA station chief and defense attaché had also appeared, and that the Select Committee's report was in final draft, I fired off a twenty-eight-page letter to Church, protesting my exclusion. Without detailing the scandalous details of the Kennedy-Johnson era, I summarized how and why the United States had acted in Chile for ten years and the CIA had accumulated such unmatched power.

My letter was hidden from the full committee. Instead, two interim reports were rushed out, concerning Chile and CIA-linked assassinations, including Schneider's. These reports slyly and extensively rewrote history in order to shield both the Kennedys and the Rockefellers. They converted Allende into an innocent hero destroyed by Nazi-like Americans only because he was a "socialist" and only because Nixon was the U.S. president. The reports completely suppressed the fact that I had spent a full year as ambassador trying to reach almost any kind of accord with Allende as well as the fact that Allende himself had written Nixon, praising my efforts. Instead, isolated sentences were plucked from cables—some not even written by me—to depict me as partly responsible for Schneider's murder and the plots against Allende. Yet I had never been asked a single question about those cables and had never been permitted even to appear to swear to the facts. The committee even concealed Treverton's written conclusion, in his report on me, that it was "obvious"—five years after the event—that I still didn't know of Track II.

> An influential Washington friend warned me: "If you insist on pursuing this matter . . . you will know anguish beyond anything you have experienced."

For appearance' sake, the committee invited me to testify at its one public hearing after the two reports were published in December 1975. As the very last witness late in the day, I was allowed to make only a brief, formal statement of twelve minutes, no substantive questions were asked, and I was dismissed. I submitted for the record my letter to Church and my 1971 cable from Santiago, summarizing my efforts to live and let live with Allende.

These documents were eventually published in the form of appendices in the committee's hearings. By then, though, only a few historians would hear of them. And, I discovered, reporters were being told by some people in ITT, by the CIA, and by some senators that I was a perjurer who was now off his rocker.

Determined to force out the truth, I appealed to Leonard Marks, an influential Democratic lawyer in Washington and the former head of the U.S. Information Agency. I asked him to help me win the right to testify fully and freely. He called back several days later, with this advice: "If you insist on pursuing this matter, I tell you as a friend that you will know anguish beyond anything you have experienced."

A few minutes later Jack Anderson rang. He had been tipped, he said, that I had been "in bed" with ITT and "on the take" from it. I offered him a chance to read my copious files. He never did.

Next I decided to complain to the Justice Department that I was being deprived of my civil rights. News of that decision caused some movement in the Select Committee. I won the right to testify again—without artificial constraints. Again two promises came from the committee counsel: that at least one Republican and one Democratic senator would attend the secret hearing and that my testimony would later be made public. Neither promise was kept.

The hearing was conducted in a small, inconvenient hotel room. Except for Howard Baker, who looked in for ten minutes, no other senator heard a word. The deputy counsel sought again and again to choke off embarrassing disclosures. I was there only to correct the record about myself, he insisted.

"Where is the proof of your statements?" he and others on Church's staff demanded. On March 23 I returned with a suitcase full of documents, including the text of my April 28, 1970, cable turning down the Council of the Americas' pitch to the government for a joint anti-Allende action plus the State Department letter applauding this veto, a confidential history of the Rockefeller Council as written by a member, the official Overseas Private Investment Corporation (OPIC) record of how ITT and other council members received special treatment from Kennedy and Johnson in their insurance contracts, and hundreds of cables attesting to my actions.

That same day the committee staff handed me the transcript of my secret testimony to review "for national security deletions before it is released." But I deduced from some comments that the Select Committee was about to go out of business and that all the photocopying and editing that day was a charade. As one young staffer whispered: "They just want to find out what you have."

The next day I sent a registered letter to committee counsel F.A.O. Schwarz, Jr., with a copy to Attorney General Edward Levi. Schwarz and others, Senator Church included, were guilty of obstructing justice, I said. They had deliberately ignored evidence concerning ITT and other multinationals, and they had kept the truth from the public.

They had, in fact, concealed from public scrutiny a network of under-the-table deals that would make Watergate look like a bedtime story. Swept under the rug was the complicity of ITT, Geneen, the Rockefellers, and such Chileans as publisher Edwards with Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon, many senators, and the CIA. No

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

CARMEN

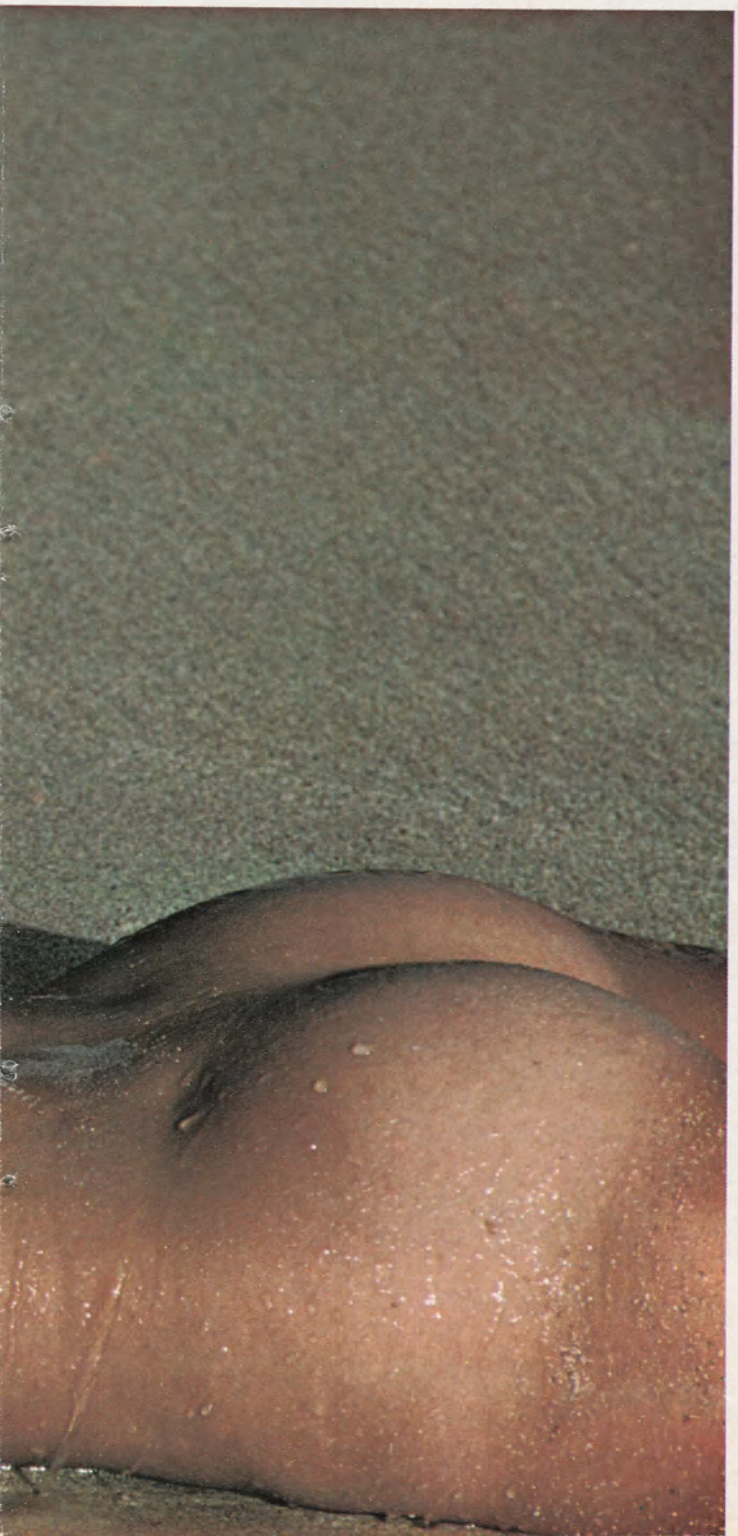
"I find that astrology answers so many of the questions I put to myself."

ASTRAL BODY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

"I feel close to the earth," says spirited beauty Carmen Pope. "It thrills me to run sand through my fingers and toes and feel the wind at my back. But it's the night and the heavens that offer real allure. I'm a student of the stars." Nor is it the ordinary Hollywood variety that excites Carmen, for our eighteen-year-old astral body is an up and coming astrologer.

"There's an order and a rhythm to the universe, and if you can move with the beat or find it in your own life, you've achieved a kind of universal harmony." Carmen is a Scorpio and attempts to live by the stars. "Some people don't take astrology seriously. I do. I find that it answers so many of the questions I put to myself."



"I'm a very passionate person . . . maybe because I'm a Scorpio and also because my mother was a fiery Spaniard, and that trait has definitely been passed down. The Latins are committed lovers and I'm no exception to that rule. I'm into my body in a full, rich way. And I love to share the pleasures I get—as long as his planets are compatible with mine, that is."

Carmen lives in Nashville, Tennessee, where she attends school by day and plots astrological charts by night for many music luminaries. But her fame as a visionary is second only to her celebrity as a local vision—with her handsome face and radiant, 38-22-36 body, Carmen is a star in her own right. "I'm lucky. My work allows me to focus on people and know them in a special, intimate way."

"Before I become close to a man, I always consult our charts together. Then, if we ever make it together, I feel it's with the blessing of the stars. I guess that makes me a romantic, and that's all right with me." Carmen also has a more earthbound philosophy. "I'm what you might call a free spirit," she says. "The law I live by is a universal one. It doesn't allow for possessiveness or jealousy. I feel that we are all parts of each other. There are no strangers in my world, only brothers and sisters. I can't belong to the man I'm with because we are already one." For Carmen Pope, there is paradise now.

MISS CARMEN POPE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The struggle to meet the needs of Vietnam veterans is not unlike the war in Vietnam itself. It has broken down into a series of guerrilla skirmishes, with veterans attempting to claim what is owed to them individually and collectively defending against congressional-bureaucratic attacks that threaten such long-standing benefits as veteran preference in government employment and programs combining veterans' benefits with national welfare or health-insurance plans.

Today one must conclude that the Vietnam veterans' back-home "war" is going badly. There is no light at the end of its tunnel, nor does its "body count" in the last several years offer much encouragement that there won't be even greater casualties in the future. Moreover, during this recent period certain disturbing trends have been evident with regard to the 6.7 million Vietnam-era veterans who served between August 1964 and May 1975. Among these trends is the increase in the number of veterans who have simply dropped out and become virtual derelicts. According to a recent survey by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, an estimated 50,000 to 60,000 Vietnam veterans have become so disillusioned that they either don't want to work or have stopped making any effort to find a job. According to Roland Mora, deputy assistant secretary of labor for veterans' employment, these figures are conservative estimates. "For every vet they count, there are two they miss who have just chucked the system. In every big city, which is where the problem is biggest, because that's where the minorities are, you'll find whole networks, whole undergrounds of vets who have just dropped out."

> Many veterans have simply stopped making any effort to find a job. An official says, "There are whole undergrounds of vets who have just dropped out."

Closely related to the dropout trend is the apparently insoluble problem of unemployment. A year ago 529,000 Vietnam veterans were unemployed. Today 511,000 are still looking and unable to find work.

Whether the drop of 18,000 represents a genuine net reduction in Vietnam veterans' unemployment or simply an increase in the number of those who have dropped out is not known. What is known is that unemployment among Vietnam veterans continues to exceed that for nonveterans of the same age, and nothing the government or private industry has done in the last three years has reversed that trend.

Along with the dropout and unemployment trends, there is an increase—well out of proportion—in the number of Vietnam veterans who are members of America's jail and prison population. Today there are an estimated 500,000 to 600,000 Vietnam veterans in criminal-justice custody. Some of them are on parole, probation, or some form of pretrial release, but this offers scant encouragement. The number of veterans in penal custody has been growing steadily, by about 10 percent a year since 1974. This is a particularly alarming and dangerous trend, because the Vietnam veteran who has against him the second strike of being an ex-con is a prime candidate for joining the unemployment lines, dropping out altogether, or ending up back in prison.

Although many persons have cited the Nixon-Ford recession, lack of job training, and the Vietnam veteran's public image to explain the unemployment problem, no one is really certain why our men who fought in Southeast Asia are so overly represented in jails and prisons or what the causes are of the behavior that landed them in trouble. Some see in this situation a self-fulfilling prophecy that the Vietnam veteran is evil incarnate, a murderer of women and children, a drug addict, a rapist, and who knows what else.

Obviously, such distorted public perceptions have added to the veterans' woes in their attempt to rejoin America's mainstream. The hassles with the Veterans Administration and employers by no means fully account for the inordinately high number of Vietnam veterans who have run afoul of the law. According to Neal Miller of the American Bar Association, who is studying (for the Department of Labor) the problem of Vietnam veterans in prison, "Something is going on out there that we don't understand." Miller's data are "picking up two kinds of people: people on drugs and people starting to explode." Approximately one-third of those Vietnam veterans currently incarcerated, he adds, were involved in offenses linked to drugs, followed in descending order by armed robberies, burglaries, murders, manslaughter, and assault.

There is no comfort whatsoever in any of these trends. The fact that more than a million Vietnam veterans have either dropped out, become part of the nation's hard-core unemployed, or had serious trouble with the law is a national disgrace borne by every citizen.

Although we must continue the fight to enable the Vietnam veteran to get his just due and must safeguard the benefits veterans have earned, we have an equal responsibility not to forget those who have become casualties in America's postwar society. To do so will only exacerbate the difficulties faced by *all* Vietnam veterans in American society.

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MORNING BECOMES HELENA

Helena Spiros may spend the winter months running her art gallery just off Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, but when the first nurturing rays of the summer sun shine on Lake Michigan, she has her bags packed for her native Greece. "Mykonos is freedom and light," says Helena in her soft, foreign voice. "It is my island. I can kick off my shoes any time I like, let my hair down, run free, and jump into the crystal-blue water." For our twenty-one year-old Grecian beauty, the deepening tan of her olive-hued skin signals other changes as well. "I'm like two people. I work and love in Chicago, but I am totally different when I reach my island. Here there is history in every footstep. There is a feeling, an atmosphere, a romance that sets fire to the spirit." The Greeks have always perceived the human body as the handiwork of the gods, and Helena's heavenly 35-22-35 form appears to be one of their more convincing arguments.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIWER OHLSSON

"We Greeks are very sensitive to mysticism, and we like to think we were created out of divine inspiration. I have a fantasy about myself that somewhere far back I was part nymph and part god, and I try to live up to that lineage in both my earthly passions and my heavenly pleasures."

"The Mediterranean is like a life force. You must swim naked in the water to feel the miracle of rebirth." Helena's beauty is legendary, and the doors to her cottage are always open. "There can be no strangers on an island like Mykonos—only new friends to create more excitement."

"I get angry at people who say that pleasure is sinful. Life is easy here... there are not many cares. And I feel strongly that life is meant to be lived this way. Maybe I am a hedonist, but life is short, and I mean to live it to the fullest." Helena stretches her body taut against the hot sand. "I'm a Greek, and that makes me a hot person—hot in temperament, hot in desire." While she speaks, her cool, blue eyes sparkle as they catch the light. Helena's dark hair crowns her face—a face that is unmistakably and classically Greek, a face perhaps not unlike the one that launched a thousand ships.

CHILE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

mention was permitted of how Rockefeller had started his council at JFK's behest and how in 1964 Edwards and another Chilean had attended an anti-Allende strategy session of top multinational executives in David Rockefeller's office at 410 Park Avenue. The meeting was convoked by LBJ's man for Latin America, Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Mann. He told the gathering how important the defeat of Allende was to the White House. The CIA officials in attendance took it from there. In follow-up huddles they suggested how the multinationals might do "their part" for the national interest by chipping in cash, material, and influence to elect Frei and not a rightist, as they preferred.

Mann came to Rockefeller's office on the heels of his most important "success." On March 31 Brazil's generals overthrew the democratically elected government of João Goulart. The toppling of the leftist Goulart—he was very much like Allende, and his removal reads like a step-by-step rehearsal for the Chilean's ouster six years later—involved the CIA, key multinational members of the Rockefeller group, and the Pentagon. The secretary of defense was Robert McNamara (now head of the World Bank), and his deputy was Cyrus Vance, when the Pentagon ordered a U.S. navel task force with paratroopers to sail for Rio to put down any resistance to Goulart's dismissal.

John McCone headed the CIA then, with Helms as his deputy. When McCone resigned in 1965, he joined ITT's board of directors. He also remained a paid consultant to Helms. Such arrangements are common. Men whose minds are chockablock with secrets gleaned in government about congressmen, senators, heads-of-state, and civil servants, at home and abroad, are put at the service of our most potent executives.

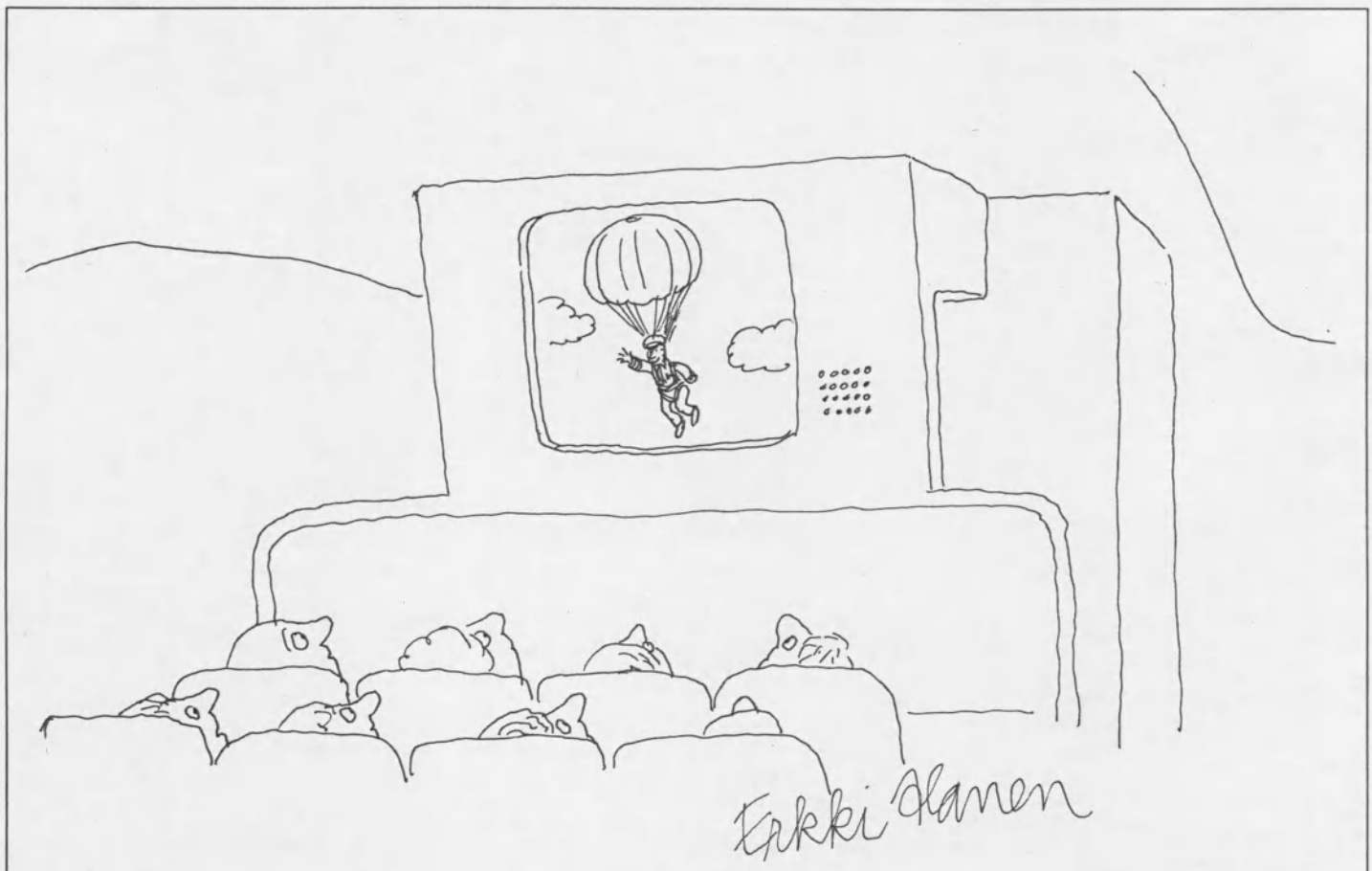
McCone approached Helms about Chile on behalf of Geneen in the spring of 1970, only a few weeks after my veto of the Council of the Americas' secret proposal for a joint CIA–Big Business program. Within days ITT launched an intensive campaign at the White House to override my decision.

This lobbying was coordinated with the activities of Edwards and other Chileans close to the council and to the CIA. Two ITT "public relations" men, Robert Berellez and Harold Hendrix, worked closely in Santiago with Edwards's agents. Edwards, in turn, was in daily contact with the CIA, just as he was from 1963 to 1964. The CIA informed all three men of the Track II conspiracy in September 1970. When I barred Hendrix and Berellez from access to the embassy two weeks later, because of their intrigues, they wired malicious cables to ITT. Indeed, their bitterness toward me was echoed by Geneen, Helms, Kissinger, and Kendall, each of whom lamented to their cronies that I had "lost Chile to the Communists," because I had not allowed the United States to go all out for Alessandri.

Because all of this information—and much more—was being suppressed from the public, and because what I saw as a conspiracy to destroy my reputation was also shielding crimes, on March 25, 1976, I wrote to Attorney General Levi, demanding an investigation. Six weeks later Levi handed my complaint to the Justice Department for action.

Levi, a former president of the University of Chicago, displayed a unique independence and courage, for he recognized that he would arouse a fellow cabinet member, Dr. Kissinger, and the entire establishment. After all, Kissinger had covertly intervened to stop similar investigations during the three previous years. Levi's predecessor, William Saxbe, had heeded Kissinger's frantic warning that "national security" would be threatened if Helms were to be indicted and to testify.

So laden was Helms's memory bank with embarrassing data about Democrats as well as Republicans that "liberals" like Senators Church and Mondale went along with the backstage cover-up. That's why, for example, at the very height of the furor over the revelations of the CIA's activities in Chile, Kissinger, McNamara, Averell Harriman, Senator Symington, and other nota-



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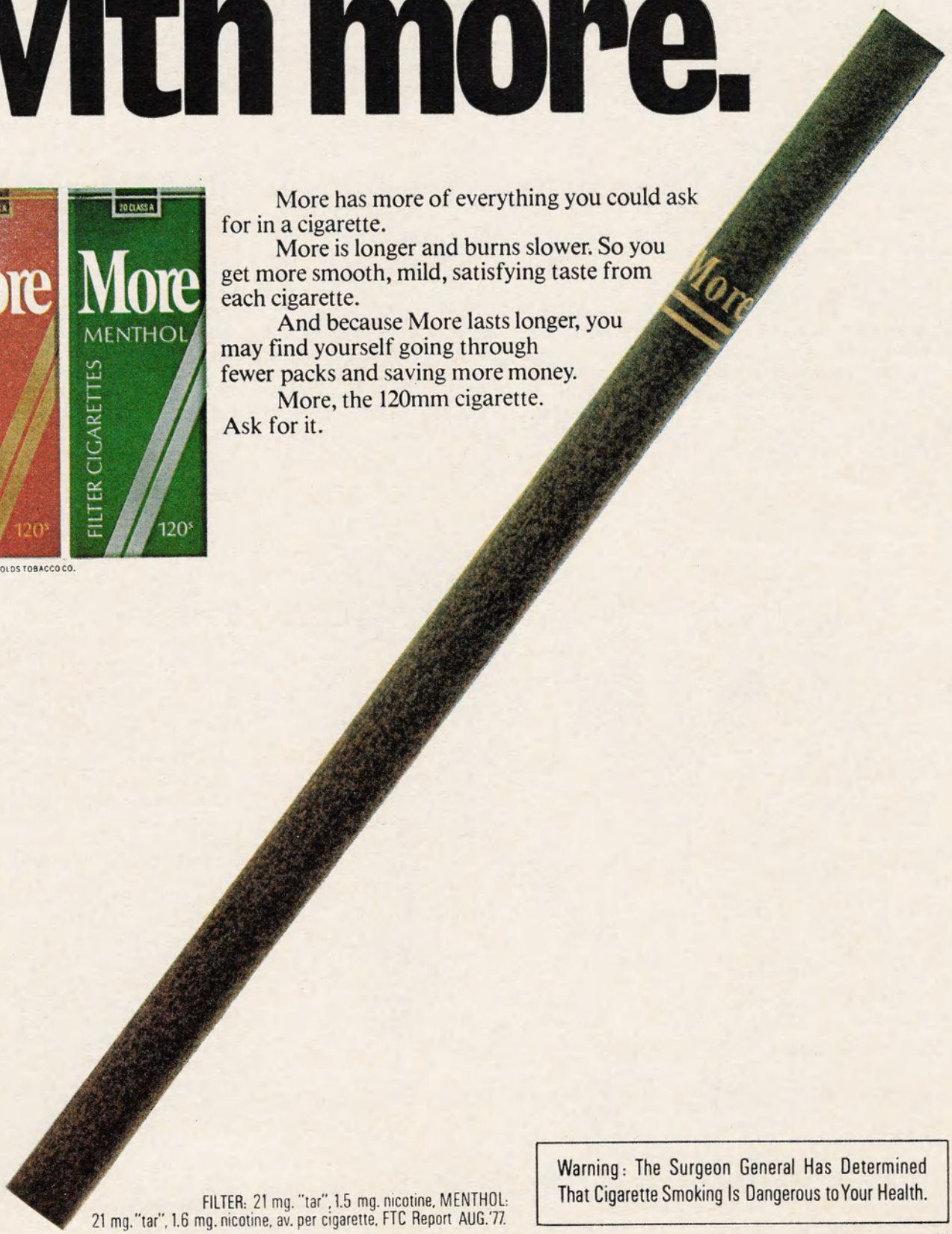
More, the 120mm cigarette. Ask for it.



FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.'77.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

bles came to *Washington Post* columnist Tom Braden's home in early 1975 in order to give Helms a festive send-off on the eve of his return to Iran, where he had been sent as U.S. ambassador.

Later that year, though, when the Senate inquiry into the CIA seemed to show that Helms had committed perjury, word leaked that Helms intended to blow the whistle on various high officials if he ever had to face jail. Kissinger, of course, was one likely victim of Helms's wrath because of his role in the Nixon-CIA-ITT conspiracy in Chile. Such leaks were intended to intimidate President Ford and Attorney General Levi.

Levi ignored them and instead spurred the Justice Department to send two of its attorneys to my home in June 1976 to take a sixty-two-page deposition from me. It contained names, dates, cable references, and other documentation for breaking the case. Immediately, I received a letter from the Justice Department, which stated: "Your candor and cooperation have provided a refreshing relief from what we are more accustomed to encountering."

My deposition contained three specific charges. First, perjury by ITT's top executives, by Helms and other CIA officials, and by "various government officials." Second, conspiracy to defraud the taxpayer. In December 1974 ITT had been awarded $92.5 million in an insurance payment for its nationalized telephone company in Chile. ITT, I charged, in addition to lying about its cooperation with the CIA to stop Allende, had also concealed its briberies of Allende's associates from 1971 to 1972. In the legal sense, these were "provocative acts" that would, I think, have voided the insurance. (ITT, incidentally, "persuaded" high officials in the present Chilean dictatorship to pay the company even more for its nationalized telephone company.) My third accusation was the conspiracy of Senator Church and his committee's staff and counsel to deprive me of my civil rights in order to conceal crimes and to obstruct justice.

The Justice Department ruled against investigating Senate actions but wrote me that it would pursue the perjury and fraud charges that had been so long pigeonholed. Meantime, the campaign to shut me up resorted to bribes, continued threats, and libels about my mental health. In 1975 Kissinger, for "compassionate reasons," offered me jobs in his State Department. And in 1976, as I edged closer to the bone, his top aide, Larry Eagleburger, asked me on the telephone if "they" couldn't fix a job for me with a multinational like Pepsico! "Don't you understand," I said, "that I intend to force out the truth about Kendall [of Pepsico] and the others?" I never heard again from that quarter.

A break in the case finally came in November 1976. ITT's Hendrix had plea-bargained. Rather than face a perjury charge for having denied to the Senate that ITT had cooperated with the CIA, the retired public-relations man talked about the $350,000 that ITT had smuggled into Chile to Allende's enemies. In federal district court in Miami, without a word to the press (as in the Helms indictment one year later), Hendrix was given a suspended sentence of three months.

The media also ignored Helms's resignation in January 1977 as ambassador to Iran. Notified quietly that he was under grand jury investigation, he returned to Washington and retained the crafty Williams who, like Nelson Rockefeller, had also served on the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board.

Jimmy Carter's election brought the slow wheels of justice to a halt. A new attorney general and his team had to be recruited and installed. To try to force out the truth, during this hiatus I used the one-day hearing held on January 11 on the nomination of Cyrus Vance as secretary of state.

Once again Frank Church stage-managed my isolation. He scheduled my testimony for 2:00 P.M., only fifty minutes after Vance, the media, and the audience had left for lunch. Church was the only senator present as I traced Vance's ties to the Rockefellers, the CIA overthrow of Brazil's democratic government in 1964, all the "linkages which gave us Vietnam in the 1960s, assassination plots, and the dark legacies of all manner of covert operations." How could the man who helped the Brazilian generals get into power, I asked, be a convincing spokesman for Carter's human-rights program? How could he influence the Chilean dictatorship when it knew another well-kept secret: the Brazilian military government provided "technical" help for the overthrow of Allende and the installation of a police state in Chile?

Carter named fellow Georgian Griffin Bell as his attorney general, and soon I heard well-informed whispers of backstage deals to quash the indictments of Helms and Geneen. Since I had already decided to bring my own suit for damages against ITT and its chairman, Geneen, and to name Nixon, Helms, John Mitchell, and others as co-conspirators, I telephoned the Justice Department to inform it of my court filing and to warn that I intended to lay out all the facts.

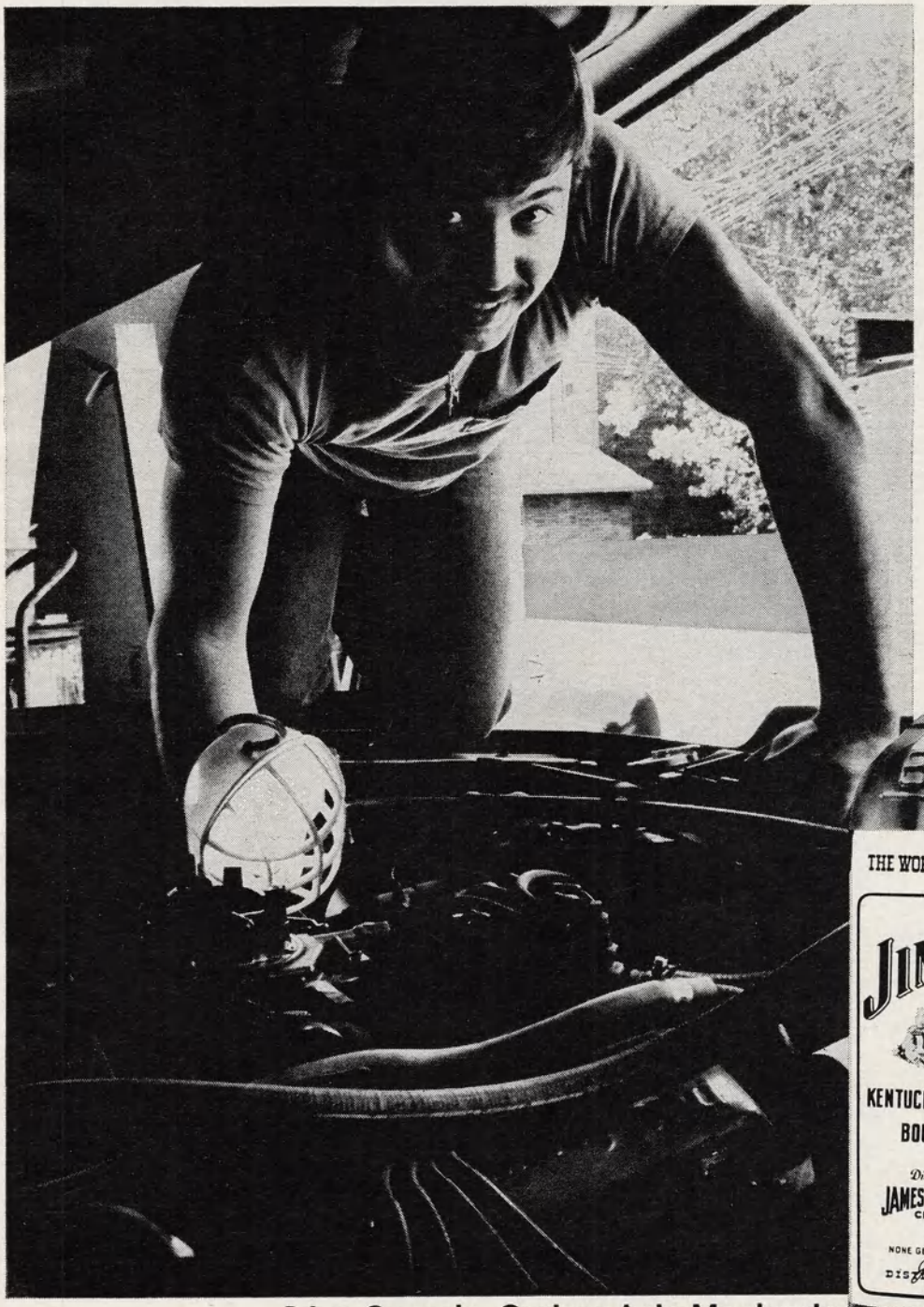
The Carter administration's reply was the sly plea bargain with Helms last November. Carter, Mondale, and Bell defended their action as the first instance of an indictment of a CIA official by any government. The "respectable" media, led by the *Times*, the *Washington Post*, CBS, and *Time* applauded in editorials written by men who are good friends of Helms, of Vance, of Mondale, et al. They described the White House action as fair and practical. For them, as for Helms, silence is golden.

For my part, I cling to the fading dream that there is meaning behind the words "equal justice," "the inalienable rights of every American," and "the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"You've held office on all levels. Tell me, is the sex better on a local, county, state or federal level?"

Since when do you drink Jim Beam?

"Since I started customizing my tastes."



People like Brian enjoy smooth, light, mellow Jim Beam for exactly the same reason you do: taste.

For six uninterrupted generations now, the Beam family has been making the World's Finest Bourbon.

People like you have been drinking Beam since 1795.

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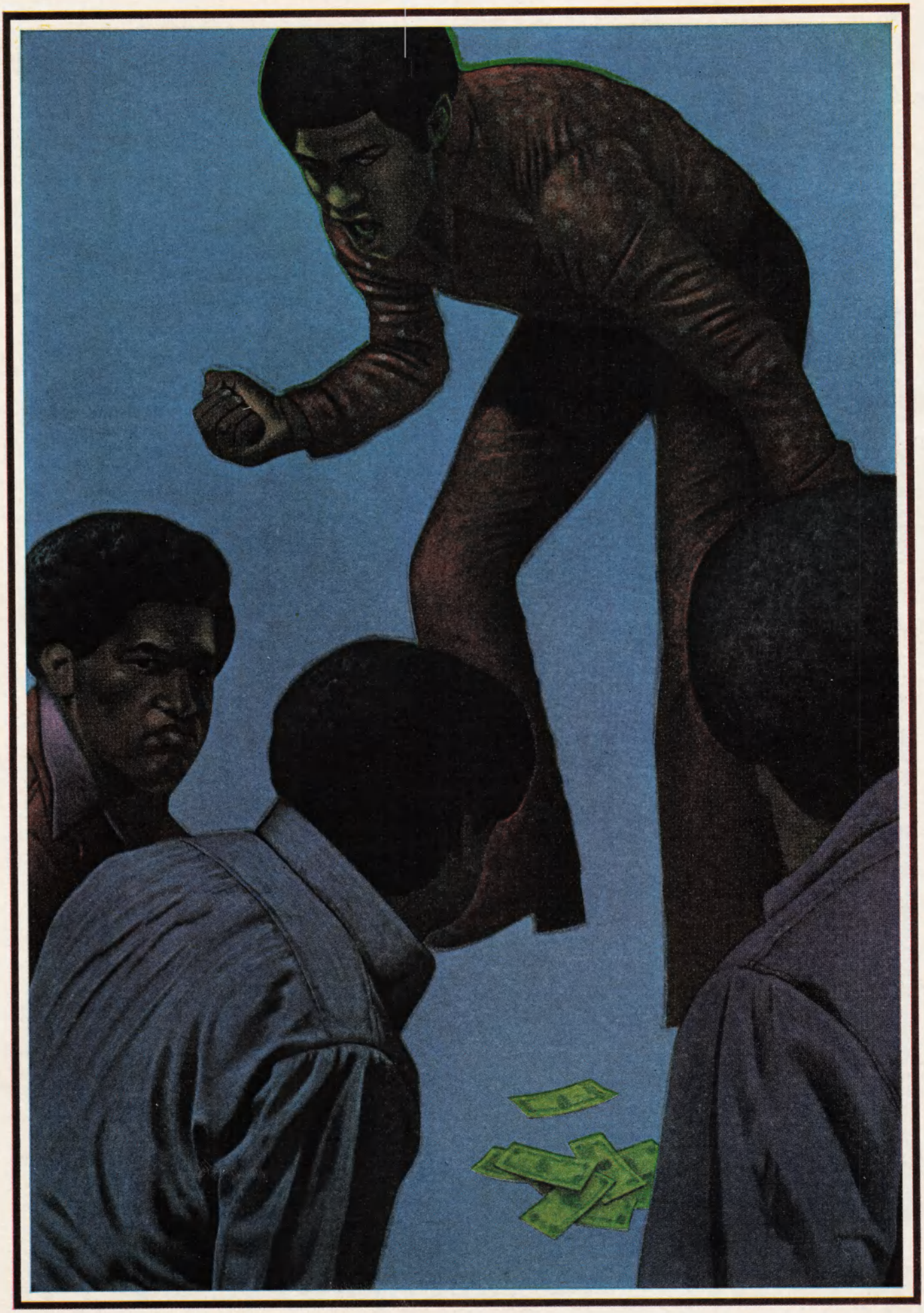
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.



CITY COOL

The Superior Sixers strike straight. And they wanted Ceelow because he knew how to hang. A sister's body was his reward.

From the forthcoming novel, *City Cool*, to be published by Random House, Inc. / Illustration by Ignacio Gomez

Charles Evans Hughes High School was our reservation off the reservation—a daytime juvenile detention center on the Lower West Side the Board of Education camouflaged as a school. I suppose you could learn something there if you wanted to and if you were deaf and blind to a million negative distractions. You could learn something if you weren't scared and contemptuous of your teachers and if they weren't scared and contemptuous of you. But it wasn't likely because that school was not designed for learning. It was merely a holding operation.

Some of the Superior Sixers were congregated on the fifth-floor staircase at Hughes when they spotted me coming up on my way to English. They'd seen me around the school before, but I was nobody, so they'd just walked by. Now, however, I lived on their turf. And I'd dared to show them that I could hang.

"What's happening, chump?" Sweet Life asked as I passed.

"What's happening?" I said.

The rest of them mumbled some greetings, and I walked on.

"Hey, that guy's in my class," I heard Milkman say.

"No shit!" answered Sweet Life.

A malicious note sounded in his voice. Picking up on his meaning, the others all fell in step and trooped after me into English class.

The class was in a gloomy, unpleasant room I always entered from the back so I didn't have to be fucked with by the teacher when I came in. The room was on the shadow side of the building, away from the sun. Half the lights were burned out, and what little illumination managed to enter through the unwashed windows was absorbed by the blackboards that covered the other three walls. There was a film of dust all over everything, from the ratty American flag that stuck out from the wall over the teacher's desk to the worn, old-fashioned wooden seats nailed on runners one behind the other. Something called the bookshelf stood by the teacher's desk with a pathetic plant that dried up along with the teacher who put it there.

The assignment was *Macbeth*, and our teacher was a substitute, uptight about teaching in a tough school.

"Please turn to act 1, scene 7 of *Macbeth*," she said. "We'll pick up where you left off yesterday. Nancy Sun, read Lady Macbeth's part. Gonzalez, you read Macbeth. And try to put some feeling into it."

"Mac who?" inquired one of the Sixers.

"Macbeth," hooted another. "That bitch must be whacked out of her mind."

The teacher tried to ignore them, and Gonzalez started reading. "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well/It were done quickly."

Gonzalez was a meek PR type with a mammy-made haircut, so thin that his skinny arms could move inside the sleeve without changing its shape. He was kind of handsome and some girls dug him, but he didn't seem to know how to approach them. Nancy Sun was a heavyset Chinese girl with short hair and glasses everybody called Petunia because they said that she looked like a goddamn pig. Gonzalez's voice was soft and low with a heavy accent. The class was boring and incomprehensible.

In the back of the classroom, I was surrounded by Superior Sixers sitting with their feet in the aisle or spread behind those tiny wooden desks that jammed your johnson to your balls like a jockstrap that was too small. They were a rough-looking bunch with a rep that was not to be fucked with. They didn't belong in my English class, but the teacher wouldn't dare to even think about kicking them out. And I figured they were there to fuck with me.

"Fuck them niggers up front." Iceman stood up in the classroom and announced loudly, "Let's get the game on."

He was the chunky Sixer with the tan complexion and the chocolate patch of skin around his eye. Iceman was powerfully built, and his physicality was punishment, rough stuff, grabbing somebody, pounding on him, wrestling. He looked like he could knock out a dude with his fist.

"I got bank," he said rolling the dice toward the back wall. "Don't put your money where your mouth at cause your breath stink. Just drop it on the floor!"

He rolled the dice twice and won. "Oh come on, muthafuckers. I hope you got your train passes, or you walkin' home tonight."

"Young man, would you please refrain from the profanity and quiet down?" the teacher said, trying to control her classroom.

But Maceman—his head wobbling madly—put her in

By James de Jongh and Carles Cleveland

her place. "You just stick to MacDonald, Teach, and leave us alone."

"Go on, Nancy." The teacher tried to ignore the crap game in her class. The reading from *Macbeth* droned on, but I wasn't learning anything. And the teacher was only a substitute. Besides, I knew this performance with the dice was for my benefit. I had to play it cool, see where they were coming from and stand it if I could. So I took the bait and began showing an interest in the game. The Sixers had been waiting for this.

"You want to get down?" Sweet Life asked. He was the playboy of the Sixers—attractive with an athlete's build and a hardness that undercut his boyishness. He was dressed flashy, copying his style from the pimps. His pants were pressed and everything matched. He was sporting rings, a nice brim, a pair of shades and bright-colored sneakers.

"Yeah, I'm down." I decided to beat them at their own game. "But I don't know how to play this three-dice crap."

Sweet Life was a braggart, but all of a sudden he was coming on with that let-me-help-you-brother shit, explaining the rules of ceelow at machine-gun rate.

"Four-five-six is ceelow. That means automatic win. One-two-three lose." He fired off the rules to confuse me. "Three of a kind is winners, except for three aces. A pair and an odd one make your point. You got that, chump?"

"I think so," I gave him my answer like a sucker. The cats didn't know I grew up with dice. My old man had a pool hall in a street-level storefront where the fellows got down with craps. It was the main front for a numbers-and-bookie operation for some friends who had set up my father in the business. My old man operated the pool hall, and his friends took care of the gambling. The money wasn't big, but it kept us comfortable.

That's where I hung out as a kid, even when I was just three years old and my mother was working. Everybody wanted to teach me—specially Sonny, who thought he was slick. Sonny showed me the basics. He taught me how to set the dice to four-five-six, how to cup them and shake them so that they wouldn't move out of the square position, and how to roll them with the right kind of spin to come out ceelow. Because if you spin wrong, they fall against you in losing combinations. But the real secret was in the hands, in knowing the dice. And that's a matter of practice. I put in time in that back room until I got to be so good I didn't have to cheat. I was a whiz with the cubes.

"My bank is five dollars," Iceman said. "I'm payin' double for triples, takin' all pushes. Now get down, muthafuckers."

Everybody put his money down except me. I held back like I wasn't sure of myself.

"What you got, nigger?" Iceman said, trying to goad me.

I looked at him like a little greenhorn, eased back, and then pulled out this wad of gapper. Their eyes gleamed like hungry rats on a piece of cheese. I flipped through the bills with my left hand until I found two singles and let them drop to the floor.

When it was my time, I rolled four-five-six-automatic-win. But I stuck it nice, slow and easy like it was beginner's luck.

"My win, right?" I asked. "It's my bank."

They agreed sheepishly as I laughed inside.

Maceman asked me what my bank was and I told him ten dollars. But Sweet Life was greedy.

"Why not sky's-the-limit?" he asked.

I really had the muthafuckers now. Yeah, they sure 'nough bought it, hook, line and sinker.

"Put your money down," I said, giving them my answer. "I'm ready to roll."

Maceman put down two dollars. Iceman put down three. Sweet Life laid down four and Ghetto Prince went for one. They were too eager to jump in, because they thought they had a chump. But Executioner—the cat who'd punched me in the game—just sat there. He listened and watched, taking in everything with his strange light eyes, noticing the habit built up in my fingers and the knowledge that registered in my eyes as I handled the dice. There was a silence about him that set him off and magnified his strength and control of the other Sixers.

"You playing, man?" I asked.

"Nah." He looked at me as if he had me made. "I ain't playin', man."

I rolled out triple sixes, but they still laid their money down. Then I began a series of rolls that cleaned them out while the teacher tried to ignore us and the class dragged its way through *Macbeth*.

Ghetto Prince—the cat with the centipede scar—tried to borrow a dollar from Executioner, but "pinkeyes" turned him away with a sparkle of amusement. They were all broke now, except for Iceman who was down to a dollar, and Sweet Life who had two. I wondered whether I should let them off.

Hell, no! What would my old man say if I let these suckers walk with change?

"Lay down your dust," I said out loud. "What's it gonna be?"

"This is my last buck!" Iceman said. "Let's get him, Life!"

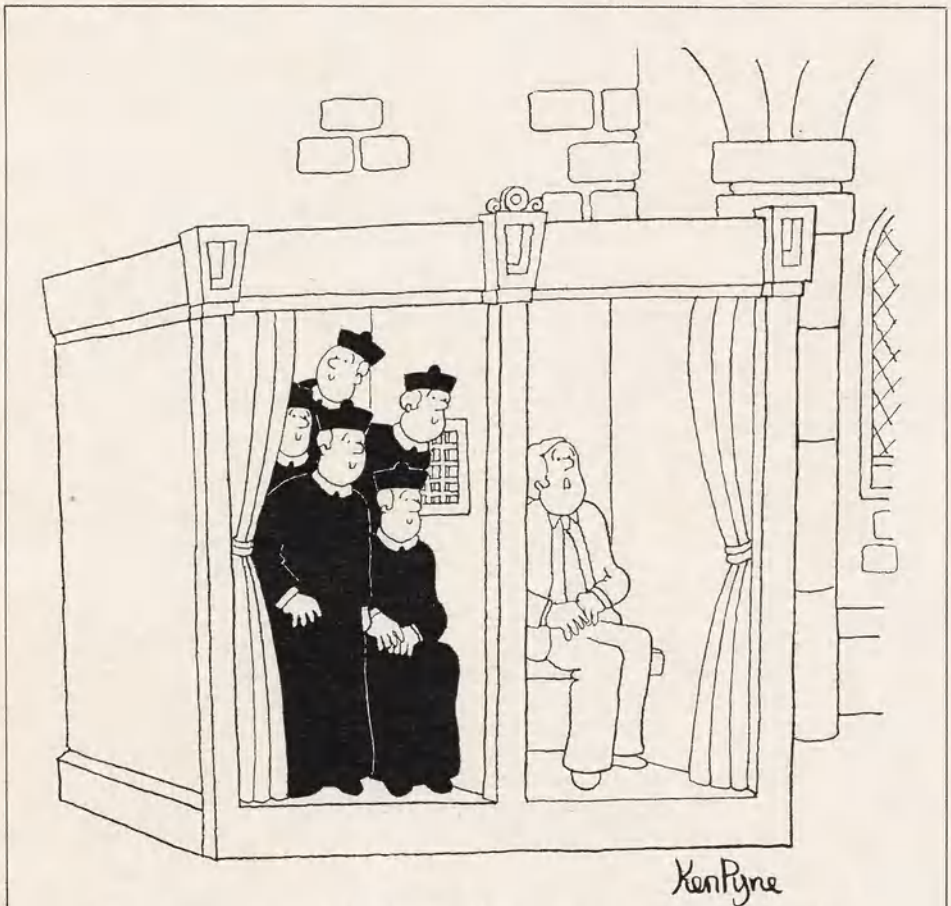
"I better not lose this shit!" Sweet Life said, laying down his last two bucks.

You better not what? I laughed to myself. The wooden floor was worn soft by the feet of thousands of students, and I could control the bounce of the dice.

"Triple sixes," I called as I snatched the dice against the classroom wall. The cubes rolled out just as I called them. "Suckers!"

I got smivey in my motion as I made my squat to pick up my money. My thumb and second little piggy went to market, scooping up the dust while the last three fingers shot out like a lizard's tongue pulling in the cubes.

"I hope you all got lunch passes and train passes!" Executioner laughed, getting hip



"As my tongue moved vibrantly into the moist, warm nether regions of her heaving loins, I felt her fiery, wet mouth grip the hardness of my . . . ."

to my sweet soul motion. But the other cats were pissed.

"What's your name, chump?" Iceman demanded. The dark skin around his eye stretched tight in anger.

"Trent!" I answered.

"Fuck that!" Sweet Life grabbed me and showed me his rings at close range. "Give me back my money!"

And the rest started asking me as if I was going to give back their bread.

"Fuck 'em, man," Executioner said. His eyes were laughing. "They lost it playin' ceelow."

The bell rang and class began to break up.

"What's your name?" Milkman asked.

"Trent," I answered again.

"Did you say 'rent'?" Maceman mimicked.

"No," Executioner cut him off. "He said CEELOW."

So I'd been baptized. I was born again as Ceelow.

Sweet Life was still being hardheaded with me as we left the cafeteria, eating sandwiches in open defiance of school regulations. "You been following us all day. What's up?"

"Maybe he wants to join," Maceman explained, his head wobbling away.

"You want to join, kid—I mean, Ceelow?" Ghetto Prince asked, rubbing his fuck-you finger on the centipede scar.

"No," said I. "I was hoping y'all would join me!"

"Funny man!" Iceman sneered, but Executioner stepped in.

"How about it, kid?" he grinned. "You want to join?"

"Maybe. What's in it for me?"

"What's in it for you?" Sweet Life exploded. "You know it's a honor just to be as'ed to join this gang, chump?"

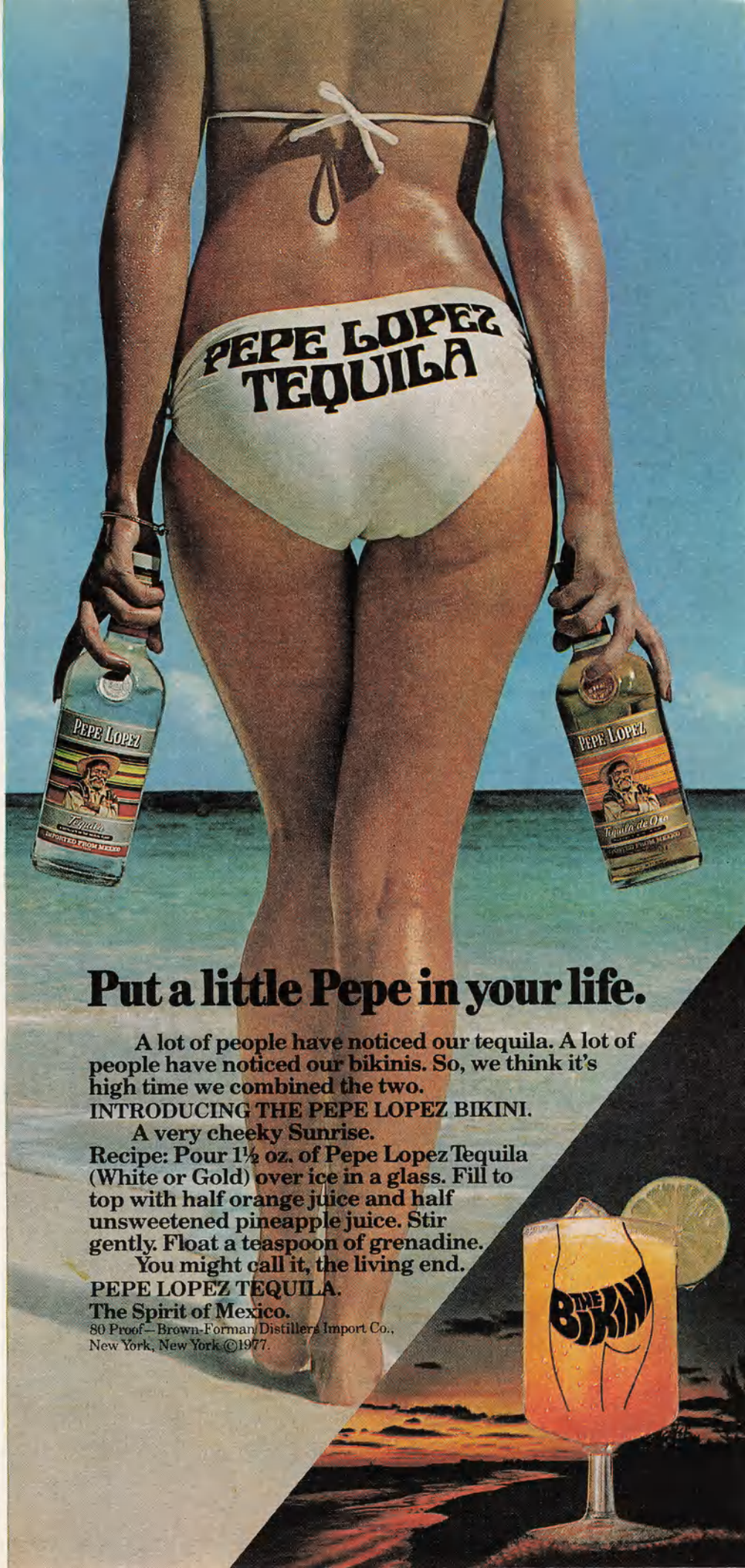
"We's the most powerfulest and the most deadliest gang in Harlem," Iceman said, picking up his theme. "We ranks number-two pussy. And we gone try so hard we gone be number one by summer."

Sure, I wanted to join the Sixers. A lot of people considered the gangs as modern Jesse Jameses, but they dominated in the schools when they had enough members. If you weren't hustling or in narcotics or another gang, you were fucked with. I was college bound because of my ability. But the college bound were mostly an oreo elite and that made them bookworms. If you were a bookworm, you got put on a hook and used for bait. I wanted to be in a gang. The gangs were for protection and an escapism from the down things in the neighborhoods. Belonging to a gang meant you got respect, even from some teachers. The Superior Sixers were the best gang in my opinion.

But I wasn't going to beg.

"I know all 'bout that, but I'm a free agent. You can't just draft me. If I come in I want some options."

Sweet Life nearly blew his cool. "We ain't talking 'bout no football team, chump! We talkin' 'bout bein' a man with respect or just


PEPE LOPEZ TEQUILA
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PEPE LOPEZ
Put a little Pepe in your life.
A lot of people have noticed our tequila. A lot of people have noticed our bikinis. So, we think it's high time we combined the two.
INTRODUCING THE PEPE LOPEZ BIKINI.
A very cheeky Sunrise.
Recipe: Pour 1½ oz. of Pepe Lopez Tequila (White or Gold) over ice in a glass. Fill to top with half orange juice and half unsweetened pineapple juice. Stir gently. Float a teaspoon of grenadine.
You might call it, the living end.
PEPE LOPEZ TEQUILA.
The Spirit of Mexico.
80 Proof—Brown-Forman Distillers Import Co., New York, New York ©1977.
THE BIKINI

another nigger."

So I backed down just a little. "Sure, I want in. Why the hell you think I been following y'all?"

Now Sweet Life was satisfied.

"That's more like it. Next time ask not what your gang can do for you, but what you can do for your gang!"

The Sixers started toying with me when they saw that my nose was open. "I'm not sure we want a free agent," Maceman said. "I mean, that's just a little too independent."

Iceman agreed. "You got to know how to take orders, and you can't be too independent for that. You got to be able to follow before you can lead . . . We got a meeting tonight. We *might* just mention your enlistment."

The Sixers started off again and I fell in with them, but they cut me off.

"You still ain't got no H.O."

"Hey, Ceelow." Executioner smiled at me and winked. "Hang loose until tomorrow, kid."

The next day I was hanging on the street, waiting and practicing my moves with the cubes when something happened that turned my head in the totally opposite direction. A black country-sedan station wagon suddenly came hurtling down the wrong way on a one-way street, and two cats in ski masks jumped out. They snatched me off the street and forced me into the car at gunpoint.

I didn't know what to think. It looked like some kind of Mafia hit, but I knew I hadn't done anything to cause it. I decided to flow with it. If I was cool and did what they said, maybe I'd come out all right.

There were four cats in all, two in front and the two in back who had snatched me off the block. All of them were ski masked. The one in the front passenger seat trained a sawed-off shotgun at me.

"Strip," he said, "and throw 'em out the window."

I was scared as a Klansman at a Panther rally. I didn't know why they wanted me naked, and I didn't even want to find out. But I wasn't going to argue with a shotgun. I was going to try to come out all right. I took off my shirt and dropped it out the window.

I was too scared to breathe. I was sitting between three guns, not knowing what was up. At least I wasn't blindfolded.

The cat in front handed me a bundle of bitch clothes.

"Put these on."

I began to wonder if this was one of those perverted killings you read about in the papers. Maybe they were dressing me up like a woman to try and rape me. But I wasn't arguing with the shotgun. I put on the shit.

They gave me a mirror and told me to put on makeup and I did that too. Then the car stopped, and they cut off the engine. The one at my right aimed his .38 at me and got ready to use it. I backed off in fear because I could see it was loaded. But he broke the cylinder open, let the cartridges fall to the floor, and handed me the empty gun.

I was scared and confused—until they stripped off their masks. They were all members of the Superior Sixers Street Gang. Sweet Life and Iceman were on the backseat. Executioner was holding the shotgun and Ghetto Prince was driving. Now they were all laughing. Well, I knew it was part of the initiation to scare me out of my mind by making me think they were going to kill me, but from where I sat that shit didn't seem so funny. They had sure enough come across as bogarts. And things like that do happen. They'd gotten to me all right. I had to give them that.

I thought they'd make me try to pick up a trick or something in the woman's clothes. Instead, Iceman pointed out the window.

"See that candy store over there? It's a numbers bank, a small one. About five hundred bucks."

"Rip it off!" Sweet Life commanded.

Executioner added, "That's your in."

I got out of the car with the empty .38, figuring it would be easy when Ghetto Prince handed me the kicker.

"Oh, we forgot to tell you. The old man in there keep a shotgun."

I saw where they had me. Dressed like a woman and packing an empty .38, I was supposed to knock off a banker with a shotgun. No way. I was ready to back down when Executioner whistled at me like a chick who turned him on. I was dressed like a pussy, but I wasn't about to be a real one. I figured I'd gone this far. I might as well go all the way. Playing to his wolf call, I wiggled my behind and minced toward the candy store.

The real pros always anticipate success before they rip off a joint. They don't let themselves think of anything else. It's a point of survival to live, to not get caught or go to jail. But I always had a terrible moment of fear and anticipation that triggered the memory of my first real hit with my friend Sonny.

There we were, laughing and joking with Freddy, when out of the blue he said, "Hey, let's rip off that store!"

"That's a bet!" I said. I didn't think he was serious.

The next thing I knew I had a .22 automatic in my hand and we were going into the store. But I still thought it was a joke—until Sonny pulled a .38 and held it to the storekeeper's head.

"Hold it," he said. "Don't make any noise."

Just like that I was in the middle of an armed robbery.

"Tell me where the money is," Sonny threatened. "I'll blow your head off if you don't."

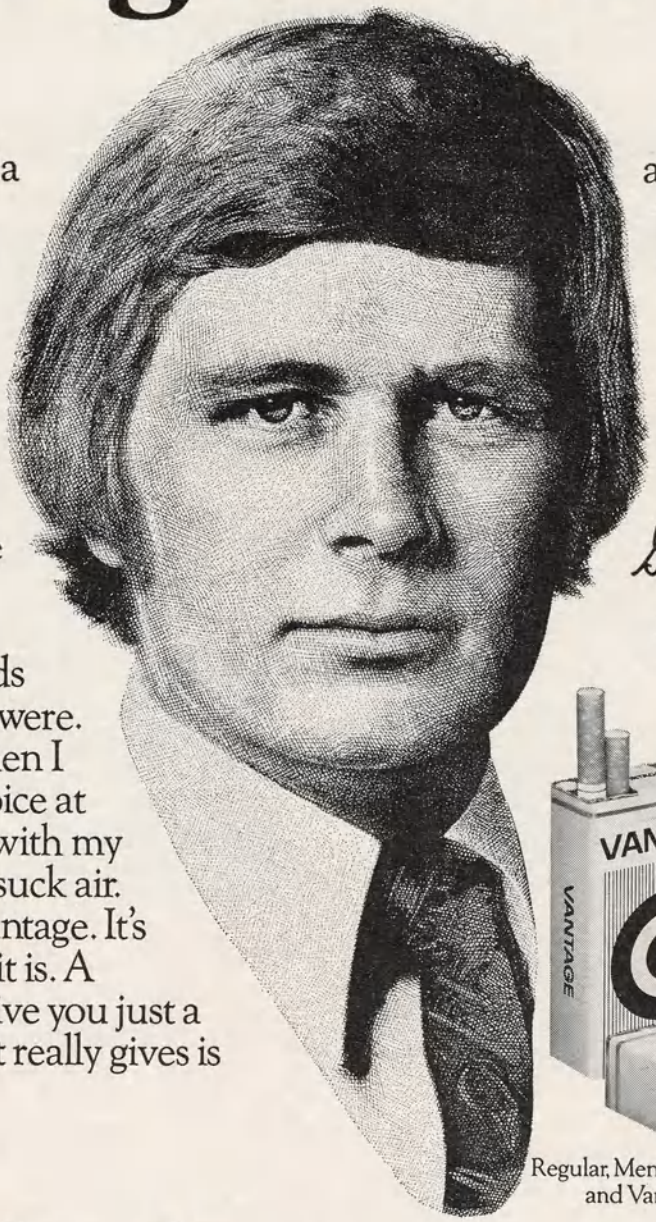
For a moment I wanted to run. I'd never been in a situation like that, holding up a store in broad daylight with a gun and without a mask. I wanted to get out, but I didn't know what to do. So I stood there and watched. We were only in the store about two minutes, but it had felt like a year. The old man just gave us his money and we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

"Oh, I know all that stuff about the sperm and the egg. What I want to know is how to give head."

© 1977—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

"Smoking. Here's what I'm doing about it."



"I like the taste of a good cigarette and I don't intend to settle for less. But like a lot of people I'm also aware of what's being said. And like a lot of people I began searching for a cigarette that could give me the taste I like with less tar.

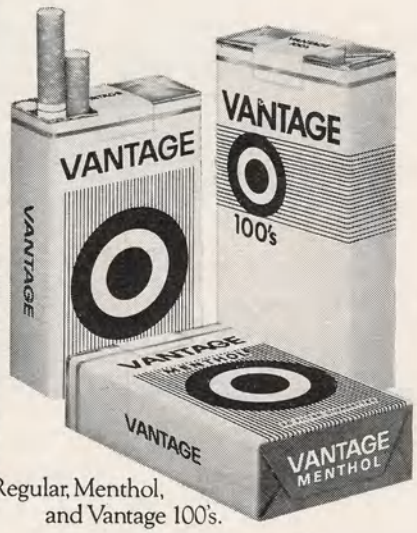
"I thought there would be a lot of brands to choose from. There were. Until I tasted them. Then I knew there was no choice at all. I either had to stay with my high-tar cigarettes. Or suck air.

"Then I found Vantage. It's everything the ads say it is. A cigarette that doesn't give you just a lot of promises. What it really gives is a lot of taste. And with much less tar than what I'd smoked before.

"What am I doing about smoking? I'm smoking Vantage."

G. S. Cooper

G.S. Cooper
Edmonds, Washington



Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

Vantage. A lot of taste without a lot of tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN-PIERRE METAYER

THE RUMPLED LOOK

The new unlined suits
and sport coats are easy to look
at and easier to wear.

Clothing designers from America and Europe have gone casual with a vengeance in their spring clothing collections, and the results are bound to be controversial. At first glance, a rumpled, unlined sport jacket, worn over a T-shirt, may appear more appropriate for the Bowery than for the Rue Faubourg St. Honore (the Paris boulevard of big-name designers). There are, however, a growing number of young men for whom this liberated manner of soft-and-easy dressing is a positive step forward. Certainly, it is a giant step away from the form-fitting, crease-free silhouettes of recent years.

Comfort is the new key when one wears the latest fashion suits and sport coats in unconstructed shapes in lightweight, natural fabrics of cotton, silk, and linen. Even lightweight wools are well suited to the look, in part because of their ready-to-wrinkle properties. Tailored clothing has a look of ease, natural shoulders, narrower lapels, and an easier-fitting chest and waist.

Each season from the design marketplace certain key looks emerge that a guy with a fashion reputation to uphold just can't afford to overlook. For spring the softly constructed, tailored shape for the casual look, with emphasis on natural color and fabric, is the fashion must.

(from left to right) The all-wool, two-piece suit with shoulder epaulets ($250) is by Adolfo for Leon of Paris. The big cotton-mesh pullover shirt ($80) is by Marrin for Al B. Arden. The leather belt is by Ian Mankin for George G. Graham. The soft, "linen look," plaid-on-white sport jacket in viscose and polyester (about $150) is Nino Cerruti by M. Wile and is worn with all-linen pants ($40) by Jones New York. The "silk look" shirt ($19) is by BonHomme; the tie is Linea Italiana by D'Eva; the summer straw hat is by Paul Descind for American Headwear. The all-silk, madras-plaid jacket ($160), the all-linen double-pleated pants ($40), and the cotton crew-neck sweater ($30) are by Jones New York. The red-rope belt is by Jean Casanave for George G. Graham. All pocket squares are by Handcraft. Replicas of antique cars, the Phaeton (pictured here) and the Total Replica "T," are courtesy of Replicas by Total Performance, Inc., Wallingford, Conn. 06492.

Opposite page: The height of rumpled chic is this silk-and-rayon "textured silk" look in a double-breasted suit ($215) by Pierre Cardin. The shirt is by Pierre Balmain; the cotton geometric-patterned tie ($10) is by Vicky Davis; the cognac-colored suede shoes with crepe soles ($95) are by Vittorio Ricci, New York. The soft plaid, double-breasted sport coat in a silk-wool-and-linen blend (about $155) is by Yves St. Laurent Men's Clothing. The shirt is by Pierre Balmain; the tie is Linea Italiana by D'Eva. The double-breasted look continues as the fashion model, in two, one-to-button style.

(foreground) The dacron-polyester jacket with patch pockets ($85) is Johnny Carson by M. Wile. The cotton pleated trousers ($75) and white-wool, sleeveless, cardigan sweater-vest ($75) are both by Zanella for Al B. Arden. The updated, more narrow, cotton-and-wool plaid tie ($11) are by Vicky Davis; the shirt, by Jones New York; the collar pin, by Swank; the straw hat , by Jean Casanave for George G. Graham; the glasses, by Stanley Blacker from Univis. The off-white, softly constructed, "linen look" jacket ($85) is Fioravanti for Brookfield. The cotton, small-checked, pleated pants ($65) are by Zanella for Al B. Arden; the cotton-and-polyester shirt is by Pierre Balmain; the tie is Linea Italiana by D'Eva; and the tie clasp is by Swank.

(at left) The silk-and-linen, unconstructed, double-breasted jacket ($285) and the silk-and-linen trousers ($150) are both by Francesco Smalto for Al B. Arden. The cotton plaid shirt is Linea Italiana by D'Eva. The all-silk jacket of gold stripes on wheat-colored ground ($250) and the silk trousers ($95) are by Lebow. The white-wool sweatershirt ($75) is by Zanella for Al B. Arden; narrow cotton tie, by Vicky Davis. The white-cotton, nubbly-textured, "linen look" unconstructed jacket ($110) and cotton bouclé, pullover, semiboatneck sweater ($55) are both by Jean-Paul Germain. The lightweight-wool, small-brown-checked, double-pleated pants ($95) are by Zanella for Al B. Arden.

For information on where to buy featured merchandise, see page 168.

TELEVISION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

that a more diverse brainwash would surely be an improvement over the sort we get at present.

The kind of people who control television is certainly a problem. But this is only the beginning. While our field of knowledge is constrained by their venality and arrogance, the people who run television are constrained by the instrument itself.

Contrary to popular wisdom, dozens of technical limitations, inherent in the medium, have the effect of making TV opaque to most kinds of information that would be useful to intelligent functioning in the world for 250 million people.

For example, the TV image, composed of thousands of dots located along a series of lines, inevitably makes the image more fuzzy than in photography or film and much fuzzier than in real life. It's as if you were looking at the image through a tea strainer. The image is located along the lines, and you fill in the blanks. As a result, even with the best of TV equipment, the image is not sharp enough to reveal the sort of fine detail needed to really convey subjects like nature, where exquisite detail is required. Neither can it really convey the most subtle human feelings. As a result, the human relationships that tend to be shown on TV are those that can be shown well. Unfortunately, these dwell on the grosser end of the human emotional spectrum. The medium is far better suited to conveying such highly visible expressions as hate, fear, jealousy, than to showing the more "prosocial" feelings of cooperation, love, and intimacy. No detail is needed for the former; they are clear, gross expressions, communicable through fuzzy imagery.

For these technical reasons, among others we will get to later, there is an emphasis on sports and violence in television programming, and there is great viewer interest in them.

The popularity of such programming is not so much a sign that public tastes are vulgar, as they are assumed to be in many quarters ("people want that kind of programming"), as it is a sign that these programs are the ones which manage to communicate *something*, at least, through television. Rather than illustrating the limits of the public mentality or taste, they illustrate the limits of the medium itself. The public wisely chooses programs which work best in a medium in which anything of a more subtle nature loses so much in translation as to be noncommunicative.

This is not to say that the businessmen who are the television powers that be aren't predisposed to further the values of competition and social Darwinism which *they* understand best and which are inherent in sports and violence programs. But, no matter what their inclination, sports, violence, and police action, as well as quiz shows, game shows, soap opera, and situation comedy, communicate on television because they deliver clear, easily grasped visual and auditory signals, together with broad-band emotional content, all of which make them highly efficient in a low-definition medium. There are literally dozens of other technical limits.

The fact that TV is a medium of time, rather than space on a page, requires that material be edited, foreshortened, intercut, causing an inevitable bias against accuracy and truth. It also makes it difficult for television to deal with complex subject matter. The fact that television is confined to only two senses—aural and visual—and that the technology can deliver this information within only a very tiny range is another factor making it impossible for nature shows to work very well on television.

So that we gain a unified impression of the medium and understand what kind of world can be conveyed through it, and what kind cannot, I would like to offer a list of biases inherent in the medium of TV. Of course, the list does not describe absolute restrictions but only tendencies of the medium. It's not that TV must totally exclude feelings of tenderness, for example; it is only that these are more difficult to get across than the hard-edged aggression of a bionic man. It's not that television can convey no information on, let's say, the life-style of Indian people—a whole philosophy and way of life that is intertwined with the most subtle of natural elements—it's just that Indian perception is so much more difficult to convey than products, as we will see.

(1) War is better television than peace. It contains action and resolution and delivers a powerful emotion: fear. Peace is amorphous and broad with no visual angle. The emotions connected with it are subtle, personal, and internal. These are far more difficult to televise.

(2) Violence is more interesting on TV than nonviolence.

(3) When there is a choice between objective events (incidents, data) and subjective information (perspectives, thoughts, feelings), the objective event will be chosen. It is more likely to take visual form.

(4) Religions with charismatic leaders, such as Billy Graham, Jesus Christ, Reverend Moon, Maharishi, or L. Ron Hubbard, are far simpler to handle on television than leaderless or nature-based religions like those of Zen Buddhists, Christian Scientists, American Indians, or druids, or, for that matter, atheists. Single, all-powerful gods, or individual godlike figures are simpler to describe because they have highly defined characteristics. Nature-based religions are dependent upon a gestalt of human feeling and perceptual exchanges with the planet. To be presented on television, they would need to be too simplified and condensed to retain meaning.

(5) Political movements with single charismatic leaders are also more suitable and efficient for television. When a move-

"You must remember this, a kiss is just a kiss, a sigh is just a sigh. . . ."

ment has no leader or focus, television needs to create one. Mao is simpler to transmit than Chinese communism. Chávez is better television than farm workers. Steinem is better than women. Graham is better than Christianity. Hitler is easier to convey than fascism. Nader is easier than consumerism. Nixon is better than corruption.

(6) The one is easier than the many. The personality or the symbol is easier than the philosophy. The philosophy requires depth, time, development, and, in some cases, sensory information.

(7) For the same reasons, hierarchy is easier to report upon than democracy or collectivity. The former is focused and has a specific form: leaders and followers. Collective forms involve flow processes with power constantly shifting.

(8) Short subjects with beginnings and ends are simpler to transmit than multifaceted information. The conclusion is simpler than the process.

(9) Verbal information is easier to convey than sensory information, since television can deliver words with little information loss, and so talk shows and quiz shows are good TV.

(10) Feelings of conflict, and their embodiment in visual actions, work better on television than feelings of agreement and their embodiment in calm and acceptance. Conflict is outward, agreement is inward, and so the former is more visible than the latter.

(11) Lust is better television than satisfaction, since lust is expressive and satisfaction is not. Ebullience and anxiety are better than tranquility. On the other hand, anger is better than anxiety. Jealousy is better TV than acceptance. All of these work more easily than love.

(12) Competition is inherently more televisable than cooperation, as it involves action, drama, winning, wanting, and loss. Cooperation becomes boring.

(13) Materialism, acquisitiveness, and ambition, all aggressive attitudes, work better than spirituality, nonseeking, openness, and yielding. The medium cannot deal with ambiguity, subtlety, and diversity.

(14) When one is dealing with primitive peoples, objective events such as hunting, building, fighting, or dancing are easier to convey through television than subjective details or qualities of experience, ways of mind, alternative perceptions. The latter qualities, which form the heart of life for primitive people, are dropped out in favor of the former.

(15) Linear information works better on television than information that comes as a matrix or has dimension.

(16) Facts concerning the moon are better television than poetry concerning the moon. *Any* facts work better than *any* poetry.

(17) The tree is easier to carry than the landscape. The bus is easier than the street. The street is easier than the forest path. The river is easier than the mountain. The flower is easier than the field. The road

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is easier than the river. The specific is always easier than the general.

(18) The desires of black people for jobs, housing, integration, makes for better television (because they are objective desires) than the conveyance of black culture itself, which is subjective, multifaceted, and sensory.

(19) The business relationship to natural landscapes as resources is easier to present than the Indian relationship to nature as the source of being. The more that TV attempts to convey Indian consciousness—spiritual, subjective, immersed in the nuances of natural process—the greater will be the popular distortion of Indian ways of mind.

(20) The advertising relationship to life as consumption is easier to get across on television than the spiritualist relationship to life as expression.

(21) Commodities are easier to convey on TV than anything that is alive. They do not have any problems of subtlety, detail, time and space, historical context, or organic "aura." They are static, sharp, clear, with highly visible lines and very little dimension. They carry no information beyond their form and their description and so suffer no information loss in the fuzzy imagery of television. The most efficient telecommunications are commercials.

(22) Death is easier than life. It is specific, focused, highlighted, fixed, resolved, and has meaning aside from context. Life, on the other hand, is fluid, ambiguous, process oriented, complex, multileveled, sensory, intuitive.

* * *

THE BIAS TOWARD DEATH

Ronald Reagan once said, "If you've seen one redwood, you've seen them all."

At the time of his remark, I was working with the Sierra Club on the campaign to keep some of the virgin redwoods, many of which had been growing since before the time of Christ, from being cut down by logging companies. Everyone thought the Reagan statement typical of the problem. A great many media-addicted human beings could not understand that there is a difference between the original, old-growth trees and the replanted redwoods the companies would exhibit on their tree farms.

Not caring about the old trees, the lumber companies could launch campaigns that discussed the trees in cosmetic terms. One horrible example was their argument that "all most people really want is for the trees along the highway to be saved, so they can stop their cars and pose for snapshots next to a redwood."

The lumber companies may have been more right than wrong. Removed from direct contact with the old trees, their aura, their power, their life, their message about the potentialities of the planet, many people may have found Reagan's statement plausible.

To offset this, we worked to convey a

sense of what was being lost. We attempted to do this through the media. We carried around photos of the great old groves—moody, magical, somber, awesome—and attempted to place them in newspapers, magazines, and on television.

Some outlets carried them and some did not, but it was clear that it didn't really matter whether they were reproduced in the media. They didn't "work." Too much was lost in the translation. More than anything, they lost their "aura," the mood that surrounds them and the quality of their existence that can be captured only in their presence.

When tree images were presented even in the relatively sharp definitions of fine photography, the loss of feeling was immense. When presented via the fuzzy imagery of TV, a redwood tree might as well have been a telephone pole. So rather than carrying around photos of majestic, magical redwood forests, we reversed our strategy. We carried around photos of acres of stumps where hundreds of redwoods had been cut down. I don't know if you have ever seen a field of tree stumps, but it is a horrific sight, not unlike a battlefield. Fortunately, however, it has very high visual definition, conveys a broad-band emotion—horror—and does not have the problem of conveying aura, since everything is dead.

When we carried these latter photos around, the media grabbed them. They even dispatched their own crews to redwood country to expand on what we'd brought.

That is the moment I learned that death is a much better subject for television than life. And so when television decided to concentrate upon images of dead bodies in Vietnam, it came as no surprise to me.

In the cases of both redwoods and Vietnam, images of death finally aroused the public. Images of life—whether the trees themselves or the finely tuned Vietnamese culture and sensibility—accomplished nothing. They were far too complex, too subtle. They involved too many senses. Most of all, they required a conveyance of aura. Since none of this was possible on television, they only put people to sleep.

* * *

THE CENTRALIZATION OF CONTROL

Television is dominated by a relative handful of the largest corporate powers in the world. This is not an accident. It ought to have been obvious and predictable at the moment of its invention that TV would become an almost private instrument of the hugest advertisers. Any instrument that reaches everyone in the country at the same time, that is capable of making an entire population passive and dumb while it simultaneously implants images in the brain, and that, because of the scale and complexity of the technology, is beyond access to any but the very wealthy (one minute of TV prime time costs $125,000) is inherently suited for the uses to which it has been put. To be practical about it, in fact, television is little more than the child of huge advertising.

In 1960 the trade publication *Advertising Age* commented, "Network television, particularly, is largely the creature of the 100 largest companies in the country."

Though there are more than 400,000 corporations in America, the 100 largest advertisers in the country accounted for 83 percent of all network television advertising during that year. The top twenty-five of these accounted for 65 percent of the 83 percent. Since that time, the ratio has scarcely altered.

Public television also fits the mold. During 1975 more than 40 percent of all public-television programming was paid for by these same 100 companies: mainly oil, chemical, and drug companies. This is not quite the same level of domination that is found at the commercial networks, but the effect is the same. Survival depends upon them.

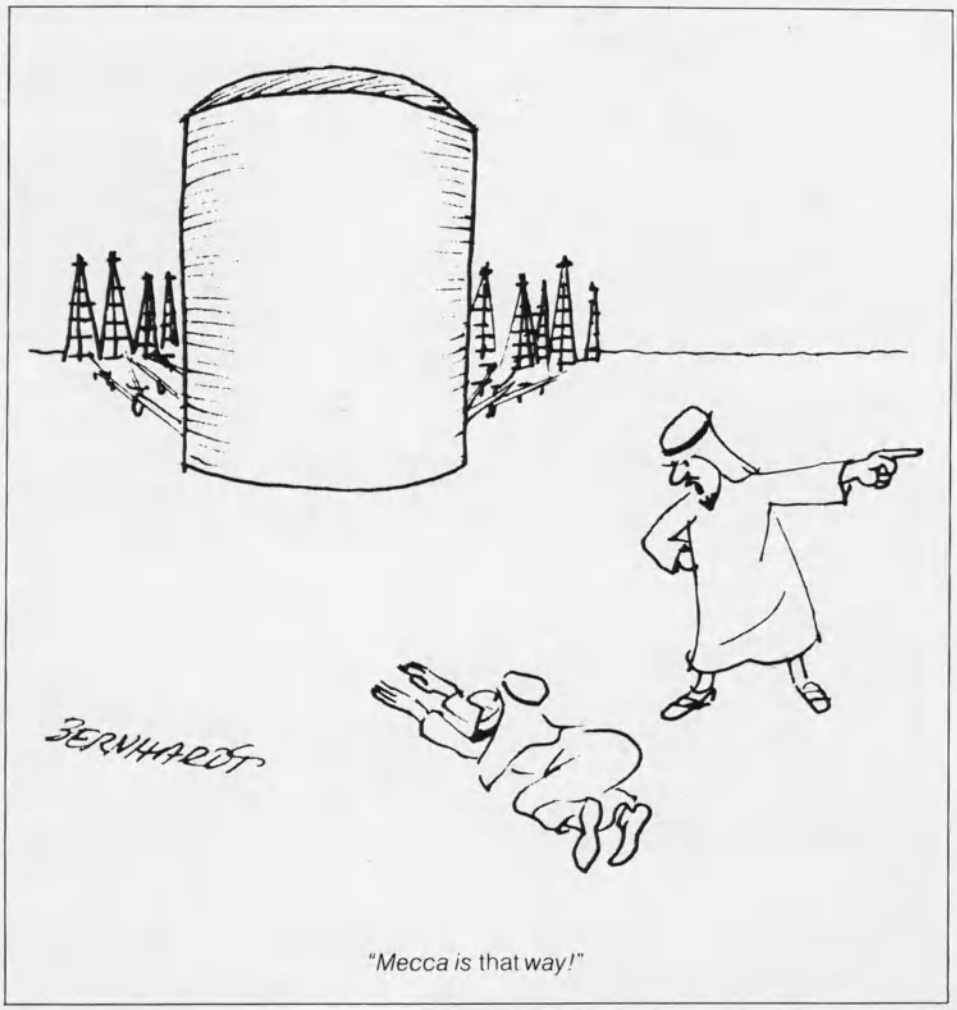
For both commercial television and public television, then, it is absolutely necessary to create programs that these 100 advertisers will support. They are where the action is. They are the *only* action.

Broadcast television—like other monolithic technologies, from eight-row corn threshers and agribusiness to supertankers, nuclear power plants, computer networks, hundred-story office buildings, satellite communications, genetic engineering, international pipelines, and SSTs—is available only to monstrous corporate powers. What we get to see on television is what suits the mentality and purposes of 100 corporations.

While purporting to be a mass-technology available to everyone, because everyone can *experience* it, television is little more that the tool of these companies. If four out of five dollars of television income derive from them, then, obviously, without currying their favor the networks would cease to exist.

The corollary is also true. Without such a single, monolithic instrument as television, the effective power and control of these huge corporations could not be harnessed as it presently is. Monolithic economic enterprise needs monolithic media to purvey its philosophy and to influence rapid change in consumption patterns. Without an instrument like television, capable of reaching everyone in the country at the same time and narrowing human perception to match their designs, the corporations themselves could not exist.

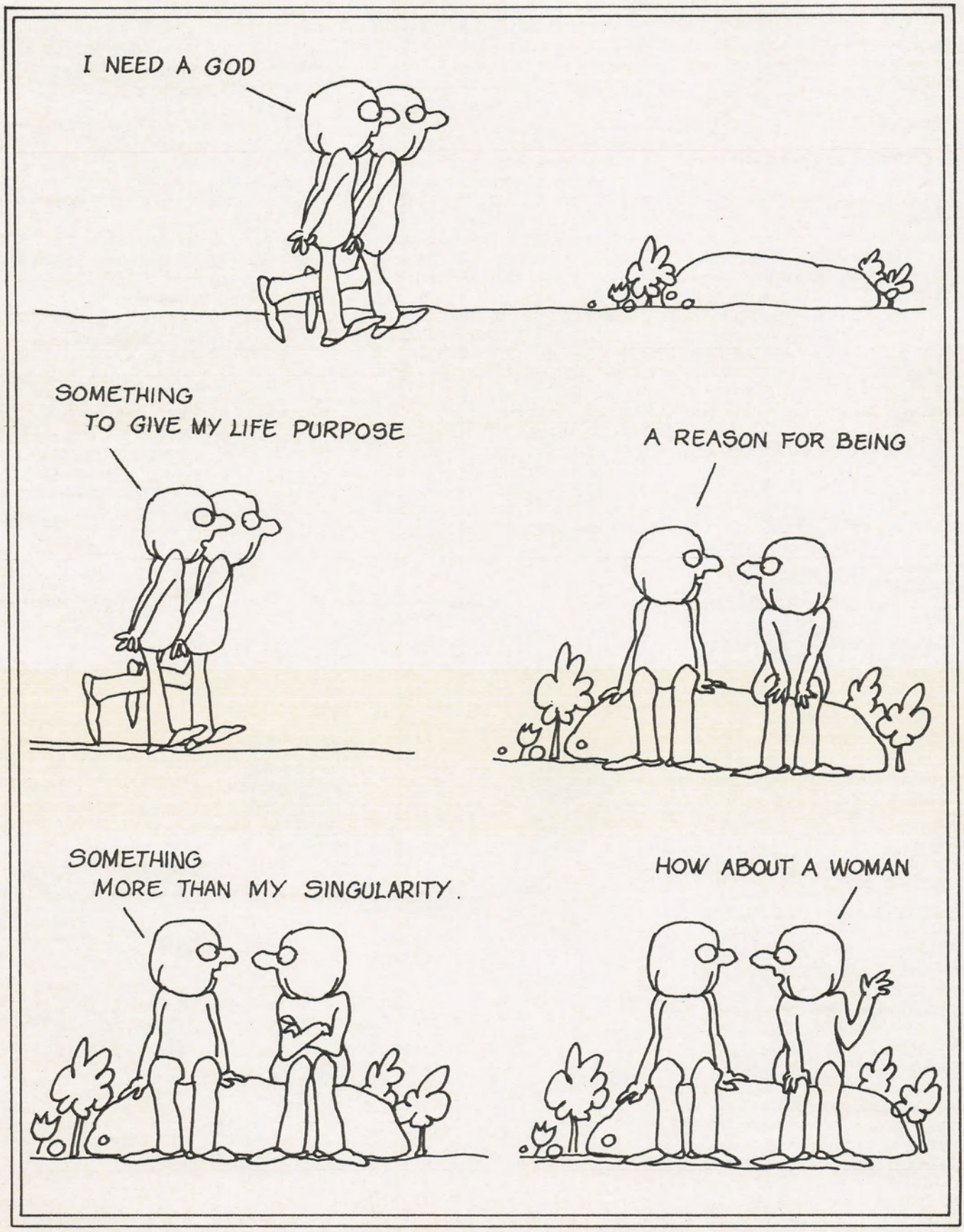
The spread of television unified a whole people within a system of conceptions and living patterns that made possible the rapid expansion of huge economic enterprise. Because of it, our whole culture and the physical shape of the environment, no more or less than our minds and feelings, have been computerized, linearized, suburbanized, freewayized, and packaged for sale.

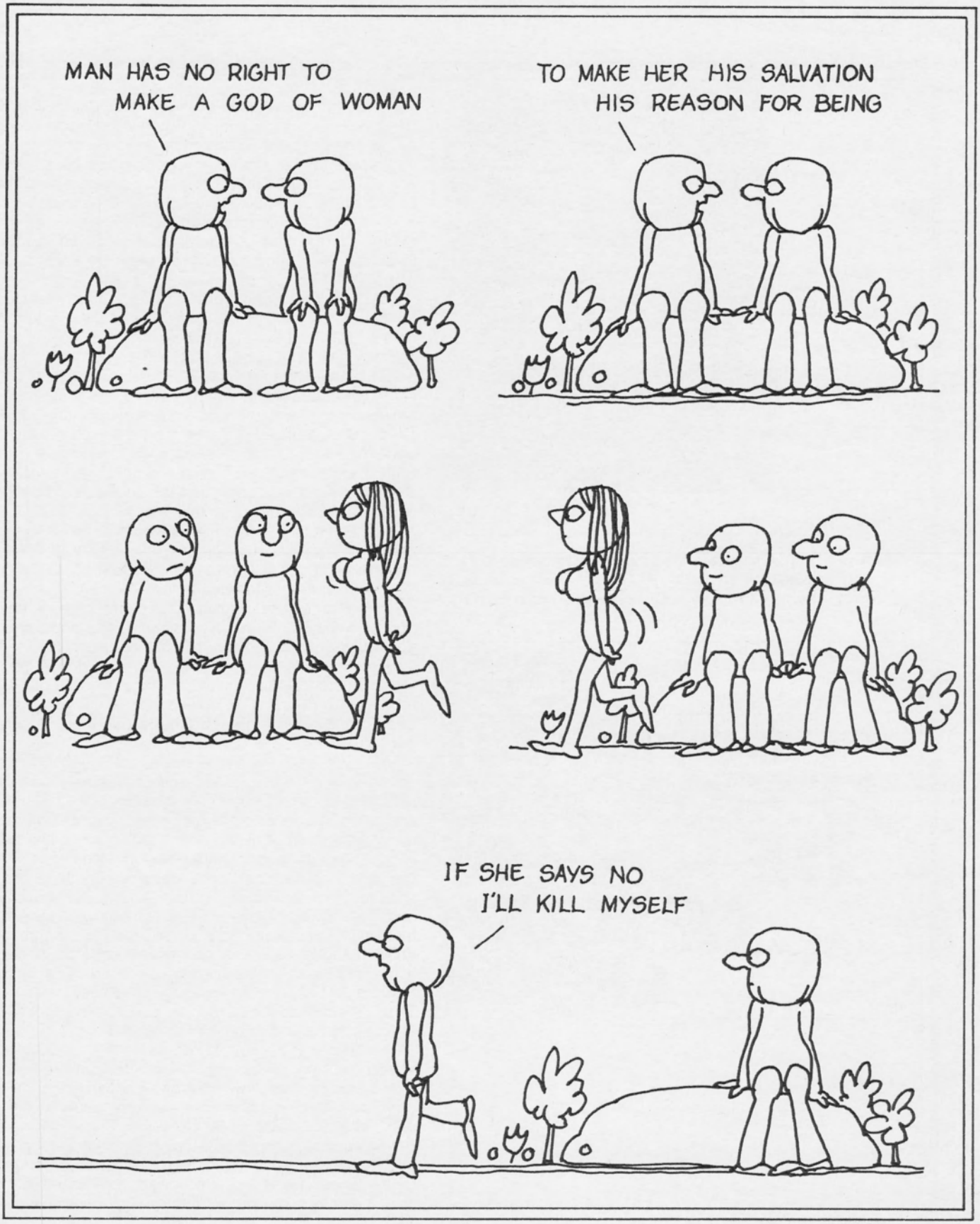


"Mecca is that *way!"*

THANK HEAVEN FOR LITTLE GIRLS

BY ART CUMINGS




MAN HAS NO RIGHT TO
MAKE A GOD OF WOMAN
TO MAKE HER HIS SALVATION
HIS REASON FOR BEING
IF SHE SAYS NO
I'LL KILL MYSELF

BY HERB PARKER

The author is a free-lance writer and educator who has worked for the Bank Street College, Columbia University, and the New York City Board of Education. He was a consultant to the African-American Association in 1971 and 1972.

OUR DISHONEST APPROACH TO THE TRAGEDY OF SOUTH AFRICA

Americans may have been off-base on Vietnam, overzealous about Chile, or misled about Cuba, but when it comes to the South Africa we know, we're right on. In years of teaching African historiography, I could never get across even to graduate students the disturbing insights that I'd gained working with native-born South Africans, black and white. I could never transcend the stereotypes with my students or bridge the pious morality gap, until I finally managed to achieve an emotional breakthrough by using this awful analogy that I concocted.

Suppose that Erich Von Daniken's divine, ancient astronauts returned to earth today and, looking around, thundered, "This isn't exactly what we had planned!"

First of all, this unnatural notion of national boundaries would have to go. America is America; no north, south, or central America exists. There are no artificial separations between peoples and cultures, such as "Canada" or "Brazil" or "the United States of America." Henceforth, "One Nation under the Gods" for all of hemispheric America.

Of course, since the majority of inhabitants in this new Meg-America speak Spanish, that tongue would be the sole official language of government, business, and education. And other similar readjustments would be made in the brief period of transition before we elect a new El Presidente. Anyone who doesn't like it can always go back to the country in Europe where his forebears came from.

Obviously, to many—mainly those under the mistaken impression that South Africa is a *nation*—this analogy sounds absurd, wrongheaded, infuriatingly incorrect. But the fact is that South Africa is composed of about a dozen fanatically self-interested ethnic enclaves, ranging from cosmopolitan urbanites to desert-dwelling Stone Age nomads, who have been brutally pushing each other around for centuries, regardless of race, creed, or color.

I have yet to see the painful tragedy of South Africa treated, anywhere in America's national media, as an honest clash of real human beings caught up in a history that they have never controlled. Why, even black Africans visiting the United States are candidly baffled at Americans' lack of sympathy for South Africa's white tribe, especially after they become familiar with our own troubled past. The developmental patterns that shaped the history of the U. of S.A. and the U.S. of A. are uncanny echoes of one another, starting with the establishment of Dutch settlements at both Cape Town in South Africa and on Manhattan Island, only twenty-six years apart. Virtually from the moment the English took over the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope, just as they had snatched away New York from Holland, the Dutch farmers, called "Boers," have been persecuted by English imperialism.

To escape the English, Dutch dissidents, packing up their women and their precious cattle, pushed out into the coastal plains east of Cape Town, beyond English law or influence, until their farms stretched loosely across the plain to the valley of the Great Fish River, 500 miles from English officialdom.

Nonetheless, when the Dutch ran into the leading edge of the black migration that had been rolling down through Africa for centuries, "filling up the continent," the British intervened in their conflict. They drew a line at the river, which they called

Even black Africans are baffled at Americans' lack of sympathy for South Africa's white tribe, especially after they realize that our two countries developed in strikingly similar patterns.

their frontier and forbade anyone to cross. Needless to say, both the Boers and the blacks ignored the king's frontier, so that cattle rustling and land grabbing precipitated a whole series of range wars against the "Kaffirs" (a derisive term for blacks that probably means "heathens"), until British officials decided to pacify the bothersome Africans once and for all. They confiscated all black lands and herded the Africans onto native "homelands" or "reserves."

Subsequently, more than 14,000 Boer settlers pulled up stakes once more and fled from British rule, northward across the Orange River, and then beyond the Vaal River, on to the banks of the Limpopo, almost 2,000 miles from the Cape. Other farmers meandered up the east coastal strip and carved out a place for themselves on the fringes of enormous tribal domains, before the British informed them that they were still thoroughly under royal jurisdiction. And so, in what even English historians have called a really "rotten little war," English power knocked over the pioneer families and laid claim to the Boer settlements.

Meanwhile, to the north, the British had found a pretext for declaring all the Boer lands between the Orange and Vaal rivers a crown protectorate and had occupied the region with troops. The settlers fought back, but as usual their far-flung, isolated farm communities were indefensible against concerted British force. Ironically, a British commission inspecting the newly acquired lands reported that England had no vital interests in these grubby prairie stretches and withdrew the troops. The Boer settlers formed two independent democratic sovereignties, the Orange *Free* State and, in Transvaal, the South African *Republic*. The whole disgraceful epic might have ended there in 1852.

But then diamonds and gold were discovered in the region. English fortune hunters swarmed into the booming Boer countries, and Cecil J. Rhodes, the prime minister of Cape Colony, decided to take action. Rhodes had a colossal vision of a Cape-to-Cairo British Empire in Africa, and there was no room in his dream for two Boer states right in the way. So Rhodes's superagent, Leander Starr Jameson, who had already created "Rhodesia," launched an invasion.

The war against the Afrikaner states was so flagrantly tyrannical that European Marxists cheered the elusive Boer "commandoes" as "freedom fighters" against capitalist imperialism. This final violent assault on Afrikaner autonomy knitted the Boer states to the British settled areas, with their tribal reserves and homelands. A single, misshapened Frankenstein called the "Union of South Africa" was created. It took Afrikaner "nationalists" close to half a century to reconcile their own internal disputes and form a solid front. In the election of 1948, they captured their country constitutionally from the British.

Although the Afrikaner nationalists had regained control, they knew that the Britons would forever remain a troublesome presence in their midst. Therefore, an all-Afrikaner administration quickly adopted a broad new policy, called "separateness," which in Afrikaans is pronounced "apartheid." According to the proposal, the Boers and the Britons would have "parallel development," that is, growth and prosperity in "two streams," each in their own part of the country, their own congenial culture, and with no political rights outside their own homeland. Black Africans appear to have been an afterthought in this "racist" philosophy.

Some people might think that this entire discussion is utter nonsense, since they know full well that the white folks made their own beds, didn't they? They had no business being in Africa in the first place. Africa belongs to the black man, just as America belongs to the red man.

But after we have exhausted all our name-calling indignation over South Africa, the vital question will still remain, "What are our honest goals, our political and our humanistic best wishes, for the seething aggregation of real, live human beings in that corner of the world?" If you reply instinctively, "black majority rule," then you are certifiably part of the problem, not the solution, to South Africa.

Which one of Africa's forty-odd independent black countries would you recommend as a model of government, under black-majority rule, for black South Africans to follow? Let us hope not Tanzania, whose ruler, Julius Nyerere, has been the godfather of that nation since 1948. He is president of what is still one of the twenty-five poorest nations in the world, with no sign of national democratic rule yet. As a matter of fact, my scorecard of independent African states reads:

Military Governments	19
Presidents-for-Life	21
Black Majority Rule	0

The urban blacks of South Africa know all too well that they do not need homeland, the vote, or the illusion of black-majority rule nearly so much as *black-majority development*, that is, more jobs, electricity, education, and medical care. Nearly a quarter century of independent African statecraft has amply demonstrated the fact that black rule is not synonymous with black-*majority* rule and is not necessarily the most reliable course to black-majority development.

Contrary to popular fantasy, it would not be enough merely to confiscate the possessions and income of South Africa's 4.5 million whites and redistribute the wealth among the more than 18 million blacks. Despite the myth that South Africa is a "nation built on gold," less than one-fifth of its income derives from all its mining wealth combined. South Africa is really a country built on very cheap labor, the very resource any black government would be sworn to abolish first.

I am not at all certain that the white tribe of South Africa would not accept a sincere and reasonably strong commitment to accelerated black-majority development as the price of their own continued, secure survival, just as whites in Mr. Carter's Deep South did—especially if this were pressed by a concerted effort of American and European nations as a genuine viable alternative to ever-escalating warfare and economic collapse.

Chanting black-majority rule over and over may be a very gratifying form of moral masturbation for Americans, but nothing develops from doing so. On the other hand, the myth of black-majority rule and the persistent substitution of black-*minority* rule for white may at best present us with another Biafran War or Angolan War or Ethiopian War—and at worst another Vietnam. And as always the chief victim will be, ironically, the real majority of black Africans.

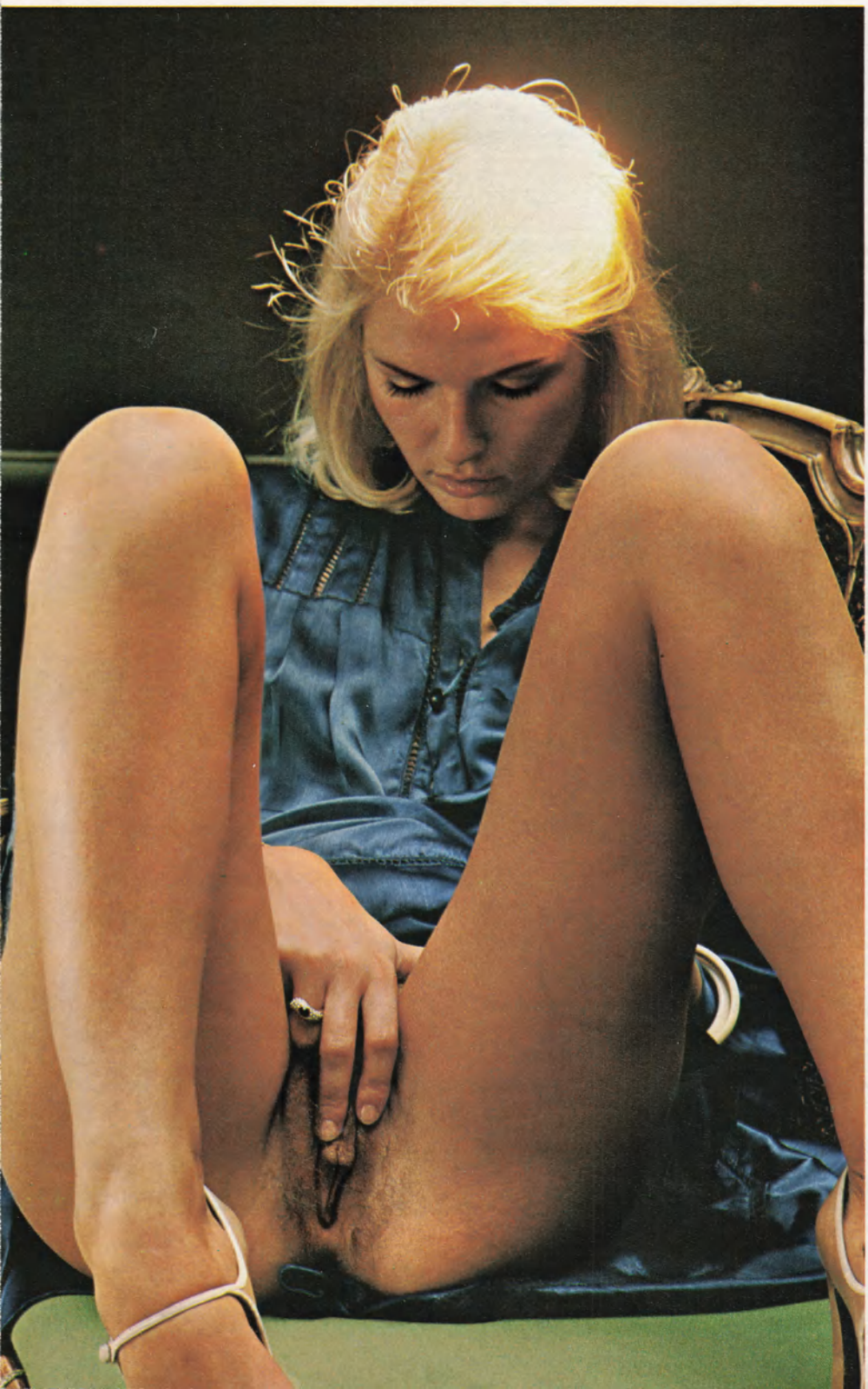
"Making love is the most spiritual thing I can imagine. It inspires me."

POETRY IN MOTION

There's a touch of the poet in Linda Belle Keller. At twenty-one, she has a deeply personal vision that extends to her writing. "Everyone has a story," she says. "That's why I find people—all kinds—as absorbing as I do. My poems and short stories write themselves, just from the people I meet. When you take the time to listen, ordinary people will tell you incredible things." There are many incredible things to be told about Linda, but her simple, unsophisticated beauty speaks for itself.

Photographs by Dieter Schmidt

"I'm not a traveler. Philadelphia is my home, although I spend a lot of time in Paris. It's other people who take me on incredible trips—dreamers like me, who aren't afraid to live in the world of their own fantasies." But Linda is also real. Her flesh and blood are real, and her passions are just as demonstrative in the straight world as they are in the world of dreams. Linda often emphasizes the balance she's struck between these inner and outer lives. "I think of my body as a vessel, a house of flesh that is the home for my soul."



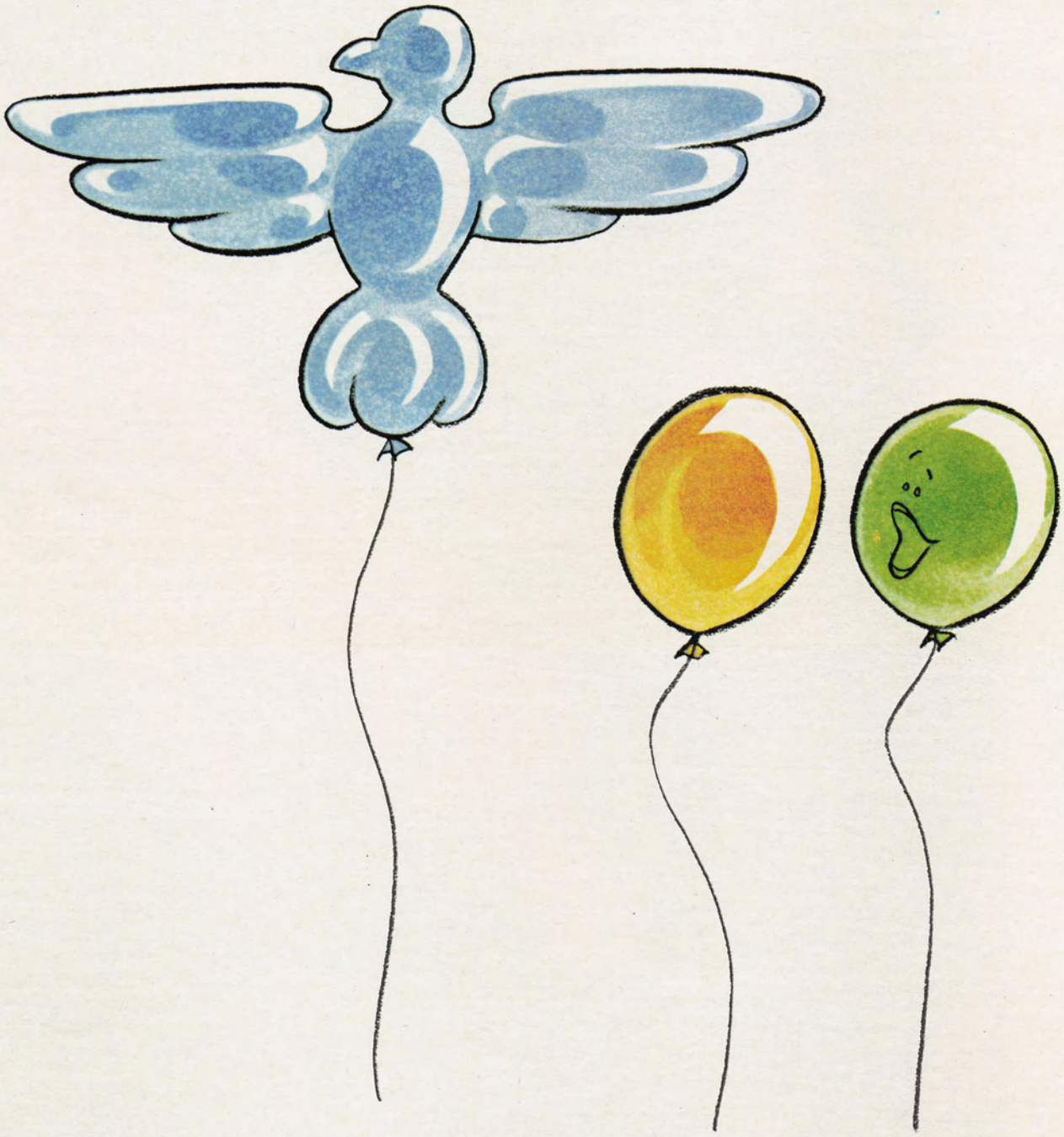
"Making love is the most spiritual thing I can imagine," says Linda, who looks as much like a muse as a writer. "It inspires me. The act of creating takes all kinds of forms. When I touch a man's skin or feel his body close, it fills me with energy and love for everything. So, in a way, when I write, this, too, becomes an act of love. I often write my poems to my lovers. It's my own way of saying, 'Thank you.' "

"I look at someone's desire for me as a gift, and a precious one, something to be both cherished and respected. And it works the other way, too—I could not love a man, or want him, if I didn't first respect him as a person."

"Being a woman is a privilege, and fun. But men should tread softly, because there are many pitfalls and dangers in the feminine charter. I like feeling dangerous and angelic all at once."

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"He's a great lay—just don't mention politics."

A COMPACT STEREO WITH THE GUTS TO DO THIS:

	Centrex by Pioneer KH-7766 System	Marantz 2216 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Record Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck	Sansui 221 Receiver Bose 301 Speaker BSR 2320W Record Changer Akai CS-702D Tape Deck	Kenwood KR2600 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Record Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck
Minimum RMS Power Output Per Channel	12 watts (8 ohms)	16 watts (8 ohms)	8 watts (8 ohms)	15 watts (8 ohms)
Power Band Width	40-30,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz	40-20,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz
Total Harmonic Distortion *(smaller is better)*	0.8%	0.5%	1.0%	0.8%
FM IHF Sensitivity *(smaller is better)*	1.9 Microvolt 10.7 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf
FM Stereo Separation *(larger is better)*	40 dB	38 dB	35 dB	33 dB
FM Capture Ratio *(smaller is better)*	1.0 dB	3.0 dB	1.5 dB	2.5 dB
FM Selectivity *(larger is better)*	60 dB	50 dB	60 dB	50 dB
Cassette Tape Deck Tape Frequency Range	Front-loading non-Dolby* CrO_2: 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 40-12,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO_2: 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 30-11,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO_2: 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 40-13,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO_2 Tape: 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 30-11,000 Hz
Speakers	10" 3-way Frequency Range: 45-20,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: 50-22,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: N/A	8" 2-way Frequency Range: 50-22,000 Hz
Record Changer	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor
Suggested Total Retail Price	$449.95	$749.85	$677.95	$709.90

Centrex Stereo Systems by Pioneer compare favorably with these typical audio store component packages. Pioneer products include a two-year limited warranty. Ask for details. Manufacturer's suggested retail price published as of September 1, 1977.
**Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.*

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The chart above shows you exactly how Centrex stacks up against typical, medium-priced audio store component packages. As you can see, you come out way ahead with Centrex by Pioneer.

But if seeing isn't believing, then let your ears decide. Your Pioneer dealer is waiting.

For information write Pioneer Electronics of America, Dept. 21, 1925 East Dominguez Street, Long Beach, CA 90810.

CENTREX by PIONEER

COOL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

were gone.

The success of that first hit got me past my fear and into the candy store I had to rob if I wanted to join the Sixers. It was a classic candy store. There was a picture window that gave on the street and a counter with candies down front that the little kids could reach. Cold cases with milk, soda and beer stood against the wall next to the shelves with comics and newspapers close to the floor. There were old newspapers on top of the cold cases, and some milk crates and soda cases with empty bottles were stacked by the door. Cigarettes and miscellaneous items, particularly Bambu paper, were displayed on the back wall. It was a big enough store to need two people. But there was only one old man behind the glass jars of candy, cookies and bubble gum on the counter. My eyes drifted towards the back where somebody else might be hiding.

"What you doin' tonight when you knock off, ducky?" I came on very sexy in my drag to the dried-up geezer of a numbers banker. "I mean, don't you ever get lonely? I'm kind of lonely too. When you finish writing this number, I'll give you my number to call."

The old man was obstafied. I don't know what he thought I was. He reached into the ice-cream bin behind the counter for the betting slips. But before he could raise his head, the barrel of the .38 was kissing him on the cheek.

"Don't look up, chump. Just up the cash," I said with all the hatred I could muster.

In a situation like this you have to make it real. You have to make it feel and look vicious to your victim, or he might try something and you'll have to commit what both you and he want to avoid. I had to make that old man take my gun seriously even if I had to hit him with it. He felt my .38 on his cheek and reached towards the ice-cream bin, where I figured he hid the shotgun. The old man didn't want to get ripped off, but he obeyed my weapon. I tossed him the purse, he filled it with cash, and I backed out of the store, waving the .38.

Then I noticed my getaway car wasn't there and I panicked. All I could taste was danger and survival before I spotted the station wagon across the street where the Superior Sixers had switched it as a final joke. I got in as they laughed and kidded me. I was safe now, and proud, as we drove away from the shopkeeper and his shotgun.

I'd survived my test.

After ditching the car which was stolen, the guys took me to the Superior Sixers' clubhouse to swear me in. It was in the basement of two adjacent buildings. The separating walls were removed to form one huge room with all the comforts. There were a lot of sofas and mattresses, three television sets (two black-and-white and one color) for the major networks, and six refrigerators, each one for a particular drink or refreshment. You took what you wanted and paid on the honor system. It was a home away from home. A raggedy pool table stood in the center of the room. Miscellaneous sports gear was stacked near the side walls under posters of Malcolm X, Huey Newton and Muhammad Ali. And an unfinished mural on the center wall depicted the historic destiny of the six original founders of the gang.

There must have been sixty to eighty cats in that room. I stripped off the makeup and drag and put on some old sneakers and jeans. Then they dressed me in the club colors and turned off all the lights except for a single red bulb, which made the incandescent faces in the painting shine. All the Sixers gathered around me in front of the glowing mural. In the crimson darkness, with the Black Liberation flag in my left hand and the club scepter in my right, I swore the secret oath of the Superior Sixers Gang.

Next Sweet Life pushed my colors open and carved a large *S* and a small *VI*, the club insignia, across my chest with a straight razor. Then he cut his own finger and rubbed it on my chest.

"With our blood and your blood," he intoned, "we are now one."

The rest of the gang cut their fingers, lined up and one by one mixed their blood with mine, repeating Sweet Life's words. Life dropped a dead rat at my feet, sprayed it with lighter fluid and set it aflame. As it burned, I repeated the words Sweet Life pronounced.

"Whatever circumstances shall happen, if I betray any member, I will burn like this rat."

Somebody turned on the lights, and everybody hugged me, slapped me five, punched me or shook my hand. I was down. I was finally one of the boys.

Then Prince and Minihawk ran up with quart bottles of brew and washed me with beer. They poured it all over me until I had Rheingold in my hair and shoes and my clothes were soaking wet. But I liked it. Then they brought out some broads and reefer, kicking off an initiation orgy.

I was the guest of honor. I got the best of everything. They handed me a joint and brought a naked chick especially for me. That joint had an instant high.

She pulled down my jeans and started giving me a blowjob right there in front of everybody. I was self-conscious as the fellows stood there joking and making remarks while she sucked on my johnson. Then they started getting it on with the other chicks. Everybody was getting a piece. It was a game we were playing together, like basketball, where you try to get off your best shit. And that shit was so nice. Every time she sucked I had a sensation like I was going to come. But it kept on happening. I just lay back, smiling with my hands behind my head. Every time she tried to stop, I wouldn't let her. Every time her head

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started to come up, I pushed it down again. She started climbing up on me, kissing me all over my body. I couldn't take any more, so I turned her on her back and drove it in. There were all these colors, and her voice was soothing as she panted and carried on.

I was on a roller coaster, steadily pushing up and down, feeling good. Whenever my body moved, the roller coaster would move. If I went up, it went up. And if I went down, it went down. The whole thing lasted about fifteen minutes, but it felt like forever. I started saying things I didn't know I was saying.

"Oh man!"

"Shit!"

"God!"

I was high as a muthafucker when I was ready to bust a nut. It was Roman candles and the Fourth of July. It was a bomb! Colors I'd never seen before. Everything was moving nice and slow. It was a deep dip in the roller coaster when I came. BOOM! My head went. I felt sparkles. I don't know how to tell you. That's how I felt.

Then she went and got some wine and another joint, and we started all over again. But this time everything was slow. This was extra. She was giving me all she had. She was coming back at me. She hit her climax this time, and I could feel her nails digging into my back, but it felt so good, it just made me harder. And the more she dug in, the deeper I stroked. She squeezed her legs around me and everything was so warm. It was like butter slowly melting and mixing.

I don't remember too much of the details of what else happened. I just know it was a regular fuck party. When I split there were cats sleeping all over the clubhouse. Only Maceman was still conscious. He was sitting completely bare assed, staring at the CBS test pattern on one of the TV sets and listening to earphones hooked up to the stereo.

"What you watching, my man?" I pulled one earphone off and asked before I left.

"I don't know." His head wobbled around on that curved narrow neck. "But it's sure got a great fight scene!"

I headed for the projects where Bootsie lived. She was my main woman. She lived with her parents and it was too late to go up. So I sat on a swing in the play area near her building.

It felt nice in the swing, pumping higher and higher in the air. Then there was a moment of blackness. Everything went blank. It was dark, and I was floating. My body was light. I could feel the wind blowing up against my face. It felt like it was blowing right through my body. The higher I pumped, the farther I went into outer space. I was floating among the planets, gliding from star to star.

All of a sudden I was back to reality. I was in a swing going up. I'd gone completely loose from the swing. I hadn't jumped or anything, but my body felt like it had been thrown straight out, up against the building. It was a moment of shock.

I got down and started walking. I was hollering, but I was laughing too. I was in two worlds at the same time, lost in one reality but knowing where I was going and what I was doing in the next. I thought I was going crazy.

I was drowsy as I waited a long time for the bus to come by. I could still feel the high, and I was nodding. I felt hungry. I bought a slice of pizza in an all-night place, but the pepperoni on the slice were like ants running all over the goddamn place. I had to hit them with a knife before I could eat the pizza.

I didn't nod out on the bus. I got home okay and was going to sit down in the rocking chair in the front room. But I saw this dude sitting in the chair where I was sitting.

"Hey, man, what you doin' over there in the chair?" I said to the cat who I knew was me. "You supposed to be standing where I'm standing!"

I stood there like a fool, looking at myself sitting in the rocking chair on the other side of the room.

"Wow! This shit really has me fucked up. I'm really bugged out."

Finally, I decided it was easier to join myself in the rocking chair. I started rocking, back and forth, back and forth. And I thought about how I'd made it as a Superior Sixer.

"Senator! Remember those 'little people' that you said would take it as long as you felt like dishing it out?"

WE WORKED TEN YEARS TO COME UP WITH A LOW 'TAR' YOU WON'T GIVE UP IN TEN MINUTES.

A lot of smokers never get through their first pack of low 'tar' cigarettes. And if they do, they usually don't come back for more.

The reason, of course, is taste. Originally, you couldn't get real cigarette taste without what has come to be known as tobacco 'tar.' The problem of reducing this 'tar' to 5 mg. while maintaining taste is enormous. Decade is the first low 'tar' to have succeeded in doing just that.

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The Tobacco. "Flavor Packing"™ plus fifteen tobaccos boost taste.

Take the tobacco, for example. Its taste is boosted by a very unique method called "Flavor Packing" which allows us to concentrate a special patented tobacco flavorant in each Decade cigarette.

The Filter. Unique "Taste Channel" gives first puff impact.

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The Paper. High porosity paper controls burn rate.

Even our high porosity paper is specifically designed to give an efficient burn rate that delivers optimum taste with a minimum of 'tar.'

The result. A completely new kind of low 'tar' cigarette.

So try a pack for yourself. Regular or Menthol. And you'll find out why your first pack of Decade won't be your last.

Only 5 mg. 'tar.'

Regular and Menthol.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine ave. per cigarette by FTC method.

BMW's 530i sports sedan: a blissful marriage of form and function.

BAVARIAN DREAM

BY JOE KELLEHER

Automotive perfection is as unattainable as it is indefinable, but the designers and engineers at the Bavarian Motor Works have come as close as one can get with their new four-door sedan, the 530i. In the great tradition of modern German architecture and engineering, the car is a careful blend of form and function: a beautiful driving machine, with performance to match its stalwart, all-in-place looks.

The BMW body style can already be considered classic—clean and aerodynamic, with none of the purely cosmetic styling clichés that characterize so many cars today. The low belt line keeps the center of gravity down and provides the driver with the best all-around visibility of all four-doors ever produced.

BMW maintains that the interior was "engineered, not decorated." Clearly, the interior engineering was done by people with excellent taste and honest concern for driver comfort. So that the driver's performance will match the vehicle's, BMW's comfort specialists designed seats that can be adjusted to the needs and preferences of virtually any normal-sized adult. Each front seat has a fully reclinable back plus a fore-and-aft adjustment. In addition, the driver's seat cushion can be tilted and adjusted vertically. To minimize driving fatigue, all seats are orthopedically molded, providing firm lateral support for tight, high-speed curves. An inertia-reel safety harness allows free movement during normal driving but locks up during horizontal accelerations; 747 pilots should have it so good.

The instruments and controls were ruthlessly tested, and it shows. Everything needed in operating the car is at the driver's fingertips. Aircraft-style instruments—black dials with white numerals and markings—are deeply recessed in solid-black bezels. At night all dials and controls are illuminated by a soothing orange glow (with minimal effect on the driver's night vision). Adding to the driver comfort and convenience of the 530i is the fastest and most efficient heater ever installed in a car. Turn on the engine, switch on the heater, and you're immediately bathed in warm air. One minor gripe: the ash tray must have been designed by an anti-smoker; getting your ash into the tray requires the manual dexterity of a brain surgeon.

When you're through opening and closing the doors (which lock into place with the reassuring click of a bank vault easing shut) and kicking the tires (hefty 195/70 HR steel-belted radials) and generally admiring the 530i's luxury touches, get behind the wheel and start it up. Now you can really appreciate BMW's blissful marriage of eye appeal and performance. It may be a two-ton, four-door sedan with only 182 "cubes," but it handles like a two-year-old filly—sharp power bursts for quick, clean moves. Maneuvers, like changing lanes at 75 mph, are accomplished primarily by mental telepathy. (If you're out to impress the passengers, a flick of the wrist can be thrown in to make it look like it took some effort on your part.) The 530i can eat up ten miles of twisting, high-crowned, potholed secondary road while you're admiring the scenery and fine-tuning the radio. The only tense moments come when you glance at the speedometer and find that you're moving about 20 mph faster than you thought you were. With a car like the 530i, the double-nickel speed limit isn't worth ten cents.

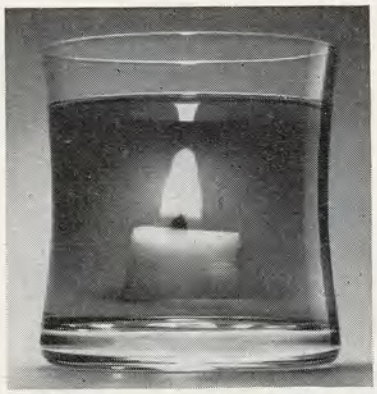
Under the hood, a three-liter, overhead-cam six effortlessly puts out 176 hp at 5,500 rpm. One electronic fuel system, seven main bearings, and twelve crankshaft counterbalance weights add up to a turbine-smooth power plant. A look inside will provide some clues to the engine's ability to squeeze so many horses from so few cubes. The real action takes place in a polished, hemispherical combustion chamber fed and scavenged by oversized valves. Tilted 30 degrees from the vertical, the valves are actuated by the overhead cam via short rocker arms. This sophisticated, race-proven setup permits a transverse-flow gas path for maximum efficiency. The Bosch L-Jetronic fuel-injection system is both flexible and precise enough to make full use of the engine's superb breathing capacity. For a glass-smooth engine (one that meets all emission-control standards) to produce more than one horsepower per cubic inch, you have to be doing something right, and BMW seems to be doing it all. This same basic engine—in a BMW Coupe—came romping home to win the grueling Twenty-four Hours of Daytona in 1976, soundly beating a covey of factory-prepared Porsches in the process.

The suspension is fully independent, with coil springs and tubular shocks at each corner. Front and rear torsion-bar stabilizers limit body roll and minimize the effects of bumps or potholes on directional stability. Four-wheel disc brakes, operated by a dual hydraulic system, provide smooth deceleration, with total control at all speeds.

The BMW 530i is undoubtedly one of the four best-driving machines produced today, and certainly the least expensive of these. The standard package (power steering, four-wheel power disc brakes, air conditioning, tinted glass, electrically controlled side mirror, and perhaps the smoothest four-speed gearbox ever made) sells for around $13,000 plus taxes. With all the options (automatic transmission, electric windows and sunroof, leather upholstery, light-alloy wheels, limited-slip differential, AM/FM radio, etc.), the tab can reach $15,000. But among well-informed auto enthusiasts, the price is considered a steal, given BMW's legendary reputation. After all, how can you put a price on a legend?

Photographs by Earl Miller/Wardrobe by Strip Thrills, West Hollywood, California.

A Candle Can Tell You a Lot About Great Wine. Or Great Whisky.



You can prove Old Forester has a unique taste without even putting it to your lips. The same way experts prove it with wine, by color.

For example, when held to a candle, a Burgundy should glow a deep purple. A Bordeaux, brick red.

Two different colors, two different tastes.

When held to a candle, a great whisky should be rich, burnished gold. The color of Old Forester.

The golden glow assures you Old Forester will taste like no other whisky in the world.

That every sip will be mellow, full-bodied and perfectly smooth.

What's more, Old Forester gets this color and taste solely from the unique way it's matured in our charred oak barrels.

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Taste it.

The Great Whisky Made Like Great Wine.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky. 86 or 100 Proof. Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. Louisville, Ky. ©1977.

ROULETTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

calves and the smoothness of her neck when she wore her hair up. He inserted another tape but listened only long enough to ascertain its contents Linda wished to discontinue therapy for the moment, and if Herr Klein would be so kind as to fill out this form, she would be able to get 50 percent of her psychiatric expenses refunded by her Hartford group plan. It was a dull session, but the next one, the final one, was not.

"Last night was unreal. Joan was locked in the bathroom with some guy. I think I heard her sucking him off, and then I heard them arguing about money.

"The noise in the bathroom died down, and Leslie came into the kitchen, where I was trying to make believe the sesame-seed cookies I had made actually tasted good. I was feeling so crazy, so over the edge, that I just reached out and put my hand on his cock, like in the fantasy. I led him into my room, and I undressed while he kissed my neck. I had seen and heard and smelled so much fucking during the last few months that my virginity had ceased to be anything more than a hallucination. I sucked Leslie's cock and felt him come, and then I sucked again until it got hard. I drew him down upon me and told him to fuck the shit out of me, which he did to the best of his ability. I made him suck my pussy for hours, it seemed, slow and nice. Then I fucked his stupid brother.

"I don't feel any less frantic today, but I do feel a lot more comfortable with everything. My pussy's been wet all morning from just thinking about last night, and I can barely wait to get home this afternoon. You know, I'm starting to believe that Shirley MacLaine didn't have it nearly so good in *Career*."

There was a small silence, then a zipping sound, and Klein closed his eyes and watched Linda Kirsh's jeans fall to her ankles. He watched himself quickly give her the insurance form and a receipt for $300, and he watched Linda slip off her panties and lie down softly, and he heard the lock on the door click shut, and he heard the sounds of his wet, warm payment, and he felt again the wonderful, neurotic vagina of Linda Kirsh tighten and throb about his pale caduceus. Klein-o heals, he had thought, and he thought it again.

Klein packed the cassettes into a Jiffy bag, which was addressed as such: John Cate, House of Sin Wholesalers, 583 West Thirty-fifth Street, New York, N.Y 10001. At his desk he wrote a note and placed it in the mailing bag.

"John-o: Here's another batch, probably the hottest one yet. Happy editing. Send a check as soon as possible (Xmas is just around the corner). Hubba-hubba, Klein-o."

Klein the psychiatrist rose and burped. The work is hard, he thought, but the rewards fine and many. He then pronounced his thoughts aloud, with resonance. O+

COUPLES

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Mirror, mirror on the wall . . .
and the floor and the ceiling. Reflections of their
lovemaking always sent them reeling.

I held back just
to prolong the pleasure,
and I was so
turned on by this really lewd
sight in the mirror
that my mind was blown.

JERRY'S STORY: I'm really into knowing what's going on around me. I mean everything, not just sex. I'm the kind of guy who can have a radio and a TV set going on in the same room while I'm reading a magazine. But I don't think I'm out of place these days. Almost everyone is like that. Pam isn't, I know. I mean, she couldn't care less about what's going on in the world, and I admit it used to irk me that she seemed to be going around in an adolescent fog most of the time.

Pam wasn't exactly a virgin when we got married. We'd made it a couple of times before we tied the knot, but you hardly get to know another person by making it with her twice. Once we did it standing up at the dark end of the hallway of the apartment building where she lived with her parents, and we made so much noise that a woman who lived down at the other end opened her door to find out what was going on. I shot my load high up inside Pam's quivering pussy the moment I heard the door open. But I doubt that Pam came at all. The second time we did it was better; we were at the beach, and we'd brought a tent. We just zipped it up along toward evening, when most of the people were gone, and I took down the bottom of the miniscule fabric she called a bikini and spread her thighs so that I could see deep into the folds of her pussy.

Pam moaned and turned her head from side to side as if she were embarrassed that I was looking at her sweet, hair-trimmed opening, and I wanted to look some more, but she kind of begged me to enter her, and that I did, most definitely.

I should explain that our honeymoon took place right in the apartment, since we'd both decided to spend whatever money we had and whatever was given to us on making a nice place. So we just went home after we got married. Well, we ran into trouble almost immediately. I couldn't get over how modest she was, and that almost drove me up the wall. Something that excites me more than anything else is having a beautiful woman undress in front of me, and watching all that secret flesh being exposed to me bit by bit, and knowing that I am

Photographs by Earl Miller

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

going to possess it in a few moments. This request seemed simple enough to me, but Pam categorically refused to do it. She disappeared into the bathroom and returned, wearing a sexy, see-through negligee that did, I'll admit, get my prick throbbing and ready to do somersaults, but still I was miffed that she couldn't see her way clear to honor a simple request that would give me pleasure.

As it was, I had to keep my cock rising high up inside her, making her really wild with pleasure, so that she wouldn't get up to turn out the light switch. The switch was right by the bed, and I ignored her first request to flick it off; I maneuvered to the side of the bed, got my head down between those fabulous legs of hers, and began to stroke the inside of her pussy with long, flat, broad licks as though I were an animal enjoying her. My hands reached up to her breasts, and I manipulated her large, round nipples with the tips of my fingers until they were hard like the little pearl of her slippery clitoris. I could see every reaction of her cunt on the downstroke, and I watched Pam's facial expressions on the upstroke. It was as I was about to enter her that I noticed the closet door was standing open, and the mirrored back of it displayed, to my utter delight, a complete reflection of my ravishing bride, those long legs taken wheelbarrow fashion and shuffled up, as I knelt into her, my penis pointed unerringly toward the little wet hole that I knew would receive me gratefully.

We melted into each other as I slid the length of my cock slowly upward into her moist slit. I could feel every inch of her inside reacting with complete abandon to my hard in-thrust. And better, I could watch us doing it, watch us feeling it at the same time. I held back from coming so long that I think Pam thought that I was some kind of a superstud. To tell the truth, if I'm excited enough, that's just where it's at. I held back just to prolong the pleasure, and I was so turned on by this really lewd sight in the mirror, this perfect image of two people fucking each other, that my mind was blown. I say fucking *each other* because Pam showed her erotic talents to me for the first time that night. What had happened in the tent was nothing compared with this. She didn't make a *lot* of noise like some women I know, but the sounds she did make, kind of low and deep down in her throat, were so sensual that they made my hair stand on end. She would gnash her teeth and make strange grunts, and the magical mirror revealed to me that her lithe body could move into any and every position with the ease of a circus contortionist.

It was a sight to behold, and my aching prick enjoyed every minute of it.

Then Pam told me that she couldn't really enjoy herself the way she wanted with the lights on, and she asked me to turn them out. She was stroking my half-hard cock lazily at the time, and her voice was so sweet and compliant and my body felt so in tune with hers that I made the mistake of telling her that I would miss watching us in the closet mirror if the lights were off. Well, I could feel her hand tightening on my cock, and I gently removed it as I felt her hysteria rising. She had what could mildly be called a tantrum, and for the first time she called me a pervert. She was screaming like a lunatic.

I could hardly believe that this was the same woman I'd just been royally screwing. Needless to say, I got up and turned out the lights and went into the bathroom, where there was also a full-length mirror on the inside of the door. I am not ashamed to admit that I relieved my still-lusty prick in full sight of myself.

I took a long shower, trying hard not to think about anything; and when I went back out, Pam was sound asleep in the dark. The beginning was about par for the course for the next few months of our being together. I didn't dig her making me feel guilty for something I thought of as okay. I really resented her prissy attitude.

After a while I did manage to get my kicks, that special kind, with a couple of chicks who were into it. One of them, Marcy, had married a guy who was into it, too. She told me so one afternoon, while I was fucking her in their mirrored bedroom. Marcy had been an old girl friend I'd had in high school, and we could really get it on together; at the same time we were like buddies. We'd met on the street, and over drinks she told me that she was married now, and I told her I was, too, and then she invited me up to her new apartment over on the West Side.

> "I could feel her reacting with complete abandon to my hard in-thrust. And, better, I could watch us doing it, watch us feeling it at the same time."

"I can see he's into watching," I told her as I looked up into her mirror image. Her ass was big and white and round, really something. And I watched as my fingers slid between the crack of the two loaves of her flesh, and I saw my cock grow rigid again at the feel of her behind. We'd been meeting almost every week, when Marcy told me that she and her old man were going away on vacation to their summer place, a cottage up on the lake. She asked Pam and me to come up for a weekend.

I thought sure—why not?—and that's how we wound up playing strip dominoes, the three of us, horny as hares, after Pam had gone off to the guest bedroom at the other end of the summer cabin. I couldn't help it. Marcy just always turned me on, and her old man, Lou, was an easygoing kind of guy, who seemed to get off on what was going on. So we both petted Marcy under the table, and I sucked on those fat nipples of hers, me on one tit and her old man on the other while we continued this dumb but sexy domino game. Of course, Marcy lost *a lot*, and the gin and tonics were flowing. It was only a step from there to their bedroom.

Man, if I thought that their intown bedroom was jazzed up, it was nothing compared with the setup out here. Not only were there mirrors, mind you, but Lou even had a video set that was on, and as we tumbled drunkenly into bed, each of us kind of taking a handful of Marcy's ample, naked body, our own images were being constantly replayed on the screen of the home video tube.

Drunk as I was, this night was probably the luckiest of my life. God only knows that if I'd known that the windows were wide open, I might have shut them, but my mind and cock were elsewhere.

Pam must have seen it all; that's the way I piece it together

anyway, and she never told me a word about it. She seemed a little odd the next day, but she was frequently like that. So I didn't think anything about it. But on Sunday night, our last at the cabin, I saw Marcy and Pam kissing out by the back door in the garden, and I thought that I would pass out. There was prim, little Pam and big Marcy, and Marcy's tongue seemed to be halfway down my wife's throat. Her hands were feeling Pam's breasts, and Pam was digging it, taking it hungrily. When they came back in, Marcy caught my eye and I knew then that something was going to happen between all of us that night. Pam stayed up for the late drinks, and to my amazement, Lou replayed the tape of him and Marcy and me. I watched, amazed, as he made a pass at Pam during the viewing, and Pam kind of closed her eyes and let his fingers rise beneath her skirt until I knew he was touching cunt. I was so horny that I was the one who led the parade into the special bedroom where Pam was the guest of honor, getting it from the three of us in every way we could think of.

Now, when I watch Pam, she can start climaxing just from the idea of it. Every mirror in this house has seen some pretty wild action from my formerly shy wife. If only mirrors could talk, they would tell anyone coming into the apartment what an incredible sex life we have.

PAM'S STORY:

I think that I've really grown up since I've been with Jerry. Actually, Jerry has been responsible for my finding out things about myself that I'm certain I would never even have suspected if we hadn't had this time together. It's almost as though I were a flat, two-dimensional being before, even though I remember feeling that I was terribly sophisticated about a lot of things—sex, in particular. I was a real dope, compared with what I am now. I was really proud that I wasn't a virgin when I met Jerry, for example. I thought that I'd have to go to the ends of the earth before I'd meet and fall in love with the right man. What's more, I'd slept with someone I didn't like very much, even though I enjoyed the actual sex part.

The guy who took my virginity was my best girl friend's father, and even though I didn't really feel guilty when he approached me and took me to dinner (he was divorced and lived in another town), I knew it was not the kind of thing I could continue.

He took me out to dinner and then for a long drive along the shore. There was this place he knew, and I was kind of tingly inside, knowing he was going to make love to me. We did it in the backseat of his Lincoln, and he had a thick rod that got me hot even before he slid it up inside me. I saw him only once again, and even while I was in the middle of orgasm, I kept thinking about how he had *made* my friend Melanie, by screwing his former wife the same way he was screwing me. It was really weird, and of course I never let on to Melanie.

When I met Jerry at his birthday party, he was with another girl, who was one of those real show-off types, and I felt really bothered just by watching her dancing and doing a little strip in the middle of the room with all the people watching her. Jerry was standing beside me, watching her, and he whispered to me that he would like to see me do that, too.

I flushed and told him that I would never do a thing like that, and he laughed. But I felt warm, deep down inside at the sound of his voice, knowing that he was interested in me, even though he had another girl at the party and a beautiful one at that. She had the look of a high-fashion model.

I saw him ask Melanie for my phone number, and I nodded when she asked me if it was okay. He called the next day, and it was only six months after that that we got married.

We never really talked about sex; we just knew that it could be good between us. The chemistry was right. And if it hadn't been for his mirror watching on our wedding night, I would easily have been the most satisfied woman in the world. As it was, I was convinced that I had married a weirdo and would have to spend the rest of my life with an oddball or get an annulment or a divorce. I was, in short, very upset even though my pussy was still tingling and wet from the effects of his incredible lovemaking. Anxiety handicaps sexual desire.

> Jerry was bucking crazily up against the wide spread thighs. What I couldn't see from my vantage point I could see in any of the several mirrors in the room.

We both had off from our jobs for a week; so we were kind of stuck with each other. I was really put off by Jerry, and he was furious with me. Even though I wanted him desperately, I wouldn't let him touch me for two days. I remember coming into the bedroom of our apartment after returning home from some grocery shopping and finding Jerry sitting naked on the edge of our bed, peering out the window with binoculars into the window of the apartment across the way. I screamed at him, and when he turned around, I could see his enormous erection. I felt jealous and angry and I don't know what else at the same time.

But Jerry was angry, too. "I was watching a girl who lives across the way," he said. He was really defiant, and he told me that he'd noticed her before he picked out the apartment and that was why he insisted on this place over another one we'd been looking at, which was much nicer.

I still don't know if he made that up or if it was true, but I believed it thoroughly then, and I started throwing things, the books and the radio and the lamps, anything I could get my hands on. I wanted to clobber the son of a bitch.

I don't know if a husband can rape a wife. There's some discussion about that legally, I know, but Jerry did pin me down on the bed after quite a struggle. I was wearing these really pretty panties that were part of my wedding trousseau. They were thin and pink and very expensive, and I cried as Jerry stuck his dick right in between my legs, tearing the fabric and entering me in one thrust that felt at first like searing hot coals inside my pussy. And then, in spite of myself, I started having a really powerful orgasm. I came once, twice, three times, while he was muttering and calling me names and entering me from a slightly different angle each time. He would pull his penis all the way out and then push it in deep. I had never felt anything quite so good, but at the same time I was confused and upset. We collapsed in each other's arms after Jerry finally exploded inside me, and I sobbed for a long time while he kissed my face and neck.

It was awful. After that we knew we were somehow stuck with each other, and yet we loved each other.

When I went back to work, I hardly knew what to tell my friend Melanie, who is a junior secretary in the same firm. We had always told each other everything since high school, when we would have slumber parties together and talk until the wee hours of the night about what happened to us and what we thought. Now, of course, I couldn't tell her *everything* anymore, especially the truth about Jerry's special needs.

Still I had a greater need for Melanie's friendship than ever before, since I felt that I couldn't really talk to Jerry. So we were together often in those first months. I would go to her place whenever I got a chance, and I got so that I would just make up things about Jerry, because I would get so jealous hearing about Melanie's lovers, who asked nothing out of the ordinary of her and who didn't seem to want to do strange, secret things. I mean, they just weren't into unusual sex.

Jerry and I didn't have very many friends. I guess that's usually the case when a husband and wife aren't getting along. Anyway, I was really pleased when he told me about Marcy and Lou. They came to dinner a couple of times, and I really liked them. They seemed so uncomplicated . . . especially Marcy, who seemed able to laugh at anything. I needed that, and the idea of spending some time with them up by the lake really made me happy. I really was elated.

On Friday evening the guys went out drinking after supper, and Marcy and I spent the night talking. She's a big woman, almost the exact opposite of me physically, since I'm built small. I remember thinking at the time that she was probably mentally different, too. She hardly knew me, and yet she was talking to me like a lifelong friend. She was always hugging me affectionately whenever we were close together, and she really made my mouth drop open a couple of times when she started talking about the different sexual trips she'd had with different men she had known. It sounded somehow okay when Marcy talked about such things, because she was always laughing and making funny faces, shrugging her shoulders so that those big breasts of hers were squeezed close together. Sex, according to her, was a snap; there was nothing mysterious and secret about it, as it was in the giggly discussions that Melanie and I had. I almost got up enough courage to talk to Marcy about Jerry and me, but not quite. But after the men came home and Jerry was fast asleep in our separate bedroom, Marcy whispered to me what a special guy I had and how lucky she thought I was "to be getting it every night from Jerry."

If only she knew, I thought later that night as I lay awake. Jerry didn't lay a finger on me, even though I was wearing one of my most beautiful nightgowns and my hair was particularly shiny and curly that night. He lay snoring beside me in bed while I gazed at the ceiling and thought about some of the things Marcy told me earlier.

I didn't speak to Jerry all the next day, and after one after-dinner drink, I left them and went in to bed. I was miserable about everything that day, and I hadn't gone swimming with the three of them but had taken a long hike instead. I was exhausted as I fell into a restless sleep, listening to the sound of their laughter and the click of the domino tiles on the wooden table as they played.

It must have been the lack of sound, the silence, that woke me up. I'm not sure, but suddenly I was wide awake. I put on a lightweight robe and went into the living room, but they were nowhere to be seen. I figured they must have taken a run into town for some bar hopping, and I felt a surge of anger that they hadn't taken me along. I was thinking really black thoughts as I started walking outside. The moon was bright, it was quite warm, and I couldn't spend a moment more in that room. Once outside, I heard the sounds coming from around the other side of the house, and when I looked, I saw a light coming from an open window.

Even before I got there, I could feel everything inside me trembling. Somehow I *knew*. And then Marcy's deep, husky voice cried out, "Oh, God, Jerry, put it in me now!" and I felt as if the bone marrow in my legs had turned to jelly. I could have turned and gone back, but something kept telling me that I shouldn't. But something else was urging me to look inside the room. When I did, I saw a scene like the Arabian Nights in there. The curtains, which had been drawn before when Marcy had first shown me the bedroom, were now pulled back and tied with giant sashes, there was a feeling of softness and lushness in the multicolored pillows, the king-sized bed, and the fully revealing mirrors on the ceiling over the bed and at both the foot and the head of the bed. Off to the side a tiny TV set echoed the same image that was in the middle of the bed.

The three naked figures (one of them my husband's) gyrated wildly together. Lou was straddling Marcy's head, his dick moving jerkily between her wide-open lips, while Jerry was bucking crazily up against the widespread thighs. What I couldn't see from my vantage point I could see in any of the several mirrors in the room. The glistening tip of Jerry's cock as it entered Marcy's pussy, the way Marcy's belly quivered when Jerry pushed all the way up inside her, the way she gobbled hungrily at her husband's penis.

What Marcy seemed to be feeling looked so delicious that I felt overwhelmed. If she could feel this, why couldn't, why shouldn't, I? And mixed with this realization was something I had never consciously felt before, that I wanted to be in there, too, but not so much with the men as with Marcy. I wanted to *be* her, to touch her intimately, the way I began to touch myself right there outside the window. And what was more, I wanted to make her feel the orgasms I was giving myself while she moaned her climax simultaneously there inside the room.

I knew that nothing would ever be the same when, about an hour later, I stole to my room, trembling and satiated by what I had seen and by what my fingers had done between my thighs.

I'll never know how I gathered up the courage to tell Marcy, but the next morning she could see that something was wrong, and she just point-blank asked me if I had seen or

heard anything last night, and I told her. We were alone in the kitchen as I tearfully tried to explain what I'd felt and all that I'd been going through with Jerry. God, I unburdened everything onto the woman, and she seemed to understand. She sat beside me and put her arm around me the way she had often done before, but this time her fingers found the tip of my left breast and moved insistently against the button of my nipple.

I felt a jolt of excitement zigzag through my body, ending in the pit of my belly. My tears slowly abated as I let Marcy play with my breasts. And later, in other places in the house and during the course of all of our activities, she did other wonderful things to me. By nighttime I knew that I wanted everything, everything the three of them had had, and Marcy's lovemaking, too. I felt a pagan kind of delight in my body.

The sight of myself in that mirrored bedroom, being sucked, fucked, and caressed by two men and a woman, changed my entire life. Suddenly, in a rush of understanding I knew why Jerry was turned on by this, and I felt like a fool for having refused him. Since then I have been able to do everything and more that Jerry needs for his pleasure, because I guess it's become my pleasure, too. There is something else. I have also "initiated" my girl friend Melanie. It's not as if I were being unfaithful to Jerry or anything, even though I haven't told him yet; but some of my time with my old school friend is spent before the mirror in her place, where I love to stroke her silken pussy with my fingers and tongue. I've invited Melanie over for dinner next Friday night. It's the day before Jerry's birthday; so she'll almost be a birthday present. Our foursome with Lou and Marcy was fantastic, but Jerry has never been attracted to men sexually. Having two women make love to him and for him should really get him high. I love to make it with Melanie, because she's beautiful and a dear friend. So I'm not afraid of becoming a lesbian. Jerry does it all. I know I'll never need another man—unless it's a temporary thing like my fling with Lou and Marcy.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

My first reaction when I began to read Jerry's narrative was that here was a self-centered, conceited young man of the first rank. "I'm really into knowing what's going on around me. I mean everything, not just sex. I'm the kind of guy who can have a radio and a TV set going on in the same room while I'm reading a magazine." With these opening remarks he indidates he has a drive to comprehend everything.

He sees this as a kind of intellectual achievement, although he makes an apology for it: "Almost everyone is like that." This attitude, coupled with his intellectual superiority vis-à-vis Pam, who seemed "to be going around in an adolescent fog most of the time," confirms his superior attitude. But there is an anomaly in Jerry's mental outlook.

You see, it made me wonder why he had selected Pam as a lifetime partner. Of course, there was a good and valid psychological reason—subconsciously it boosted his feelings of male superiority to have what he thought to be a kind of half-wit as a partner.

There was a kind of insensitivity about him that made it impossible for him to divine—as real lovers do almost from the start—that Pam had sexual hang-ups. He hadn't even the sense to discuss Pam's sexual attitudes with her.

However, Jerry's position isn't totally unsympathetic. Pausing in my reading of Jerry's story, I turned to Pam's, and there I read: "We never really talked about sex; we just knew that it could be good between us. The chemistry was right. And if it hadn't been for his mirror watching on our wedding night, I would easily have been the most satisfied woman in the world. As it was, I was convinced that I had married a weirdo."

Obviously, she wasn't aware that the chemistry wasn't right, and she didn't know that the chemistry would never be right until she lost her inhibitions. I returned to Jerry's account of their affair in the tent and considered how Pam thrashed about and moaned and so on. Such responses could have misled any man into thinking that he had a definite sexual turn-on on his hands, and most men would, I think, have responded as Jerry did. Yet, with his superior intellect, he should have approached her about her sexual likes and dislikes and told her his own before they got married.

Jerry does admit how wrong he was when he told her about watching himself in the mirror. On the other hand, he should have noted the very explicit warning that Pam gave him when she asked him to have intercourse in the dark.

There are large elements of the exhibitionist and voyeur in all of us, men and women alike, although I would suggest that because men react more readily to visual stimuli than women do, men are more likely to be turned on by showing off and watching.

This tendency helps quite a number of men to shake off sexual hang-ups, whereas women, strictly brought up sexually or even unconsciously indoctrinated by parents'—especially mothers'—attitudes toward sex, hang on to their hang-ups more tenaciously.

Clearly, Pam is sexually responsive; it is equally clear that she had at least one hang-up—guilt feelings about having the lights off because she could only satisfactorily climax in the dark—and that she reacted to Jerry's self-voyeurism-exhibitionism under the influence of the same guilt feelings. For her "seen" and "seeable" sex was sinful or shameful.

What really surprises me is how comparatively easily Pam was able to break through her inhibition. I wish that she had given a description of her thinking at this point, how she tackled her problem psychologically, because this would be a great help to sexologists.

The spontaneity of her breakthrough must confound the "experts." The impression that I have given earlier, I am sure, has provided a hint of the advice I would have tendered had either or both come to me for counseling—a nice, slow, easy reconditioning of Pam.

Now let me make amends for my initial comments; I won't say "especially to Jerry," because Pam deserves praise, too.

Both come out of it in the end very well, and I hope that their sex life continues to be as satisfying as it is now.

PARTING SHOT

KREMLIN BLUES

By Edward Sorel

WHEN WE SENT SPUTNIK INTO ORBIT IT CAME AS A COMPLETE SURPRISE TO THE C.I.A....WE SOON REALIZED THAT ALMOST EVERYTHING CAME AS A SURPRISE TO THE C.I.A.
THE SUEZ INVASION TOOK THEM UNAWARE... THE HUNGARIAN UPRISING, THE YOM KIPPUR WAR, OUR "LIBERATION" OF PRAGUE, THE PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION THE FALL OF THE GREEK JUNTA, THE THREE BIGGEST COMMUNIST OFFENSIVES IN VIETNAM... ALL CAME AS A SHOCK TO THE C.I.A.!
BESIDES THEIR INCOMPETENCE, WE SAW THAT THE COST OF FINANCING C.I.A. ACTIVITIES WAS BEGINNING TO PUT A REAL STRAIN ON THE UNITED STATES' ECONOMY!
WE PREDICTED THAT IF THEY CONTINUED TO FUND THE C.I.A. AT CURRENT LEVELS, THEY'D HAVE A COMPLETE ECONOMIC COLLAPSE BY 1980!! BUT NOW THERE ARE CERTAIN ELEMENTS IN AMERICA DEMANDING AN END TO THE C.I.A.!!!
DAMNED DISSIDENTS ARE EVERYWHERE!
Edward Sorel

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

orgasm for as long as half an hour. I always kept on pumping her until she'd plead that she had had enough, and only then would I let go. I am at present exactly as I was forty years ago, and until my wife began refusing me, we fucked two or three times nightly. Recently, my wife has refused to be fucked and has shown a dislike for it.

Is it typical of all women, on approaching the age of seventy, to lose interest in sex, or is this an individual case? Of course, I respect my wife's wishes, but I find it strange for a person who has enjoyed sex to reject it so suddenly.—J.S.

You are a horny old man, all right. You have been fucking more nightly than most young, married American couples have been weekly. Maybe you ought to try to go a little easier on your wife. It is not at all uncommon for a woman to lose interest if she's gotten fucked during all those years so many times a night. Give her a break, or else go look elsewhere for your fun and games.

TITS AHOY

I am a twenty-seven-year-old woman who has been very happily married for eight years. Sex with my husband is very exciting, frequent and varied, and extremely spontaneous.

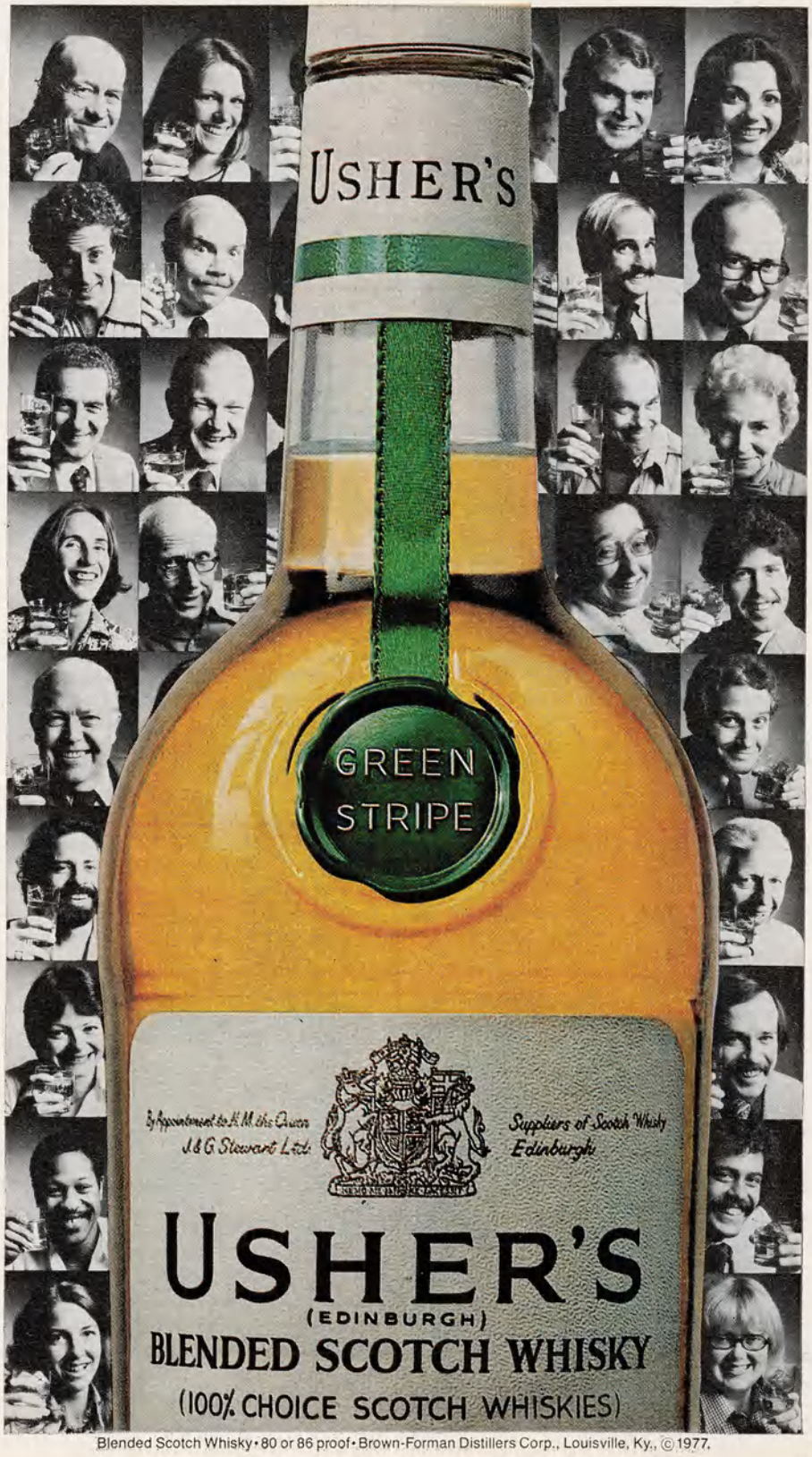
But I have one special fantasy that I dream about constantly and would like very much to come true. I have a girl friend (we've been the best of friends for about fifteen years) who is rather tall and slender, with small tits. She has the largest, most delicious-looking nipples I have ever seen in my life. A good half of her tit is nipple! And when we are out and it's cold, her nipples get so hard! I get juicy all over. Often, when I'm fucking my husband, I rub myself all over, especially on the tits, and dream that I'm fucking him and rubbing her at the same time.

I'm just dying to get my hands and mouth on those tits of hers. Sometimes I think she'd go for it, but the words get stuck in my throat, and my hands feel as though they're glued to my sides.

Once I got started with her, I don't think I'd have too much problem in getting my husband involved, but I know I'm going to have to be the instigator of the whole thing. So how do I start? We always kiss hello and good-bye. She touches my ass often, and when I'm braless, she sometimes touches my breasts (and I melt everytime she does it). I would love to tumble around with her. In fact, I'm juicy right now, just thinking about it. What do I do?—B.H.

What's stopping you? Just go ahead and ask her. She is obviously ready and hot to trot, since she touches your body without your encouragement. So grab your attractive lady friend and make a happy threesome out of it.

You've earned your stripe.



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IN THE MARCH *VIVA* ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

WOMEN IN SPACE

We know that women are ready to take over the world, but are they ready to assault the universe as well? *Viva* leads you inside the sci-fi world of NASA's space-shuttle program so that you can talk to the first women-astronaut candidates. And *what women they are*!

YUL BRYNNER

His current mistress is the theater, and he's wooing her to rave reviews in a Broadway revival of *The King and I*. Articulate, sexy, and publicity-shy, his majesty himself talks to *Viva* about love, work, friendship, money, and family in this extraordinary interview.

MAN TALK

Have you ever wondered what our lovers say to each other when we womenfolk aren't around? *Viva*'s ace reporter, John Mariani, finally reveals the most intimate secrets of man talk, taking you into the proverbial locker room, where you can listen in on what really goes on.

BODY POWER

If the thought of lifting a barbell conjures up images of bulging biceps à la Arnold Schwarzenegger, you've got a lot to learn about women and weights. Weight lifting is rapidly becoming *the* new exercise for weight-conscious women. You can pull your own weight, with style.

PUNK STYLE

It didn't happen overnight, you know. The origins of what we call "punk" today go back some seven years. Just for *Viva*, famed punk photographer Anton Perich provides a pictorial chronology of punk and some inside dope on the whos, wheres, and whys of this fashion phenomenon.

PLUS:

Fabulous fashions; a *Viva* panel on how to cleanse your skin; sexy spring shoes; a revealing quiz; our liberated couple on what unexpectedly happens when one partner has an outside affair; and a profile of Marianne Partridge, the woman who runs the *Village Voice*.

HOOKED ON HOOKERS

I have been married for five years, and I guess I love my wife. But I also love something else: I love being a pimp. It might sound crazy to you, but I tell you no lie. My wife has always known about this—I told her I had pimped before we met. But she thinks she has changed me and won't believe that I continue to control women. Sometimes I make up stories just to tease her, because it's really gotten to a point where she believes I'm absolutely a "one-woman man."

Recently, I went to my hometown for a month, and while there I gave a ride to a female hitchhiker. She was very pretty, even beautiful—large brown eyes, perfect teeth, and a body that could make tricks drool. I conned her into moving into a friend's apartment that I had access to, and after a session of brainwashing I had her under complete control.

For the squares who don't understand how I use the term brainwashing, *I mean, first, that I am overly handsome and—at six feet two inches and 170 pounds—what most women would want. I also have a mouth that spews forth pure silk. This, combined with a healthy bankroll, a custom Eldorado, sparkling jewelry, and promises of stardom, will make almost any girl fall for me.*

After I had her "hooked," I found her a day job, from which I received all the earnings. At night I dressed her in all the finery she could stand and put her out on the streets. She was fantastic. I hadn't been back in the game since I got married, and I had totally forgotten the thrill of it. In fact, I started thinking of ways to leave my wife!

But I didn't want to hurt my wife, Marie, nor did I want to give up Betty, my whore. I was split into two different personalities. Another reason why I didn't want to give up Betty was that I dominated her so totally. She feared me more than death. I taught her that I was God and that she lived only to serve me; in return, I would protect her and give her the best of everything. I had this young thing so sold that when I snapped my fingers, she would jump as if a torch had been shoved under her. I especially enjoyed it when she held doors open for me and jumped at my commands when my friends were around. And I won't say I carried things too far, because one of the rules of the game is to put a tight hold on the woman's mind and make her a puppet. Believe me, she was a real puppet. It even got to the point where I got freaky when I punished her (for not making enough money or for breaking one of my rules). I used to strip her and beat her with lamp cords, slap her, or dare her to move. I was a demon, and at times I was afraid to go to sleep at night for fear of waking up in hell.

After about two weeks, I tried to get a second "star." And I did. I used the same system—only this time I was arrested for pandering. I got out on bail and returned to my wife, leaving the two girls behind. I told my wife everything, and I began to cry. Marie listened quietly and then said that she would stay with me if I promised to change my ways. I felt like a bastard. I had destroyed two lovely girls for my own evil gain and had almost lost my wife.

To be honest, I must say that as soon as I go to court and this blows over, I know I will go back and do it again. My wife is a good woman, but there is nothing like having someone whom you can control completely. I find myself getting hard when I lie in bed, thinking of my two whores. I lie there for hours while my wife watches television, and I come, thinking of how I owned two slaves and lived like a king.

Am I insane to stay married and continue to hurt and deceive my wife? Or should I follow my heart and go back to being a gentleman of white slavery? I know I probably should see a head doctor, because I am really mixed up. I don't really want a divorce—and I don't really want to be without my whore.—M.C.

You do, indeed, live a somewhat schizophrenic life-style, and I think you ought to see a psychiatrist. At some point you are going to end up causing a lot of trouble for yourself and others, if you continue as you are. It doesn't seem to be the money that attracts you so much as the boost those girls give to your ego, which is a very childish attitude. People are not going to respect you for being married or for controlling women. Rather, they will respect you only for your behavior. I have seen pimps work with women, but they behaved well and treated the girls reasonably, and they all were making money. A pimp doesn't have to beat up a girl or abuse her and then throw her out. If that is your kick, then leave your married life behind. But realize, too, that you will live a life full of aggravation, police hassles, bribes, and most probably drugs as well.

If you live a normal married life, you might be a bit bored at times. But why not look for a reasonable job so you won't have to hang around the house all day long, waiting to get into heavy mischief with other people's lives? I have, during my time as the so-called Happy Hooker, met many girls who had pimps, and I frankly despise the mentality of a pimp. On the other hand, I noticed the masochistic-sadistic relationship between the whore and the pimp. The girl, who is lost and lonely, gets attached to the pimp, who pretends he loves her and maybe throws her a good fuck every few days (in the beginning) to get her hooked to his big prick; and then, once she is working for him in a luxurious apartment, has some nice clothes, and is generally quite happy, he will start abusing her, forcing her to turn more tricks, and sometimes even bring in other girls—the so-called in-laws (since the pimp tends to speak about his relationship between himself and his women in family terms). Well, I much prefer occasionally having a young boy stay with me for whom I may buy some clothes or a meal. Never in my life will I let anybody force me to give up my hard-earned money to buy someone else's pleasure.

Well, both pimps and prostitutes have been around for ages. They can be inseparable and generally gravitate toward each other because of psychological insecurities that only they themselves or a qualified doctor can cure. If you want help, *you* must take the initial step.

IGNORANCE AIN'T BLISS

I am female, nineteen years old, and live in a small city in New York. I come from a relatively good family. Yet, since my parents are strict and I am considered the black sheep of the family, they give me a rough time.

Half of my problem is my parents. When I was a young virgin, I met a really nice guy. We talked a lot about sex, but at first I was hesitant. Finally, I gave in—and loved every minute of it. For the next two years I spent about four hours a day with him, getting loved. I also kept a diary of all our intimate get-togethers, which I made sure was hidden away. Naturally, my parents found the diary and freaked out. They made me go over to the guy's house along with them and the guy's parents. They totally humiliated me and made me feel like a two-bit tramp. The experience left such a mark on me that I turned into a frigid bitch. For two years I never got involved with men and kept them at a distance.

Meanwhile, I met my current boyfriend, Larry. He is everything I've always looked for in a man. We've been going out together for two years, and are seriously thinking about getting married. Right now Larry is stationed in Japan (he's in the marines). He's been there for a year and is coming home in three weeks. In the time we've been together so far, we haven't had any sex. The funny thing is that the reason for not having sex is that he never tried anything. We never even brought up the subject until just before Larry was to leave—we had only two hours left before Larry had to go back. By the time we got around to the actual thing (and we were in the backseat of his jeep at 7:00 A.M.), we realized there wasn't enough time for me to get greased up enough to accommodate him.

About two months ago I met another guy, Roy, who turned me on just by his good looks. He had the personality of a brick but was a regular Adonis. Putting it bluntly, I got laid. After that I saw the guy for another week. He started being a real asshole, and I split.

Now Larry is coming home, and I want to tell him about Roy, but he is the possessive type, and he had asked me not to go to bed with anyone while he was gone. I know if I tell him, he'll be really pissed off. Yet I don't like to keep things from him. What I don't know how to do is tell him so that he doesn't blow his mind. (He'd be even more ticked if he knew I didn't even like the guy.) I know he's been fucking his brains out in Japan, but to him that doesn't justify what I've done. So that's one of my problems.

Since Larry has been in Japan, he's probably experienced almost everything. I'm afraid I'll be a little boring for him, and

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I'd like some ideas on how to please him. It would be a big surprise for him. I'm not into oral sex—yet—but would really like to give it a try. I was brought up to think that anything but straight sex was filthy, and so I became inhibited; but I want to give it to him. I don't know the first thing about going down on someone. I tried it once on a banana and nearly choked to death. I can imagine what a sword swallower goes through!

Well, basically, I love sex, like you. But unlike you, I can't bring myself to really put my heart into it.—L.F.

If you're so convinced that your fiancé has had far more than one affair while in Japan, I can't see why he has the right to be so possessive and jealous of you. We live in a new and different age. Women are equal to men. The period of male chauvinism has come to an end. But if you love him that much and fear his anger, simply shut up about the whole thing. If Larry asks you whether you have been faithful, answer his question with "Have you?" If he laughs, shrugs his shoulders, or avoids answering, you'll both know that each of you has had someone else. In this case what you don't know won't hurt you.

About your sexual experience: either find an experienced lover who can teach you personally or read my latest book, *Super Sex*, which shows hundreds of positions (illustrated with erotic drawings). Another of my books, *The Best Part of a Man*, deals exclusively with how to please the male sex.

MEASLY MUSCLES

I am a straight, twenty-six-year-old male with a unique fetish. I have been completely frustrated in a four-year attempt to realize my fantasies. What I crave to see is muscles on girls.

Since I was eight, when I had my first orgasm from climbing a tree, I have really gotten off on heavy physical exertion. I have lifted weights since I was ten and have stayed in pretty good shape. But my sixteen-inch biceps don't seem to impress girls. And my desire to see good bulging biceps on a girl remains unsatisfied.

I eagerly scan every new Penthouse *and other publications in search of a photo of a girl flexing her muscles. But the best I've ever seen leaves much to be desired. I also take every opportunity to ask girls whom I know to show me their biceps. Of those willing to "show," none has had more than small bumps. I've even written fifteen letters to girls in those classified sex ads (who wanted photo exchanges). Only one answered, and all she had to show was big tits.*

I'm desperate. This is such a harmless, healthy fetish. Why can't I find a girl with good muscles? I'd pay for photos of any muscular girl just showing her arms. No other skin required (although it would be nice—I do like tits and cunts, too).

The best orgasm I've ever had was one I had at a massage parlor. The svelte, friendly young masseuse gave me a great rub-down with oil and was sincerely admiring my bulging biceps when she got very aroused. Now, this was a legitimate parlor, and no fucking was allowed, but she and I jerked off together. As she came, lying next to me, rubbing her clit, I shot off come like I've never done before, spraying hot sperm three or four feet in the air. She liked that—in fact, she ate it up. I liked that. But even she had no muscles.

I realize there is an element of "macho-trip" in me—the need for reassurance of my masculinity, etc. I've been in analysis for two years, but I still feel this need.

Anyway, please try to help me find satisfaction in my search for a girl with rippling muscles. If I could see just one muscular girl, I'd be eternally grateful.—K.R.

There are plenty of wrestling matches being organized, all over the country, specifically for female wrestlers. I have at times attended such matches, and I guarantee you that they are the place to spot strong chicks with tough muscles. Even I get turned on to muscular girls, especially when they fight and take each other in bear hugs or scissors grips. If you can't locate such matches, put ads in underground papers, describing your request. Ask the girls who are willing to answer your ad to enclose a full-length photo of themselves, whether naked or semidressed, so that you can judge for yourself before you decide to contact one of them.

LOVE'S LABORS LOST

I am a paraplegic, paralyzed from the waist down, thanks to the war in Vietnam. Before that cursed afternoon, I could have sex any time and place I so desired. Now it's a whole different story. I crave and yearn for the feel of a woman. However, if I should ever get lucky enough to get a girl in bed, it's quite a chore getting out of my pants and "into hers."

Then there's the problem of an erection and the ability to maintain one long enough to get it into her vagina. And if that feat should be accomplished, there's no possibility of coming. Even if I could get a hard-on for an hour or so, that piece of metal that screwed up my spine also screwed up the possibility to ejaculate. A friend of mine at the VA hospital suggested an artificial penis. He showed me an add for a "Neumo," and it looks okay. But how many women would go for an artificial penis?

It's been almost three years since I have had sex of any kind, and it's driving me up a wall. After my wife divorced me, because I couldn't fulfill her needs, it really put a damper on my libido. I still look at Penthouse *foldouts and porno movies, read spicy stories, and girl-watch, but all this just drives me crazy. I've reached a point where I don't know what to do.*

A close friend of mind suggested you might help me.—J.G.

I wouldn't advise using an artificial penis, but do give self-hypnosis a try. Courses are offered in almost every city.

As far as pleasing women is concerned, you don't even have to expose the lower part of your body if you don't want to. Put your efforts into caressing, stroking, and kissing the woman. Why not cunnilingus? You can bring your lover to the same heights with your tongue as with your cock. Believe me, giving pleasure is as great as receiving it.

BOLD ACQUAINTANCES

I am writing to you out of sheer curiosity. I'd like to know if you hear of many men, like me, who would rather watch other men fuck their wives. I have been married five years, and from the beginning of the second year I have been fixing my wife up with male acquaintances.

It all started when I became ill, about six months after our marriage, and didn't touch my wife for over three months. She is a beautiful female—tall and blond, with very large breasts, a broad pair of hips, and a highly sexed nature. I knew she missed intercourse, and I suggested that we bring another man into our bedroom to "help out." I promised I would not be jealous, if she would just let me watch her going at it. After some persuasion she agreed, and she asked me if I had any particular men in mind. I mentioned a fellow who worked with me, named Jim. I had seen him in the men's room and knew he was extremely well endowed. My wife had met him at several of our company dances, and she agreed right away to make it with him.

By a weird coincidence Joan, my wife, had been indoctrinated into the mysteries of sex at a tender age. It seems her best girl friend in school was a pretty girl named Barbara. Barbara had a nineteen-year-old brother who had "hot nuts" for Joan, and Barbara helped to get Joan for her brother. One day she helped him cop Joan's cherry. So you see, my wife had a strong predisposition toward unknown men.

My coworker and Joan hit it off well right away. Jim would come over to our house at least three nights a week, and he usually spent the night. She said I hadn't exaggerated the size of his penis. Those two were well mated. He fit inside her like a finger in a glove. He had great staying power, and lying with my wife turned him on over and over again. One thing that I liked about Jim was that he really didn't mind if I watched—I think he got an extra kick out of fucking my wife right in front of me. Some of the other men I've contacted, however, don't like to be watched. They want to take Joan in the bedroom and screw her and make me stay outside. I don't like that! After all, if I'm good enough to let a man enjoy my wife, the least he can do is let me watch.

Jim moved away about a year later, but any time he is in town he calls, knowing he is welcome to spend the night with my wife. Since he's been gone, she hasn't had any steady boyfriends, although we've picked up quite a few.

Recently, on a trip to Florida, we went by train and had a stateroom all to ourselves. When we went into the dining car, shortly after the train pulled out, we both noticed a very cute young man assisting passengers with their trays. We struck up a conversation and invited him to our stateroom for a drink. Joan wore a negligee that you could read a newspaper through. When he arrived, she asked him to show her how to make up the berth. She assisted him as the train rocked and rolled, making sure he got a full view of her big boobs. She finally fell into his arms as the train rounded a curve. He looked apprehensively at me, but I only urged him to do what comes naturally. As Joan took his face in her hands and hungrily pressed her open mouth to his lips, he fondled her titties, and they both fell back across the bed. He spent the night right there, in the berth with my wife, and, believe me, he was like a prize stallion. To add to the erotic thrill, we didn't pull the window shade down as we sped through one station after another. If anyone was awake at that hour of the night, it must have been mind-blowing to see a train go by and to look in the window at a guy fucking a woman while another guy watched!

In our short but very sweet married life so far, Joan has had twenty-nine different "studs." The only trouble we have had was with two of them, who wouldn't let me watch. Joan refused to see them again, but she told me everything they did to her.

We are so compatible, and I consider myself very lucky to have a wife like Joan. Do you know of many other couples like us?—G.W.

I wonder how much longer you'll be content to be a looker and not a doer—how much longer before you jump in to make it a happy threesome.

I find the fact that you make your fantasy come true and that your wife helps you in doing that to be very refreshing. You appreciate your wife's body, and you also appreciate men's bodies (as you noticed and admired Jim's cock in the men's room). In this I detect a tendency toward bisexuality. When you do jump into bed with your wife and her partner, you'll be just as happy to be with her as to be with him, whoever he may be. I've met men before who liked to watch their wives being fucked, whether by a man or by a woman (that's how I come into the picture), and in each case the reasons for this attraction have all been different. You have been influenced not only by your childhood, as you have already stated, but also by the friends and acquaintances who go along with your desires to watch them fuck your wife.

You and your wife sound like you've got your system down pat, with no troubles so far. But be careful of the men you choose for your wife. If you pick up strange men to engage in kinky sex, you're bound to run across some kinky men.

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

contest, for I am a writer and I would have submitted a story that is also off-trail. It needs a home, and I would like to think that *Penthouse* is the place for it.

This will not be the last issue of your magazine that I buy.—*Gee Cunningham, Canoga Park, Calif.*

Congratulations to Suzanne Hudson! How on earth could someone as young as she appears to be turn out a story like that? But youth is hardly a crime and sometimes is astonishing. I wish her every success in what I believe will be an illustrious writing career.—*Raymond Asnault, Cambridge, Mass.*

While reading your December 1977 issue, I was interested to see, among other things, the announcement of the winners of the *Penthouse* New Writers Short-Story Contest.

I was not aware that you had sponsored such a program, and I would like you to know that I was very pleased to learn that you did. I wish I had known in time to submit an entry. I heartily applaud your contest idea.—*B.D., Atlanta, Ga.*

Art department

I have never written to a magazine in my life before, but Peter Sato's artwork (illustrating "Presents," December 1977) is beyond belief. I would like to know if he has any books out that I can purchase. He's my favorite!—*Tom Walker, Dunedin, Fla.*

Unfortunately, Peter Sato's beautiful illustrations have not been published in a book. You can, however, continue to enjoy his work from time to time in Penthouse.

With regard to your November issue, I could not allow two items facing one another on pages 150 and 151 to pass without comment. The connection between them will probably not be noticed by anyone else.

True, Texas Christian does have a rotten football team and deserves to be included with the rest of the twenty bottommost college teams, but don't judge the whole school by the standards of the dismally inept players. After all, the illustration of Barry Manilow on page 151 is by one of our students, Jose Cruz. Jose is an "apprentice" of our senior illustration instructor, the great Don Punchatz, whose work *Penthouse* (and the competition) has used, along with work by his other cohorts, such as Sean Early and Melinda Bordelon (who is one of our ex-students), at Sketch Pad studios.

While the football team may deserve the box of its own on page 150, the Texas Christian University art department upholds *our* quality program on page 151.—*Anthony Jones, Chairman, Art, TCU, Fort Worth, Tex.*

College football

Lawrence Linderman's recent article on "The 20 Worst College Football Teams of 1977–78" (November 1977) provided an amusing and refreshingly different perspective of gridiron glory, but it contained at least one woefully inaccurate prediction. Linderman picked the University of Pennsylvania as the eighth worst team in the nation. In fact, the Quakers completed the season with a respectable 5-4 record and tied for third place in the Ivy League behind preseason favorites Yale and Brown.

Penn's "theoretical" ground game hypothesized its way to an average of more than 280 yards per game, tenth *best* in the nation as of this writing, thanks to Coach Harry Gamble's newly installed wishbone offense. For a team "devoid of anything resembling a flashy ballcarrier," the wishbone weaved through its opponents with surprising ease, utilizing the presumably mundane talents of 1,000-yard rusher Dennis Grosvenor, Tom Roland, Johnny Mason, Kevin Blake, and John Montasanti, all of whom (along with the injured Phil Avila, last year's soph sensation) will return next year. Thus bolstered, the Penn offense steamrollered a 42-7 liquidation of Lafayette, a 24-7 castigation of Cornell, and a 21-10 pummeling of Princeton. Meanwhile, the "parsimonious" defense (led by Steve Glasgow, Bob Nix, Charlie Gress, Bob Reich, Mike Daley, and Jose Serra) was just that in upset victories over Dartmouth and Brown.

Therefore, do not conclude that students at Penn—or any other highly regarded academic institution—necessarily have a dearth of physical skills commensurate with their preponderance of mental ability. Just ask the ladies.—*J.P. Kane, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Veteran info

A recent bill signed into law allowing a 6.6 percent pay increase for veterans' benefits includes a proposal that the Veterans Administration take over the control of the Veterans Cost of Instruction Program.

In 1973 the VA was forcing vets to wait for as long as five and six months to receive their benefits. Vets were losing their cars and homes while they attended school and waited for the promised check to arrive. Therefore, the Veterans Cost of Instruction Program was created.

Funded by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, the VCIP acts as the veteran's advocate. The VCIP is there not only to help the vet with the VA but also to provide assistance in social matters concerning school, employment, child day care, the landlord, the loan officer, alcohol and drug abus, and more.

If the VA takes the VCIP out of the hands of HEW, the VA in fact will become its own watchdog. Veterans have become dependent on a prompt and steady paycheck. Going back to the days of six-month delays would indeed throw several thousand vets out of school into a closed job market.—*Andrew Lacher, Mesa, Ariz.*

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My husband receives your magazine every month, and we both feel that your service, the Vietnam Veterans Adviser, is very good, but there are other veterans besides those from the Vietnam conflict.

My husband served between the Korean and the Vietnam wars, which means that he is a "peacetime, nonservice-connected veteran" and is not entitled to a pension or even aid and attendance for home care. He has been a paraplegic ever since.

When we married in 1973, I was able to work. So there was no problem. I could earn a good wage by taking on a man's job. I had been a secretary before marriage, but in a small town such a job doesn't pay enough to live. So I took a different job and was hurt in an industrial accident in August 1974. I also am now handicapped. We both receive social-security benefits, but they do not rise every time the cost of living does. We are thirty-six and thirty-nine years old and are receiving handicap social-security benefits; so we are not even on an equal rate with senior citizens, because they can make money over and above their social security. At our ages we have a long time to live on just social security, and it would help if the government realized our problem.

We have written letters to all the members of the Veterans Affairs Committee, but they say that there is no help in sight. I wish that someone in the government would look into the problems of the peacetime, nonservice-connected veterans.—*Name and address withheld*

Feedback feedback

This letter is in reference to the "Moans and Groans" raised over the use of the American flag on your August 1977 cover picture ("Feedback," November 1977).

All of the commotion over the picture amounts to just so much noise when one considers what the real issue is. The American flag is simply a piece of colored cloth that symbolizes certain concepts that we believe in. It is not a sacred cloth. It holds no magical powers and, when used daily, cannot cure the common cold. I wonder how many of these moaners and groaners bothered to vote in the last election. Judging by the election returns, there seem to be quite a few who didn't bother.

As far as the use of the flag is concerned, I tend to agree with the British. When a flag is torn, it's used for other purposes.

Perhaps the people who wrote in to complain would do better to remember that the flag is a symbol of what the people stand for; the people are not a symbol of what the flag stands for.—*Michael S. Toth III, Studio City, Calif.*

In your November 1977 issue, many people protested the use of the American flag on the cover of your August 1977 issue. Well, I would like to give my point of view—from one who is in the United States Navy and has sworn to defend the United States and our way of life.

To each of these "Moaners and Groaners," I say: stick it in your ear, Buddy! If we

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R. C., Mich., says: *"I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.*

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Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

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But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"

And now, you too, can learn to use *S/A Hypnotism* to meet, date and even *seduce* beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).

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Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

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Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

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Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration)... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

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Try out the principle of *S/A Hypnotism* for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even *slept* with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund *and more*.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you payed for our material)

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- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)
- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: *S/A Hypnotism* works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or S/A Hypnotism.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a *reliable, no-nonsense* method of getting girls; a method that will work *anywhere, anytime* ... maybe you should give *S/A Hypnotism* an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

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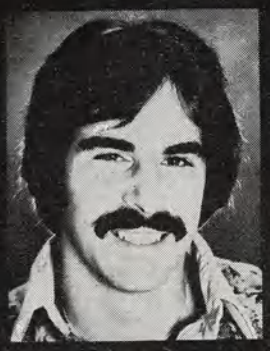

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can cover our dead with it, I see no reason for objecting to covering the bodies of the beautiful women who give us life.—*Name and address withheld*

A careful reading of Joe Trento and Dave Roman's reply to James B. Canel and Jenkin Lloyd Jones ("Feedback," December 1977) shows that much of the reporters' reply does not answer their critics' demand for substantial proof of the charges made against the Inter American Press Association. Merely to say that "numerous Latin American officials . . . have made the same charge" (describing the IAPA as "pure CIA") is to say nothing.

Despite Trento and Roman's grandiose talk about "our research" and what it has 'clearly demonstrated," they end weakly by saying that "we have been advised" and that "we have been told." Oh yeah? What rot. They miss the whole point. In my opinion, Canel and Jones win that round.—*Tom Fox, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada*

I am writing in response to a couple of letters published in your December 1977 "Feedback" column, concerning the preference given to veterans in civil-service and some state jobs.

For several years I have applied for state- and federal-government jobs. I am not a veteran. My test scores in reality have often been higher than those of my competitors, but the five-to-ten-point vet's preference has often negated any advantage, experience, or knowledge that I had. This also applies to forestry students, especially graduates, who sometimes have little or no practical experience, while I work seasonally as a forest service employee.

I hold nothing against the veterans or forestry students personally. But a preference based on unrelated training versus actual experience doesn't make sense and influences the quality of work and individual performance of personnel—not to mention safety conditions. Often vets or students are hired as supervisors because of this preference.

I believe that jobs where there is risk of injury and where there is no substitute for years of experience, knowledge of the subject, and field experience should have prerequisites other than military experience or a college education.—*Thomas P. Graham, Troy, Mont.*

Hanging in there

I'd like to thank you for the wonderful job you're doing putting out *Penthouse* in the face of all the controversy surrounding it in Canada. Action at the border has delayed but not stopped my receiving *Penthouse* each month. Your magazine is always fresh and daring, yet not lewd and vulgar like so many others on the market today.—*J.D.B., Ontario, Canada.*

While we have had differences of opinion, we have always found Canadian customs extremely fair and efficient. We're very glad that you're receiving Penthouse *and enjoying it.*

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MOANS & GROANS

I am writing to protest the way you coyly avoid male frontal nudity in your couples pictorials. In contrast to the female models, who assume increasingly uninhibited poses, the males that occasionally appear look positively demure.

When I began subscribing to *Penthouse* some years ago, you seemed to favor showing male nudity when it was natural in context. But since then, though your women have bared more and more, your men have been peculiarly more modest. The absurd limit was reached in the pictorial "Sea Song," in the December 1977 issue. There, while the woman's orifices were proudly displayed, the man's genitals were hidden either by the breaking waves or by the man's rather stodgy posing.

My wife and friends join me in calling for an end to this artifice, which offsets the intended eroticism of your couples pictorials. The day may never come when *Penthouse* feels free to picture an erect penis in a couples pictorial (logical though that would be), but you should not so pointedly hide or obscure male genitals. Your magazine assumes a stance of sexual liberation; don't belie it in this way.—*Name and address wthheld.*

Although we appreciate the fact that we have many women readers, Penthouse *is "The International Magazine for* Men." *We find that the great majority of our readers prefer to view the* female *form, and we do not think this "belies" our stance of sexual liberation.*

I am writing to protest your pictorial "Any Sport in a Storm (Trooper)" in the November 1977 issue.

The Nazi swastika was the emblem under which millions of human beings were exterminated and millions of others suffered tremendous mental anguish. To associate such a horrible symbol with sexuality and pleasure is a disservice to humanity and a desecration of the memory of those who suffered under the reign of Nazism. Today the swastika continues to appear throughout society as a symbol of racial and religious prejudice, and your pictorial only served to further the approval and use of this symbol.

I hope that in the future you will realize that the same type of sensuality attempted in this pictorial can be achieved without the use of the swastika or any other symbol of hatred.—*Name and address withheld*

We are sorry that you were offended by the pictorial. We did not mean to imply a connection between Nazism and sensuality. Penthouse has often published historical photo-essays, depicting the Victorian era, the Roman Empire, and even futuristic events. There has, however, recently been a resurgence of interest in World War II

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Germany, which is reflected in several new books, in Paris fashion shows, and in many films (The Serpent's Egg *and* Cabaret). *"Any Sport in a Storm (Trooper)" was a satirical fantasy that in no way indicated an approval of Nazism.*

I read with great interest and alarm Craig S Karpel's article "Cartergate I: The Death o Democracy" (November 1977).

What I would like to know is why an article of such importance appeared in *Penthouse* magazine. It is hardly the medium for conveying serious information. Wouldn't you say that publication in *Penthouse* impairs the credibility of the article?—*B.F., Pompano Beach, Fla.*

Penthouse *publishes serious and important articles by well-known and respected writers every month; this is a rule and not an exception. Your own words "read with great interest and alarm" would seem to prove that the "credibility" of the article was not at all impaired.*

My wife and I are in our early twenties and consider ourselves to be very open-minded and liberal. We are avid readers of *Penthouse*, and both of us enjoy the contents of the magazine.

That is, we enjoyed it until, when flipping through the December 1977 issue, we came across a cartoon that sickened and shocked us both. The cartoon I am referring to appeared on page 208 and depicted Santa Claus, with shotgun in hand, standing over the bloody body of a small child, saying, "That will teach you to be a good boy." We did not find it entertaining or in any way humorous. Murder, child abuse, and the deterioration of morals and ideals are devastating social problems. We feel that these problems are aggravated by the falsified image that they could in any way be entertaining or humorous.

Christmas should be a time of love, joy, and fellowship. The holiday holds a special meaning for children. This cartoon is sick and beneath the usual caliber of *Penthouse* material.—*Mike and Ellen Kraner, Salem, Oreg.*

It is beyond any stretch of my imagination how anyone could find humor in the bullet-ridden body of a child—at the hands of a Santa Claus, no less!

It is apparent to me that those who are responsible for this cartoon are in dire need of help. Living today as we do in a society capable of producing a Son-of-Sam killer, you should feel a certain responsibility not to fuel sick minds with new ideas.

I pray that you are never in the position of viewing someone dear to you in a photo like that cartoon.—*Name and address withheld*

This now-infamous cartoon was perceived by its author/artist, Erkki Alanen, as a comment on the continuing deterioration of Christmas as a religious-cum-family holiday and the ruthless commercialization of its traditional values.

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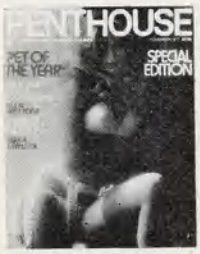
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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

oped into anything lasting longer.

An important part of satisfying sex is time. I like nature to be able to take its course, even though I do get into hurried situations now and then. After all the fire is spent, there is still something beautiful about going to sleep cradled in the arms of a big football player or cuddling around the form of a pretty woman. There is a lot of peace and fulfillment either way. Also, it's nice to anticipate the possibility of a repeat performance before you part in the morning.

By now you have probably noticed: I'm not a romantic in any sense of the word. I like straightforward, honest, satisfying sex for its own sake. Do I love these people I fuck with? Yes, in my own way I say emphatically that I do. But being the way I am, I find it's more honest and honorable to keep things the way they are—*Name and address withheld*

Second childhood

One hot Saturday afternoon a couple of years ago, my girl friend and I got smashed and decided to shave each other as a gag. It started out just by our taking a snip here and there, but we got so carried away that we did a complete job, even down to clipping the hair off my crotch.

I am quite small (of stature, not cock size), and so is my girl friend. With all our pubic hair gone, we looked like a couple of prepubescent kids. We fucked after we got the hair off, and it was really a great sexual fantasy to pretend that we were children. To add to the illusion, we both affected little kids' voices.

We got such a bang out of it that we decided we wanted to put on a fucking scene with an audience. We both got hold of clothes made for eleven- or twelve-year-olds. They fit us fine without any alterations. Then we ran an ad in one of the underground newspapers inviting people to get in touch with us.

We were really deluged with replies. We turned down those we suspected of being kooks and perverts and finally found a couple that seemed okay. When the two arrived, we made up a story that our parents were in Europe.

After smoking some grass, we undressed each other and put on our fucking act. It sent the other couple wild. When we invited them to join in the fucking, the woman was afraid that they might be getting into trouble, but the guy was so hot that he talked her into it. So I fucked her, and he fucked my girl friend.

When it was over, they asked us a lot of questions. They could not understand how I could have such a big tool at my age. I told them that I was just well developed and had been fucking since I was nine. We finally told the couple the real story. They weren't very disappointed and said that it was quite an intriguing illusion.—*Name and address withheld*

First encounters of the third kind

I am a male college student who has finally worked up enough nerve to write and tell about my first sexual experience, which happened two years ago. Since then I have had many like it, but none has ever been quite like the first.

When my father died, my mother and I moved into an apartment house, where she was the manager. There were three bachelor apartments that she had to clean weekly. I helped her with the cleaning on weekends. One of the bachelors was a man named Paul, who was about thirty-five and divorced. I'm sure he had women visit him often, because I would see them leave in the morning when I was leaving the house.

One Saturday my mother asked me to clean Paul's room while she shopped. When I knocked on the door and got no answer, I used the pass key. As I carried the vacuum cleaner inside, closed the door, and turned around, Paul walked into the room from the bathroom with nothing on but a towel around his neck. We both froze where we stood, he with surprise and I with awe to see him standing there in the nude. My eyes were glued to his body—specifically, to his cock. I could neither move nor take my eyes off him. I couldn't speak. My mouth was suddenly very dry, and my heart was pounding so hard that I think he must have heard it. My friends at school had talked about how it feels to be worked up like this, but I'd never had any idea how such a feeling could make you so petrified and nearly unable to breathe. Paul must have sensed my feeling, for he walked toward me and placed my hand directly on his cock, which had begun to harden. I had never felt anything so exciting in my life before and immediately started to squeeze it and then move my hand along its length. By this time it was extremely hard, and Paul let out a low moan and said, "You like that, don't you?" I couldn't say a word. I just stood there and continued caressing his big cock.

Suddenly, he took my other hand and led me toward the couch. I was so excited that I could barely walk, my hand still on his cock. When we reached the couch, he stopped and, while still standing, said, "I bet it would feel even better on your lips." Without even hesitating, I leaned over and touched it with my lips while Paul placed his hands on the back of my head and pressed me close against him. My whole body began to shake, my legs gave out, and I fell to my knees before him while I grabbed him around the legs for support. He sat down on the edge of the couch and spread his legs, still holding my head to him. It seemed that my mouth opened instinctively, and I wrapped my lips around the head of his prick. He sucked in his breath and moaned while arching himself to push more of his cock into my mouth. My hands held his hips, and I took the whole shaft until it touched the back of my mouth. I began sucking up and down, faster and faster, cupping his ass in one hand,

FORUM

PRESENTS

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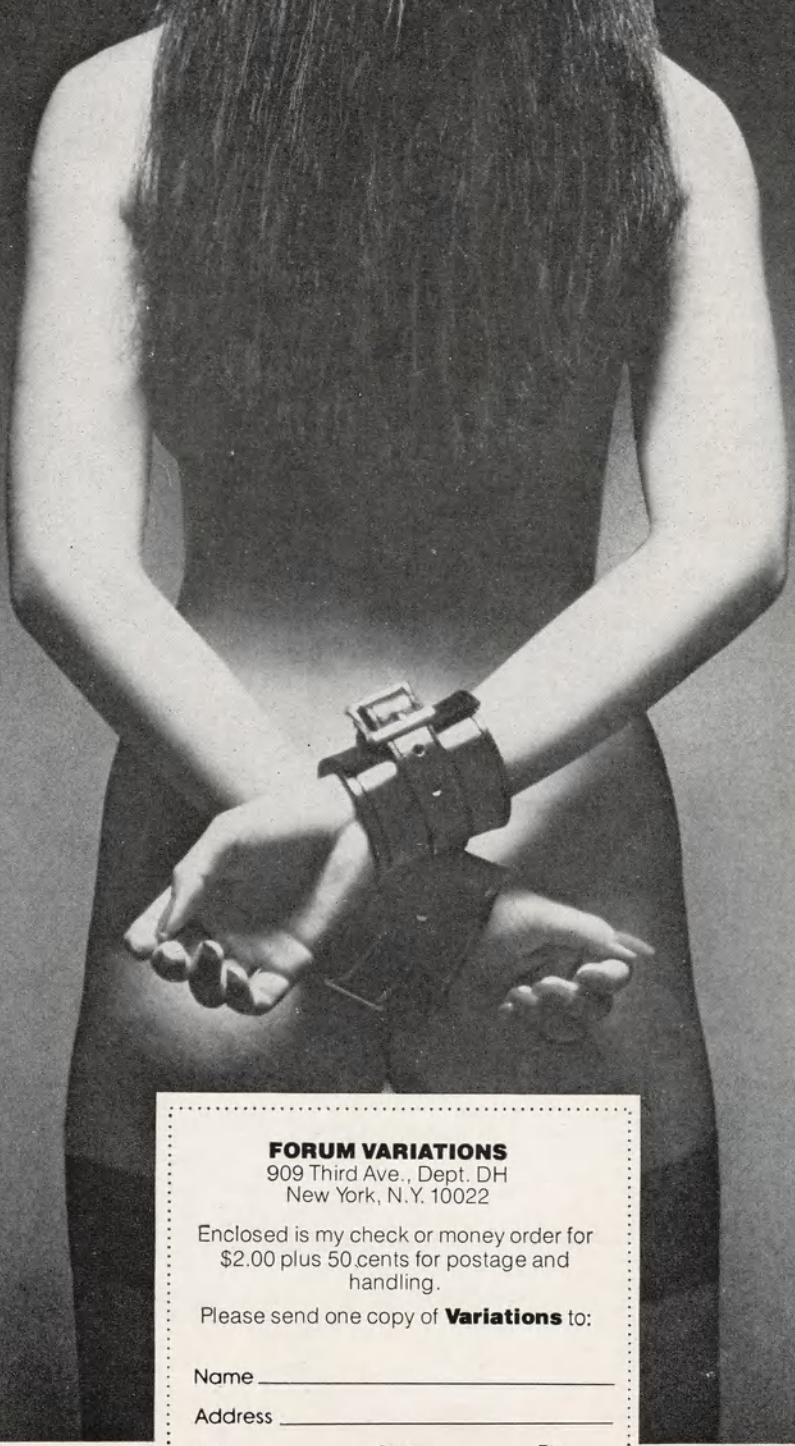

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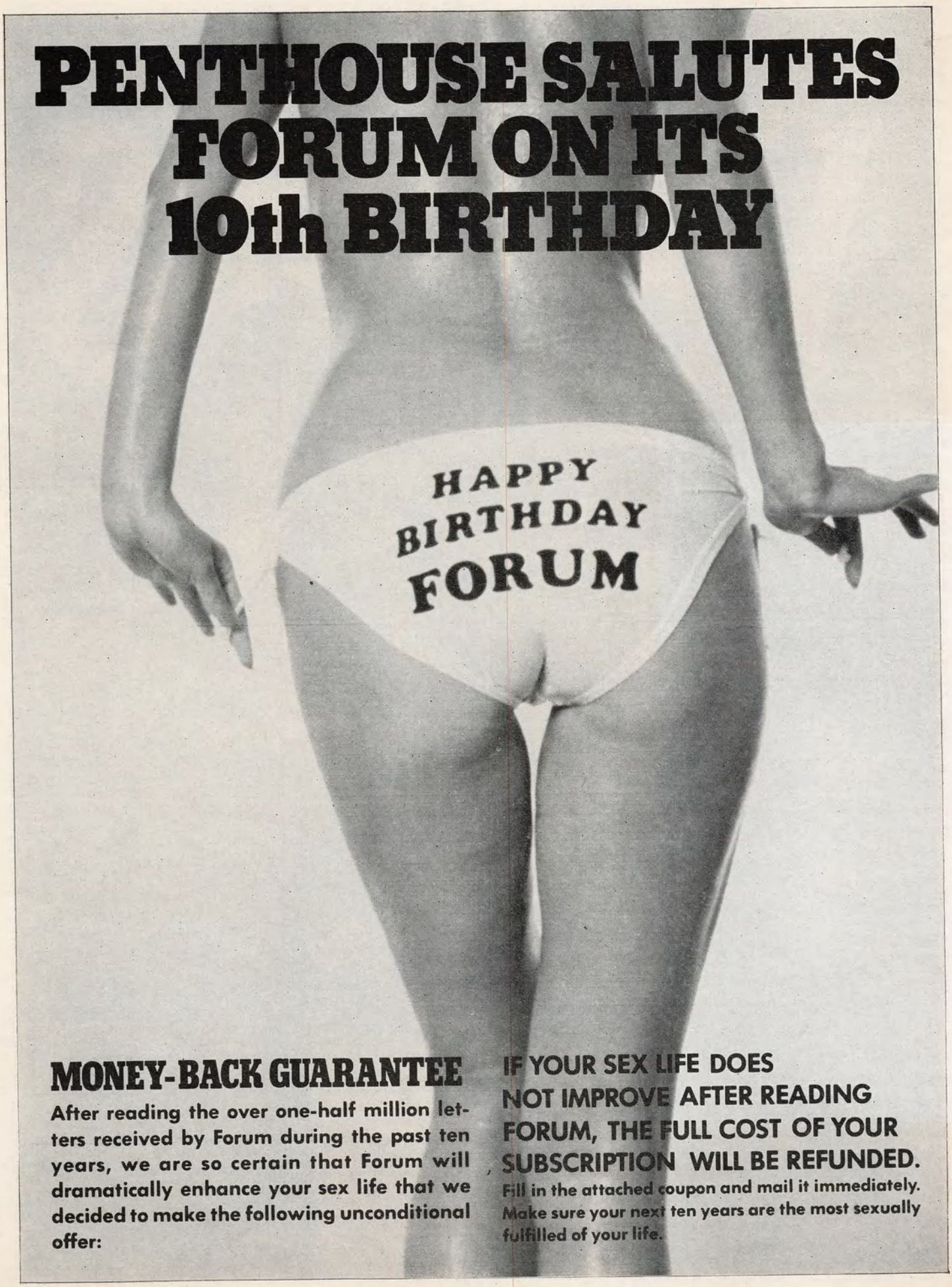

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

After reading the over one-half million letters received by Forum during the past ten years, we are so certain that Forum will dramatically enhance your sex life that we decided to make the following unconditional offer:

IF YOUR SEX LIFE DOES NOT IMPROVE AFTER READING FORUM, THE FULL COST OF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WILL BE REFUNDED.

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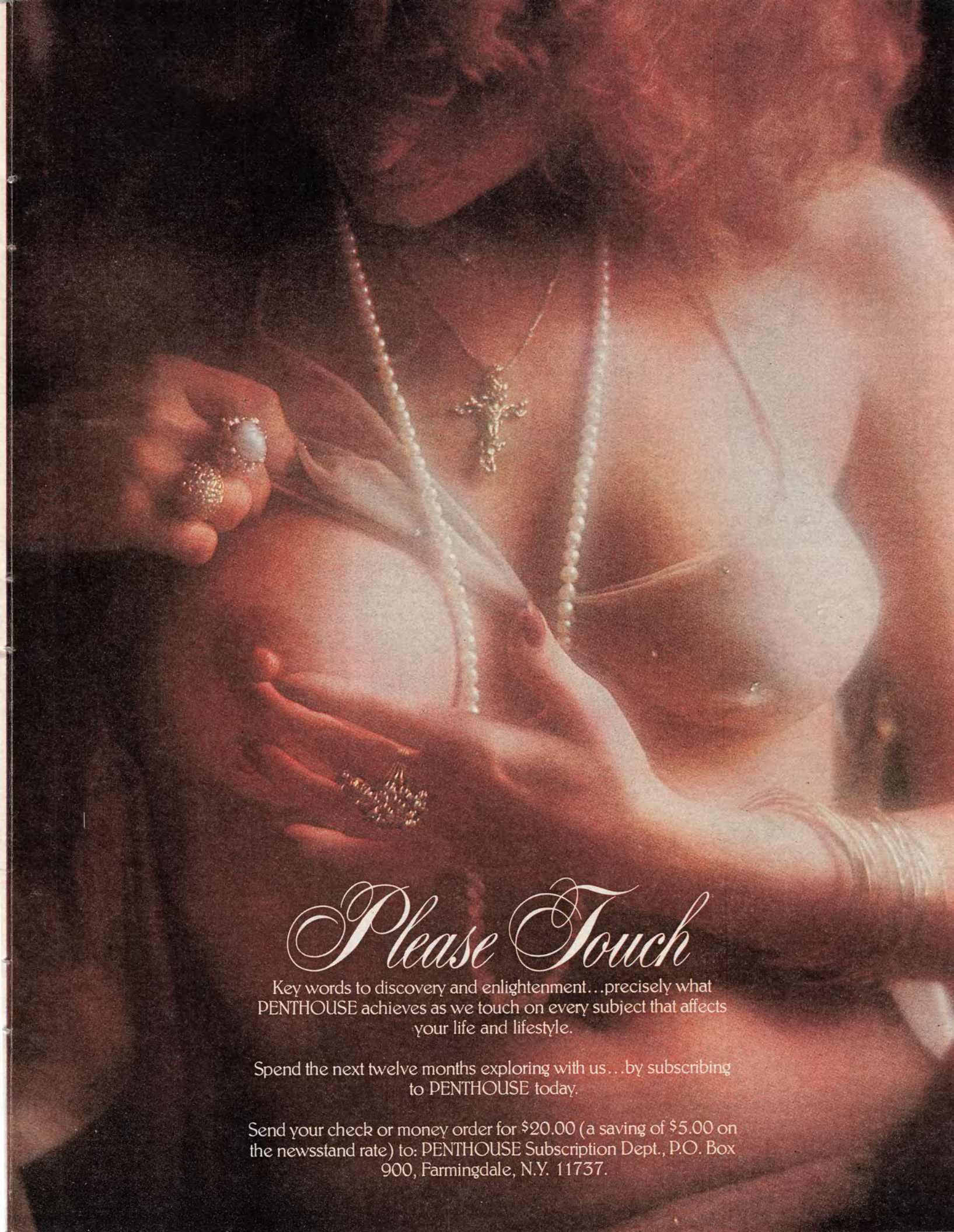
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BANISH ACNE FOREVER

Left (top and bottom): Actual, unretouched before and after pictures of *22 year old,* university student, Meg Currie, during her VIVA-sponsored visits to the Hayoun Clinic.

Above and below: Meg Currie who refused to accept the prevailing medical consensus that acne could not be cured and agreed to "try one more time...."

One of the world's foremost authorities on beauty and skin care, Edouard Hayoun, has perfected a unique, nonsurgical answer to the physically and psychologically destructive nature of common acne. This remedy, featured editorially in *Viva* magazine, has an unerring history of success with all of the many men, women, and children Hayoun has personally treated over more than two and one-half decades.

Now, this extraordinary treatment has been scientifically reconstituted for optimum effectiveness in home use. It comes complete in a handsome, easily transportable 5½" X 7" X 2¼" kit with four bottled preparations and full directions as to their simple application and use. By devoting approximately twenty minutes per day, the treatment will normally take from four to six weeks. The treatment is unconditionally guaranteed to immediately arrest, reduce, or ultimately banish even the most virulent and tenacious acne condition—including the scars and pockmarks normally left behind.

For your Hayoun Cosmetique Kit, please send money order or check for $29.95 plus $2.50 for postage and handling (New York residents add appropriate sales tax) to Hayoun Cosmetique, 212 E. 68th Street, New York, New York 10021. Allow four weeks for delivery.

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squeezing and fondling his balls with the other. I felt as though I could go on for hours like this: it seemed like the most natural thing in the world to do.

Then Paul started moaning louder and louder, his breath coming very fast and his whole body churning and bucking. I knew what was about to happen, but I couldn't stop. Instead, I increased the tempo, encircling his huge cock with my tongue and applying more pressure with my mouth. Just then he exclaimed, "Oh, my God, I'm coming, I'm coming!" The first spurt hit the back of my mouth and nearly made me choke, but I quickly swallowed it and kept taking more and more of his beautiful cock into my craving mouth. Finally, Paul fell back, exhausted, and when I removed his dick from my mouth, I continued kissing it while I played with his balls.

After a few moments, Paul lifted me up alongside of him on the couch. He held my face in his hands and said, "That was the best blowjob I've ever had. Now I want to do something for you. So take off your clothes, too, so that I can reciprocate."—*Name and address withheld*

Penthouse catalyst

I read with amusement the letter from the college guys who sat around in their dorm lobby, reading the letters in "Forum," in hopes that some girls would come along and take the cue. I certainly hope they've kept on trying.

Boys, I can see from the address that you attend a State University of New York school. Have you considered transferring? I, too, attend a SUNY school. (In fact, I'm writing this letter in my psych 101 class, which is a crashing bore.) The way I got to meet most of the guys I know was by offering to share my copies of your magazine, which, surprisingly, is at a premium. One of these guys, Peter, lives in my dorm with five other guys, one of whom I had been screwing on a friendly basis. When I mentioned that I read *Penthouse* regularly, he remarked that he would like to bring up his collection from home so that we could read together. I smiled, but I didn't take him seriously.

Almost every time I went down to visit these guys, I would end up in a conversation about sex with Peter. He would point out letters in "Forum" and ask, "Have you ever tried that?" The more we talked, the more I got ideas, until by Christmas I wanted to fuck him so much that I could taste it. I made sure that when we came back for the spring term, it would happen.

The Sunday Peter arrived I went down to greet him. He seemed happy to see me again, and so were three of his roommates. I had dressed myself up pretty well and felt alluring. We all sat around listening to the music, and as the night wore on, I noticed that Peter and I had been sitting closer and closer to each other. Suddenly, he reached over and touched my hand, caressing my fingers gently and artfully. Naturally, I responded in kind, and pretty soon we graduated from hands to thighs.

At about this time another guy announced that he wanted to go out drinking. Everyone else, noticing the interaction between Peter and me, said they'd like to go, too. One by one they slipped out, and after the last guy stepped out, I got up, shut the door quietly, took off my shoes and glasses, and, without a word, kissed Peter softly. I wanted to move slowly, but he was impatient and pulled me close and slipped his hands under my shirt to caress my large breasts. In no time at all our clothes were all over the floor, and his tongue was plunging down my cunt as far as it would go, flicking and swirling furiously. His gently-caressing tongue and lips brought me to the brink of orgasm, but instead of making me come, he jumped up and with some difficulty (because he is much taller than I and because my cunt is rather small) plunged his long, thick cock in, moving slowly yet forcefully, bringing us both to a rousing climax.

Fucking Peter was like being in a dream. We would lie quietly, close together afterward, and suddenly he'd be gloriously hard again, ready for another go at it. First, we settled into the good old missionary position, my favorite. Then he pulled me up on my knees and entered me from behind, filling me up completely as I massaged my clitoris to climax. Then, after a spirited round of fellatio, he lay on his back while I playfully bounced on top. (I got the biggest kick out of running my hands over his chest and watching his handsome face as he came!)

After some more ardent fucking, we sat together, resting, closely and tenderly, listening to the music and to each other's breathing. We might have been at it all night had it not been for the guy who shares Peter's room. He came home early in anticipation of his very first class of the semester, which was scheduled for 8:00 the next morning. Never had I gotten down to such good, old-fashioned fucking so intensely. And yet I wanted more! I still do, and if he does, I'm sure we'll get it on again in that same grand style.

The point of my little story is to show what happens when one has good taste in reading. Women who read *Penthouse* get what they want.—*Name and address withheld*

Head coach

I am a great fan of your magazine. I was first introduced to it by my husband, Bob. That's where my experience with giving head started. I met my husband through my dear mother, who at that time had been Bob's lover. He had been in the area looking for a job and took to my mother immediately. I must admit that I didn't like him when I met him, probably because I envied my mother's ability to make it with very handsome men. He is tall, very slender, and the most magnificent shade of brown imaginable. My mother is of medium height, a little on the heavy side, but very attractive, and I am nineteen and built fairly well. Both my mother and Bob are in their early forties.

Bob left after about three months but

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

IN THE MARCH *FORUM* ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN SAY YES

Even when a woman is not in the mood, there are some techniques a man can use that will help her change her mind. Learn about the seduction methods that work—and the ones that don't.

THE FABULOUS TAO TECHNIQUES

Did you know that the male orgasm and ejaculation are not one and the same thing? By practicing ejaculation control, a man can increase the intensity of his orgasm and gain an almost unlimited capacity for touching and loving. Read about the Tao techniques in the March issue of *Forum*.

SNORING AND SEX DO NOT MIX

Every night millions of people are kicked, jabbed, berated, and even banished to a sofa because of the awful noises they make when they sleep. But snoring *can* be controlled. Here are some relationship-saving tips for snorers and their long-suffering mates.

A LOVE LETTER TO MEN

A mash note from a liberated lady, who says: "My heart goes out to you men, with love and tenderness and compassion. What a bewildering and frustrating position you find yourselves in right now. All around me I hear women attacking their men, and I am confused and ashamed, for I know that this is not the way it should be."

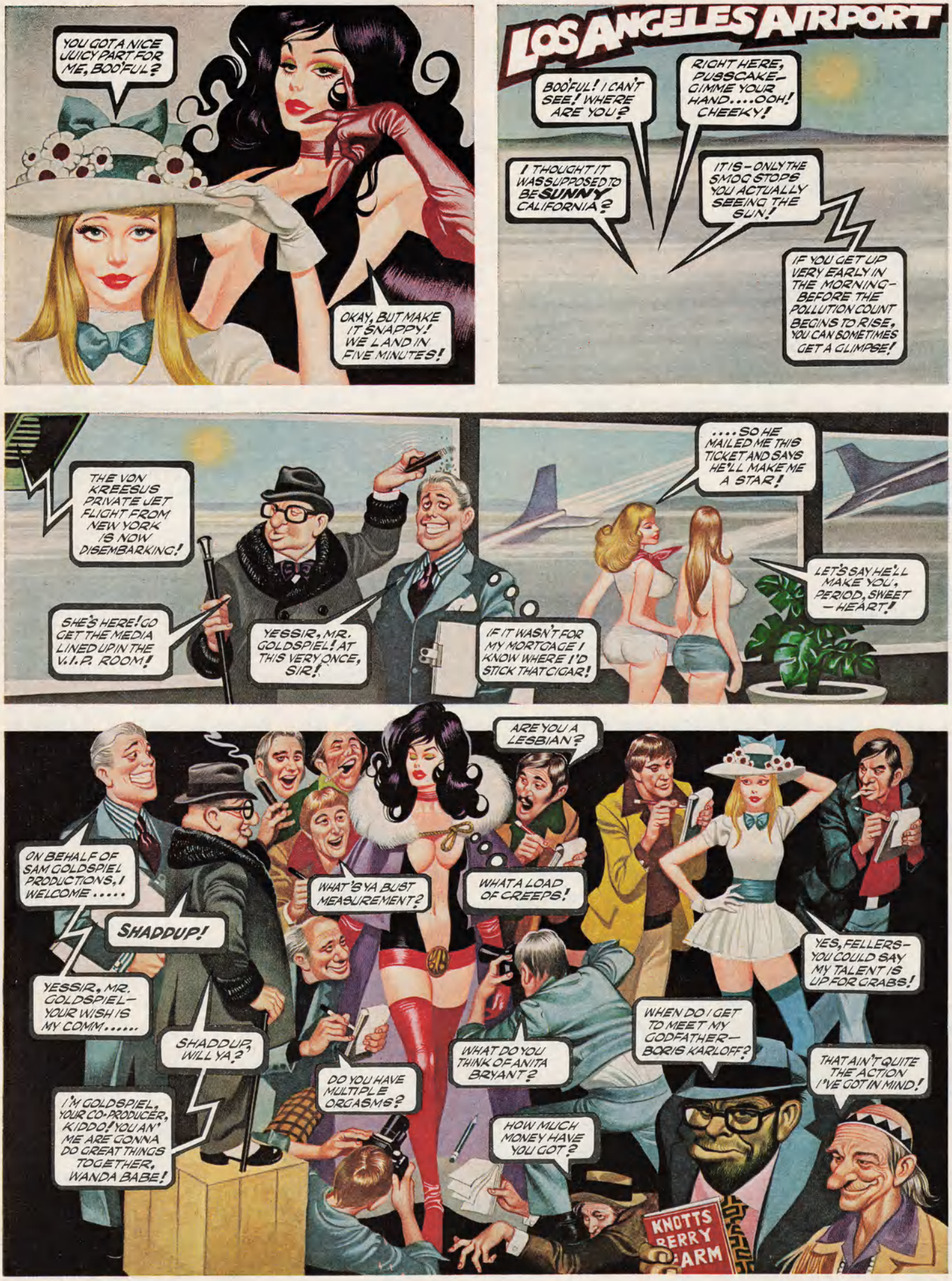
THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION: A MANIFESTO

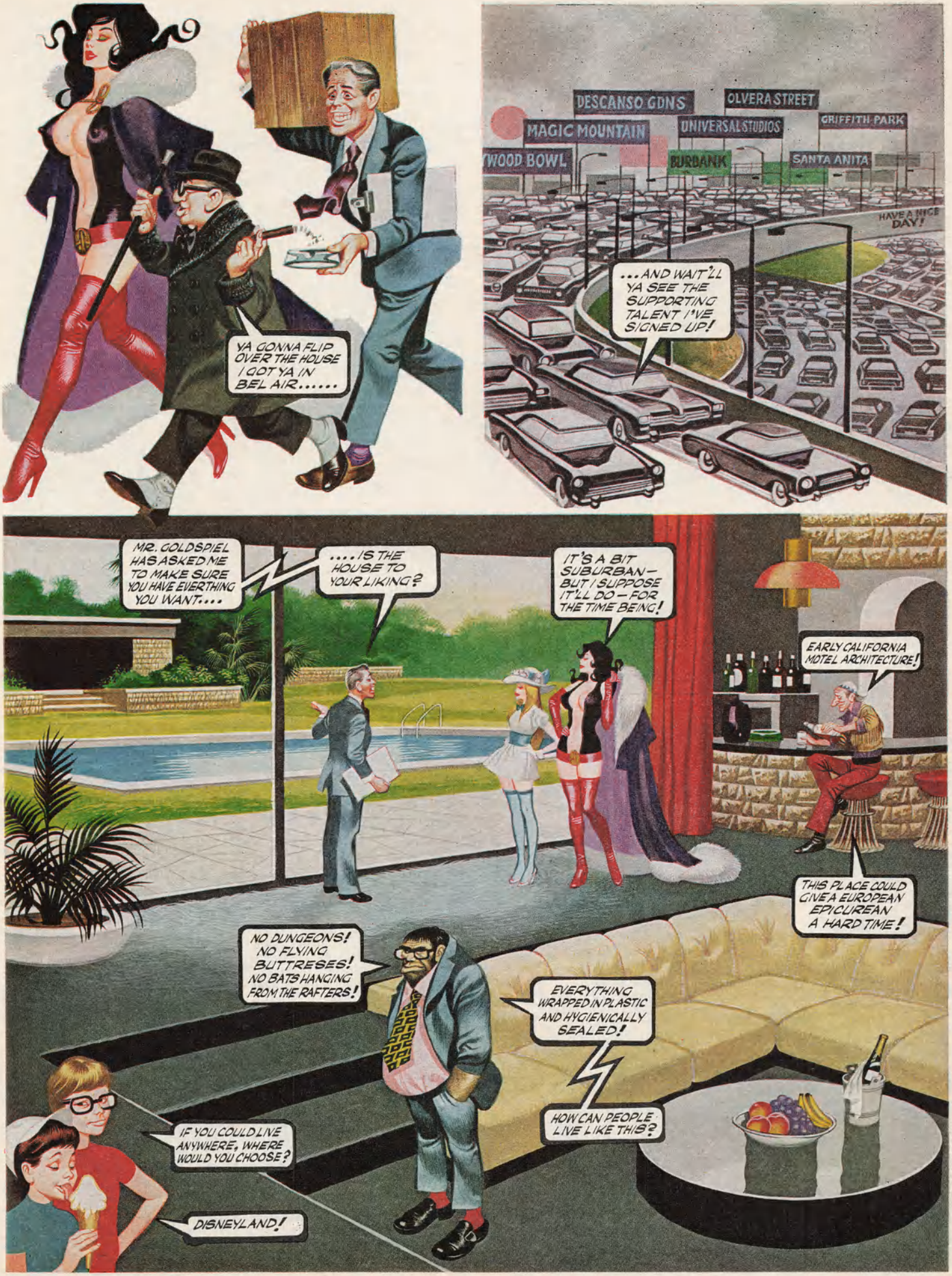
Dr. John Money, one of America's foremost sex researchers, presents a brilliant review of the sexual history of the past decade and an impassioned plea for erotic freedom. "Sexual freedom is the last great frontier of human freedoms. Let us keep it open, for this frontier is our birthright, natural and divine."

OH WICKED WANDA!
AS IF THE CALIFORNICATES—(PARDON!) CALIFORNIANS WEREN'T CURSED ENOUGH WITH THE SAN ANDREAS POLLUTION AND THE SAN CLEMENTE FAULT—HERE COME WANDA & CO!
I'M PUTTING UP A $20,000,000 BUDGET AND WE'RE ALL GONNA STAR IN THE MOST NAUSEATING MOVIE EVER MADE!
IF'N IT AIN'T MOTEY CARS—IT'S GODDAMED AIRYPLANES!
LOOK—THE GRAND CANYON!
THE LANDSCAPES OF ALBERT BIERSTADT
THE THINGS YOU'RE EXPECTED TO DO IN THIS MAN'S ARMY!
PUSSCAKE—YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME!
WEIGHT WATCHING THE SADO MASO WAY
SEEN ONE OF NATURE'S CRACKS, SEEN 'EM ALL!
THESE EXECUTIVE THERAPY TOYS OF SAPIEN'S ARE GREAT!
NOW LISTEN TO ME—ALL OF YOU! WE ARE GOING TO CALIFORNIA TO MAKE THE BIGGEST BOX-OFFICE BLOCKBUSTING MOVIE IN THE HISTORY OF HOLLYWOOD! IT'LL HAVE EVERYTHING....
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
AVAILABLE for MASONICS

Violence!
DOWN WITH THE ADVANTAGES OF BEAUTY
EQUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL WOMEN
WB
Sex!
Disaster!
GRAND ORDER OF ALBANIAN JAILERS

...and social Realism!
Puss Commandos of the World UNITE!

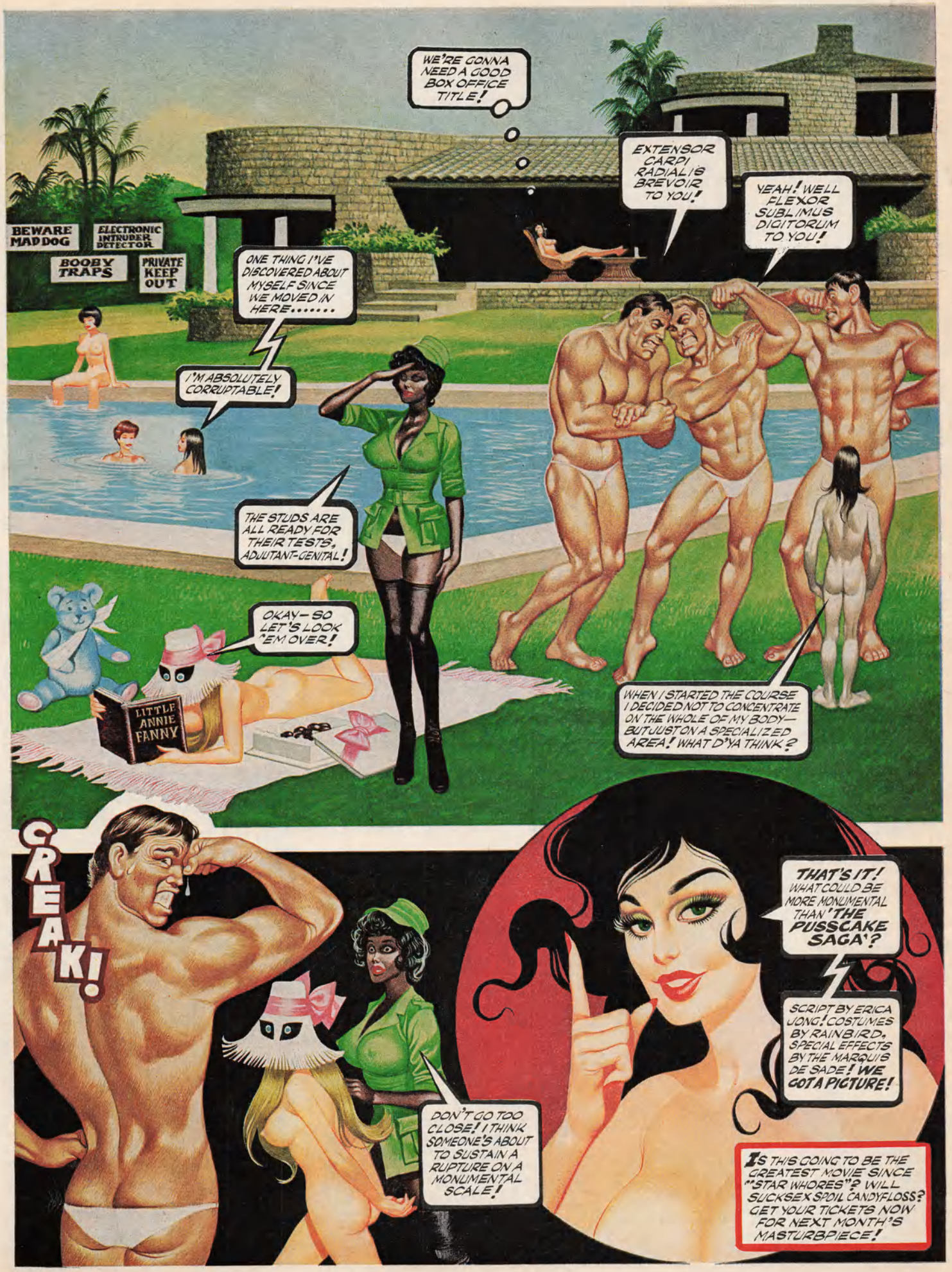

YOU GOT A NICE JUICY PART FOR ME, BOO'FUL?
OKAY, BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY! WE LAND IN FIVE MINUTES!
LOS ANGELES AIRPORT
BOO'FUL! I CAN'T SEE! WHERE ARE YOU?
I THOUGHT IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE SUNNY CALIFORNIA?
RIGHT HERE, PUSSCAKE— GIMME YOUR HAND....OOH! CHEEKY!
IT IS — ONLY THE SMOG STOPS YOU ACTUALLY SEEING THE SUN!
IF YOU GET UP VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING — BEFORE THE POLLUTION COUNT BEGINS TO RISE, YOU CAN SOMETIMES GET A GLIMPSE!
THE VON KREESUS PRIVATE JET FLIGHT FROM NEW YORK IS NOW DISEMBARKING!
SHE'S HERE! GO GET THE MEDIA LINED UP IN THE V.I.P. ROOM!
YESSIR, MR. GOLDSPIEL! AT THIS VERY ONCE, SIR!
....SO HE MAILED ME THIS TICKET AND SAYS HE'LL MAKE ME A STAR!
IF IT WASN'T FOR MY MORTGAGE I KNOW WHERE I'D STICK THAT CIGAR!
LET'S SAY HE'LL MAKE YOU, PERIOD, SWEET — HEART!
ON BEHALF OF SAM GOLDSPIEL PRODUCTIONS, I WELCOME.....
SHADDUP!
YESSIR, MR. GOLDSPIEL— YOUR WISH IS MY COMM.....
SHADDUP, WILL YA?
I'M GOLDSPIEL, YOUR CO-PRODUCER, KIDDO! YOU AN' ME ARE GONNA DO GREAT THINGS TOGETHER, WANDA BABE!
WHAT'S YA BUST MEASUREMENT?
ARE YOU A LESBIAN?
WHAT A LOAD OF CREEPS!
DO YOU HAVE MULTIPLE ORGASMS?
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ANITA BRYANT?
HOW MUCH MONEY HAVE YOU GOT?
WHEN DO I GET TO MEET MY GODFATHER— BORIS KARLOFF?
YES, FELLERS— YOU COULD SAY MY TALENT IS UP FOR GRABS!
THAT AIN'T QUITE THE ACTION I'VE GOT IN MIND!
KNOTTS BERRY FARM


YA GONNA FLIP OVER THE HOUSE I GOT YA IN BEL AIR.....
DESCANSO GDNS
OLVERA STREET
MAGIC MOUNTAIN
UNIVERSAL STUDIOS
GRIFFITH PARK
WOOD BOWL
BURBANK
SANTA ANITA
HAVE A NICE DAY!
...AND WAIT'LL YA SEE THE SUPPORTING TALENT I'VE SIGNED UP!
MR. GOLDSPIEL HAS ASKED ME TO MAKE SURE YOU HAVE EVERTHING YOU WANT....
....IS THE HOUSE TO YOUR LIKING?
IT'S A BIT SUBURBAN— BUT I SUPPOSE IT'LL DO— FOR THE TIME BEING!
EARLY CALIFORNIA MOTEL ARCHITECTURE!
THIS PLACE COULD GIVE A EUROPEAN EPICUREAN A HARD TIME!
NO DUNGEONS! NO FLYING BUTTRESES! NO BATS HANGING FROM THE RAFTERS!
EVERYTHING WRAPPED IN PLASTIC AND HYGIENICALLY SEALED!
HOW CAN PEOPLE LIVE LIKE THIS?
IF YOU COULD LIVE ANYWHERE, WHERE WOULD YOU CHOOSE?
DISNEYLAND!

YOU ASKED FOR STARS, WANDA BABY —YOU GOT 'EM!
ME YOU COULDN'T AFFORD!
NOBODY—BUT NOBODY UPSTAGES FRANCIS ALBERT!
I'VE GOT THE SCRIPTS TOO—EVERYONE OF 'EM A BOX-OFFICE SMASH!
EVERYTIME HE TREATS ME LIKE DIRT, I THINK OF MY POOL, MY CARS AND MY GUCCI SHOES AND IT'S OKAY!
GRANDSON OF KONG! JAWS XI! TRUE BLUE GRIT! DEMON SEEDLINGS! CABARET COMES TO NEW YORK, NEW YORK!
THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE THE LATE LATE SHOW!
WHY DON'T YOU AND I SPLIT, KID—GO SOMEPLACE AND GET OURSELVES A HAMBURGER?
BELIEVE ME, KIDDO—I KNOW WHAT MAKES MONEY IN THIS BUSINESS!
I HAD TO RIDE FOR 3 BLOCKS BEFORE I COULD FIND A PLACE TO PARK MY HORSE!
IN THIS TOWN IT'S HARD TO KNOW WHERE FANTASY ENDS AND REALITY BEGINS!
IS THERE ANYTHING TO EAT AROUND HERE—APART FROM OLIVES!

THE DEAL'S OFF! I'LL MAKE MY OWN MOVIE!
GET 'EM OUT OF HERE, GRUD!
BUT, MOSTRESS—THEY'VE ONLY JUST ARRIVED!
DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, YOU ALBANIAN TROGLODYTE! —GET 'EM OUT —NOW!
TROGLODYTE?

?
WHAT THE HELL'S A TROGLODYTE!


WE'RE GONNA NEED A GOOD BOX OFFICE TITLE!
EXTENSOR CARPI RADIALIS BREVOIR TO YOU!
YEAH! WELL FLEXOR SUBLIMUS DIGITORUM TO YOU!
BEWARE MAD DOG
ELECTRONIC INTRUDER DETECTOR
BOOBY TRAPS
PRIVATE KEEP OUT
ONE THING I'VE DISCOVERED ABOUT MYSELF SINCE WE MOVED IN HERE.....
I'M ABSOLUTELY CORRUPTABLE!
THE STUDS ARE ALL READY FOR THEIR TESTS, ADJUTANT-GENITAL!
OKAY—SO LET'S LOOK 'EM OVER!
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY
WHEN I STARTED THE COURSE I DECIDED NOT TO CONCENTRATE ON THE WHOLE OF MY BODY—BUT JUST ON A SPECIALIZED AREA! WHAT D'YA THINK?
CREAK!
DON'T GO TOO CLOSE! I THINK SOMEONE'S ABOUT TO SUSTAIN A RUPTURE ON A MONUMENTAL SCALE!
THAT'S IT! WHAT COULD BE MORE MONUMENTAL THAN 'THE PUSSCAKE SAGA'?
SCRIPT BY ERICA JONG! COSTUMES BY RAINBIRD, SPECIAL EFFECTS BY THE MARQUIS DE SADE! WE GOT A PICTURE!
IS THIS GOING TO BE THE GREATEST MOVIE SINCE "STAR WHORES"? WILL SUCKSEX SPOIL CANDYFLOSS? GET YOUR TICKETS NOW FOR NEXT MONTH'S MASTURBPIECE!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN NEW YORK.....
HARRY THE HIT? HOWARE YA, HARRY BABY? WHAT'S THE WEATHER LIKE IN L.A.....
FORGET THE $#!%@*! WEATHER!
HABANA
SORRY, BOSS! LOOK, HARRY— I'VE GOT A CONTRACT FOR YOU! YEAH, NAME'S J. HOOVER GRUD...
...HE DID SOME UNPLEASANT THINGS TO MR. BOSSOTUTTI AND HE'S A BIT UPSET ABOUT IT!
BOSSOTUTTI
A 'BIT UPSET ABOUT IT'?!! I AM SURROUNDED BY IDIOTS! THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM LIKE BUGSY AN' LUCKY ANY MORE!
TELL MISTER BOSSOTUTTI I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!
YEAH—JUST LEAVE IT TO ME.....
...MISTER J. HOOVER GRUD IS DEAD!
HAR HAR HAR
THE SPANISH INQUISITION
A CONTRACT OUT ON GRUD? CAN THE INNOCENT ALBANIAN SURVIVE THE CRAFT AND CUNNING OF THE WEST COAST'S NUMBER ONE HIT MAN? HANG IN THERE!

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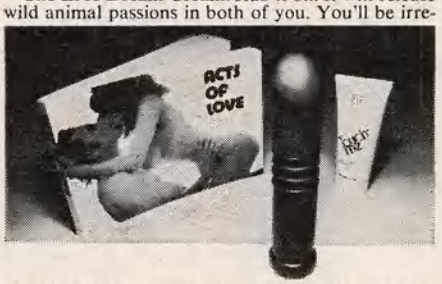

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 181

soon returned on my mother's request. On the day of his arrival I picked him up at the airport with my mother. I watched him getting off the plane and for the first time regarded him as a very desirable man. As he came through the doorway, I ran up to him and gave him a big hug and kiss. To make a long story short, he and I spent a lot of time together (with my mother's blessings), fell madly in love, and got married. Ironically, our marriage was enhanced with the help of my mother's coaching me about the things he liked to do.

One day Bob and I ran across a letter in "Forum" about fellatio. We started to read it, and I got hornier than hell. So I started sucking him while he read about the fine art of fellatio, and I fingered myself. He asked me to take all of him in my mouth, but I couldn't. Then I remembered my mother's telling me to swallow it like a hot dog. When I succeeded in doing just that, he almost went through the ceiling. I kept it up (or down!) until I felt his balls getting hot and his come surging to the point of releasing itself. Just before he came, I nearly swallowed his cock and I felt his love juice hit the back of my throat, giving me a chill from my heart to my cunt. From then on I was hooked on giving head.

My husband later thanked my mother for the terrific job in coaching me. Obviously, there is no generation gap in our family!—*Name and address withheld*

Sapphic enrapture

I'm twenty-nine years old, happily married, and I have a two-year-old son. When I was younger, I had a few girl friends who were bisexual, and I went out with both guys and girls. I never had an affair with any of the girls, but I always considered it. One day my neighbor's daughter, Mary, came over to baby-sit for me while I was shopping. She is a very cute girl of about eighteen or nineteen. I started to think about my fantasy of being with another woman when I was telling her what time my son should take his nap. She was wearing high cutoff shorts and a tube top, and I was actually getting wet in my panties just watching her. I told her that there was some wine in the ice box if she wanted some while I was gone. (I felt that I had to leave before I got myself into trouble.) She understood that I would be back in about three hours, but I returned early because I couldn't wait to see her again. I surprised even myself with my eagerness.

Without warning I walked in the door, and there was Mary and some other girl kissing and playing with each other's breasts on my couch. I tried to act as if I were surprised, and I guess that I really was, but I loved every minute of it. The two girls quickly got up and didn't say a word, but they looked very embarrassed. When I closed the door and asked them if I could join them, they looked at each other in dis-

belief and asked me if I was serious. I gave them an unequivocal answer by unbuttoning my blouse. Their jaws dropped as my large breasts fell out of my shirt and I asked the girls to kiss them.

As they licked my protuberant nipples, I told them to take off their shorts and panties and suggested that Mary's girl friend straddle my face as I lay on my back on the bed. I came and came better than I had ever imagined. Mary asked if I would use a dildo on her, and I agreed. As I worked on her, her girl friend began eating me. Then Mary said that she wanted to be sucked and licked; so I had her straddle my face, as her friend had done. I couldn't believe that pussy could taste this good. She came powerfully and got up and for a while watched her friend eat me. After about one hour of sucking and licking each other, we all lay down exhausted. Mary asked if she and her friend could do this more often because my house was the ideal place for sex. Of course I agreed.

It's all been a great experience, a wonderful fantasy realized.—*Name and address withheld*

Glove story

My husband, Mike, and I have been married for six months. He is a good husband, and we enjoy sex together very much. He's always been very turned on by my slender fingers and long nails. Recently, I got a job at a chemical company, working in a laboratory, where I am required to wear rubber gloves. Because my hands were getting dry from washing dishes, I took a couple of pairs of rubber gloves from work to bring home.

About two weeks ago, after eating dinner, Mike decided to take a shower. I started to clean the kitchen, and I put on my rubber gloves. Ten minutes later Mike came in the kitchen nude behind me, kissed me on the cheek, said that dinner had been great and asked me whether he could help clean up.

I turned and faced him, and his jaw dropped, and he couldn't take his eyes off my gloved hands. He turned deep red, and his penis grew as hard as a rock. I asked him what the matter was, but he couldn't even talk.

After about a minute he begged me to masturbate him with the rubber gloves on. We went into the bedroom, and he lay on the floor, legs open, and asked me to get cream. I put a little hand cream on the glove and began to masturbate him. As he was moaning, he kept staring at my rubber-gloved hands. He came in no time, and now almost every night he wants me to wear this same pair of rubber gloves, even during intercourse.

I must admit that even without cream the smooth, shiny rubber gloves feel great rubbing my nude body. Is this normal? If any of your other readers out there share a similar experience, please write.—*Name and address withheld*

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Sleeping over

I go to school at a small college tucked neatly away in the Blue Ridge Mountains of southwest Virginia. It is here that I met one of those incredibly sexy southern belles who would drive any northern male crazy with delight.

It all started last spring. I was in need of a place to stay overnight, and a friend of mine from New York told me it was okay to stay at her girl friend's apartment. Her name was Charlie. The dorms were to close at 6:00 that night for recess. I had an exam late that afternoon and really dreaded the prospect of driving through the night to my home in New York. Naturally, I was pleased to find a place to stay. My friend's boyfriend was also spending the night. With a delicious light dinner under our belts, we began drinking gimlets and smoking some very fine grass. As the evening progressed, I became very aroused at the sight of Charlie. Her bounteous assets complemented her beautiful face and long, blonde locks. She has been horse-back riding since the age of five, and I noticed that her well-toned muscles in her legs and thighs could shake and squeeze a lover voluptuously. She wore a short halter, and her jeans fit like a second layer of skin on her fantastic body. Her full-sized breasts swung loosely as I watched her make the drinks. Her nipples pressed against her halter in the most alluring way. I felt a surge in my crotch, the visibility of which would soon be obvious to everyone. It was getting late, and everyone was pretty well stewed. Since there was only one bedroom, Charlie wanted the other two to sleep in there. I got the couch, and Charlie insisted on sleeping on a big sheet of foam rubber, not far from the coach. It was interesting and very inviting, but I thought that Charlie was only being courteous to her friends.

After the loving couple had headed for the sack, Charlie visited the bathroom to change into something to sleep in. When she stepped from the bathroom, she wore a flannel shirt with long tails. Just the sight of her silky legs made my breathing heavier by the second. She turned the lights off, and after about fifteen minutes of conversing across the room, she came right over to me. Almost immediately our mouths and tongues met, and a tingling sensation swept through my body. We continued for several minutes; then I suggested that we get down on the floor. She agreed happily, and the next thing I knew, my roaming hands had slipped up the back of her shirt. The soft flesh of her buns sent chills up my spine, as did the feel of her warm, beautiful breasts. It was like a fantasy come true. We then tore off each other's clothes amid my frenzy of moans. I delicately moved my tongue down to her pussy, already wet, and buried my dancing tongue in it. We proceeded to screw and suck each other for many wonderful hours. That beautiful night had to end, but we didn't: we've been living together ever since, and we plan to get married soon.—*Name and address withheld*

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A warm friend

I am a twenty-year-old woman, but ever since I was quite young I've felt that I was a man in a woman's body. I've considered a sex-change operation but do not feel that it would really change matters significantly. So I've been fortunate in that I have had as lovers a few beautiful women who understand.

There is one such woman who stands out in my mind, for we enjoyed the same things in bed. One of the first nights we made love, I used a homemade dildo, which I set up so that it was attached through the hole in the front of a pair of shorts, thus leaving my hands free to explore and touch her sensuous body. She knew exactly what to do and say in order to get me "hard." She grabbed my "cock" and rubbed it up and down, telling me how exciting it was and how badly she wanted me inside her. So I laid her down on the bed and eased it into her, but only partially. She began to raise her body up to push it farther in, but I withdrew each time she did. Then she started moaning and begging me to give it to her. But still I teased her, putting the end in just far enough for her to feel it before I pulled it out. Even though I wanted to fuck her furiously right then and there, I held back. I couldn't hold back any longer, and neither could she; so I rammed it in as far as it would go. She gasped and moaned as I slowly pulled it out to the tip and put it back in. I kept this up until she was just about ready to come; then I pulled it out and told her to get on her hands and knees so that I could give it to her from behind.

We tried many different positions, but those first two were and still are my favorites. I finally made her come while pounding my "cock" into her as she was moaning things like "Fuck me!" "Give it to me!" "I love to have you inside me." As for my satisfaction, she took off my underwear and dildo and masturbated me while she whispered sweet things in my ear. She told me how much she loved my "cock" and described how she needed to be fucked. I came shortly thereafter. Since then I have moved to another state, but we still write and see each other when I visit. And I know that when I'm in town I'll have a sweet, soft voice talking in my ear and a warm, wet place welcoming me.—*Name and address withheld*

A daring debut

I am a twenty-seven-year-old woman who has just been deflowered by a handsome stud.

I work at a local coffee shop when I'm not at school, and there I met a young college student with a fashionable haircut, bulky sweater, and tight jeans. I had never felt excited about any man until he walked into my life. We got to talking, and he invited me to play tennis with him the next day. I said okay and eyed his firm, round ass as he walked out the door.

I put on my favorite outfit, which is a halter tennis dress with a flared skirt and lace-edged panties with ruffles all over

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them. When I met him at the tennis court, I whirled around in my outfit and asked how he liked it. He said I looked delicious and lifted my skirt to get a better look at the panties.

After playing, we took a walk arm in arm out to a secluded wooded area near a lake. He started to kiss me and run his hands up and down my bare back. He put his tongue in my mouth, and I became afraid that he would want to have sex with me. I tried to break away, but he held me tightly with his mouth glued to mine. He got my halter untied, and the front of the outfit fell away, revealing my breasts. He fondled them, while I tried to push him away, but he soon reached under my dress and slipped his middle finger under the elastic of my panties. I kept pleading with him to stop, but his fingers soon made their way to my pussy, first stoking it, then slowly entering it. (My cunt was wet by this time.) He changed positions and put his big, thick penis near my mouth and put it in gently. I nearly gagged, but I relaxed and took his thrusts until he shot his load down my throat.

He withdrew, lifted my legs in the air, and rubbed the head of his penis up and down my pussy. I cried, "Please don't; I'm a virgin!" But he didn't stop and inched his big prick in me until it broke through my hymen. He put my legs around his ass and began to pump slowly, and I started to enjoy the feeling of being so filled up with him. I soon began to moan, "Harder! More!" He rammed his cock in and out, and I finally had an exquisite orgasm. When he finally pulled out of me, I kissed the head of his cock until it came back to life and then sucked like a woman possessed until he came again. When we had finished, I kissed him tenderly on the mouth and thanked him as he thanked me.—*Name and address withheld*

Roller-coaster riders

During my Thanksgiving break from college at my home in Pompano Beach, a friend and I decided to spend a day at a nearby amusement park. It was there that I met Cindy, a five-foot-eight-inch beauty with cantaloupe-sized breasts. Seeing that Cindy and I were getting along quite well and hopeful of finding some action of his own, my friend went his own way.

My eager expectations did not anticipate the evening ahead of me. As night fell, I became bored with jumping from ride to ride but agreed to go on a final roller-coaster trip with her.

When our turn came to enter the last car, I climbed in first, and Cindy positioned herself between my spread legs. The feel of her warm body against my crotch caused my penis to rise to an enormous erection. While the coaster moved slowly upward, she reached behind her and began to massage my tool. I unsnapped her jeans and proceeded to slide them down and uncurl her pink panties. Then I unzipped my own pants and liberated a throbbing, nine-inch cock. Quickly, I lifted her up onto my thighs and inserted my penis into her

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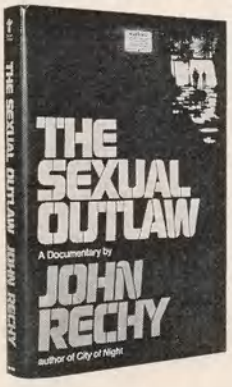


A documentary by John Rechy set in the Los Angeles gay "battlefield". Send check or money order for $8.95 plus $1.00 for p & h to Penthouse Book Society, 909 Third Ave., NYC, NY 10022. NY residents add sales tax.

pussy from behind.

The regular bumps and grinds greatly intensified our lovemaking until, halfway through the ride, we simultaneously experienced orgasm. We were the only ones to know that our screams were screams of joy rather than of terror!

After recovering from my orgasm, I stuffed my cock back into my pants and she pulled her pants back over her dripping pussy. As the operator helped us out of our car, his glance fell upon our seat and he knew immediately exactly what had happened. With a smile he said, "Come again—any time."—*Name and address withheld*

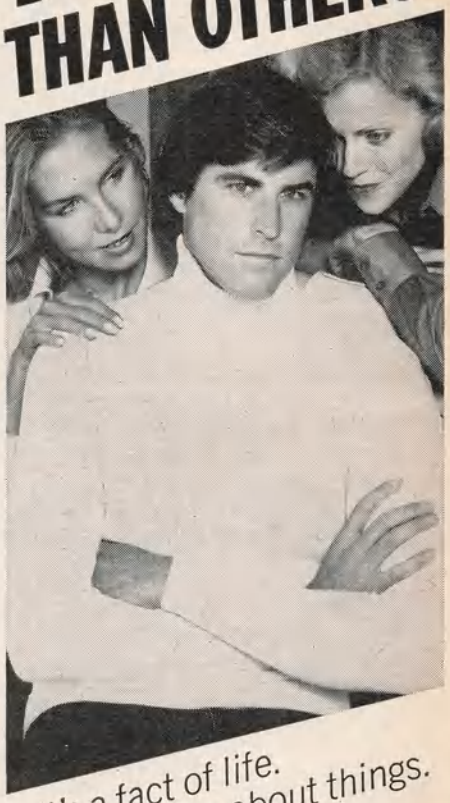
A definitive response

The other day I was going door-to-door with a questionnaire for the company I work for. Since my girl friend has long been out on the West Coast, finishing up school, my mind was on sex. I got hotter and hotter each time a sexy woman invited me into her mid-Manhattan apartment when I asked if I could ask her the questions. Several times I was tempted to make advances, but each time I remembered that I had shown my ID card and was afraid of being reported to the company.

It was near the end of a long, hot afternoon when I knocked on the last door of the day, although I didn't know at the time that it would be the final one. I heard footsteps come to the door, the peephole cover being lifted, and the chain lock being removed. I thought it was unusual that the occupant didn't ask who I was, since there had been a lot of crime in that neighborhood recently. The door opened slowly, revealing a tall, sumptuous blonde. At first, only her seductive face showed. But as she looked me up and down, a smile slowly came to her face and she drew the door back more. My cock, which had been at half-mast as I knocked on the door, almost popped out of my pants. She was wearing a short, black-lace negligee with a plunging neckline. I almost went cross-eyed as I followed it to two huge and beautifully shaped tits. Her skin was snow white, and the black lace made her tantalizing. I was so fascinated with her gorgeous breasts that I almost didn't see the straps of her garter belt holding up black stockings. I was ready to come in my pants when, without a word, she motioned me into her apartment. I gulped and followed her directions and sat down on the couch.

She locked the door, walked very slowly to the couch, and sat down next to me. The pen must have looked like rubber in my shaking hands when she asked if she could help me. I nervously explained what I wanted to ask her, and she said warmly, "Go right ahead." I began asking questions, which she answered with a brief yes or no. As she did, my mind raced back to all those "Forum" letters, full of adventures I had always believed were true but never expected to experience myself. Now I was living a "Forum" letter, and I didn't know what to do!

SOME GUYS DO BETTER THAN OTHERS.



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Finally, she made up my mind. After about the tenth question, she began to run her hand through my blond hair very slowly. When I looked over at her, she was licking her red-lipsticked lips. I simply had no choice. I put down the clipboard, dropped the pen, and put my arms around her. She fell backward, pulling me on top of her. As we French kissed, I ran my hands up under her negligee and kneaded her beautiful breasts. She moaned with pleasure and pushed me off her and began to undress me. As she did, I ran my hands along her long, shapely legs in black nylon. When I was completely naked, I took off her negligee but left the black garter belt and stockings on. (Garter belts have always driven me wild.) We lay on our sides and kissed again, and she moved her hand down to my throbbing cock and grabbed it. Then she slid down to it, pushing me onto my back. She began to lick the inside of my thighs with her wet tongue, slowly working her way up to my balls. She flicked her tongue against one and then the other. Then she sucked one into her mouth, pulling the shaft up against her face. Next, she let the ball slip out and lifted her face up, licking the shaft as she went. I was ready to explode all over her, but she refused to let me come yet. She licked all around the shaft of my dick while her hand played with my balls.

After a few enticing minutes of this, she slid up again, and said, "Now you." I knew what she meant; so I slid down to take a look at her beautiful blond bush surrounded by the black garter straps and black stockings. I spread her legs and licked my way up her warm thighs as wetly as I could manage. When I got up to her cunt, I spread the lips wide with my thumbs while I cupped her tight ass with my other fingers. I quickly drove my tongue into her. Then I flicked it just as fast as before, but this time over her clit, until she came in an explosive orgasm. Before she had time to recover, I slid up on top of her, driving my aching cock into her wet pussy. She moaned loudly and grabbed my back but responded to my pumping. She wrapped her stockinged legs around my back, and I could feel her sliding her feet up and down my ass. Minutes later I came in a tremendous rush.

We continued to fuck, suck, and lick each other merrily throughout the night. However, I never did finish my quota of questionnaires that day.—*Name and address withheld*

Not-so-private shower

Close to one month ago, an incident happened that changed my whole outlook on college life and extracurricular activities in particular.

I was showering after a late-night solo basketball practice when all of a sudden I felt two hands on my back and chest, helping me to soap up. Startled, I turned around to find Julie, a sexy, blonde player on the women's basketball team, smiling lustily. (She is about five feet six inches tall, with

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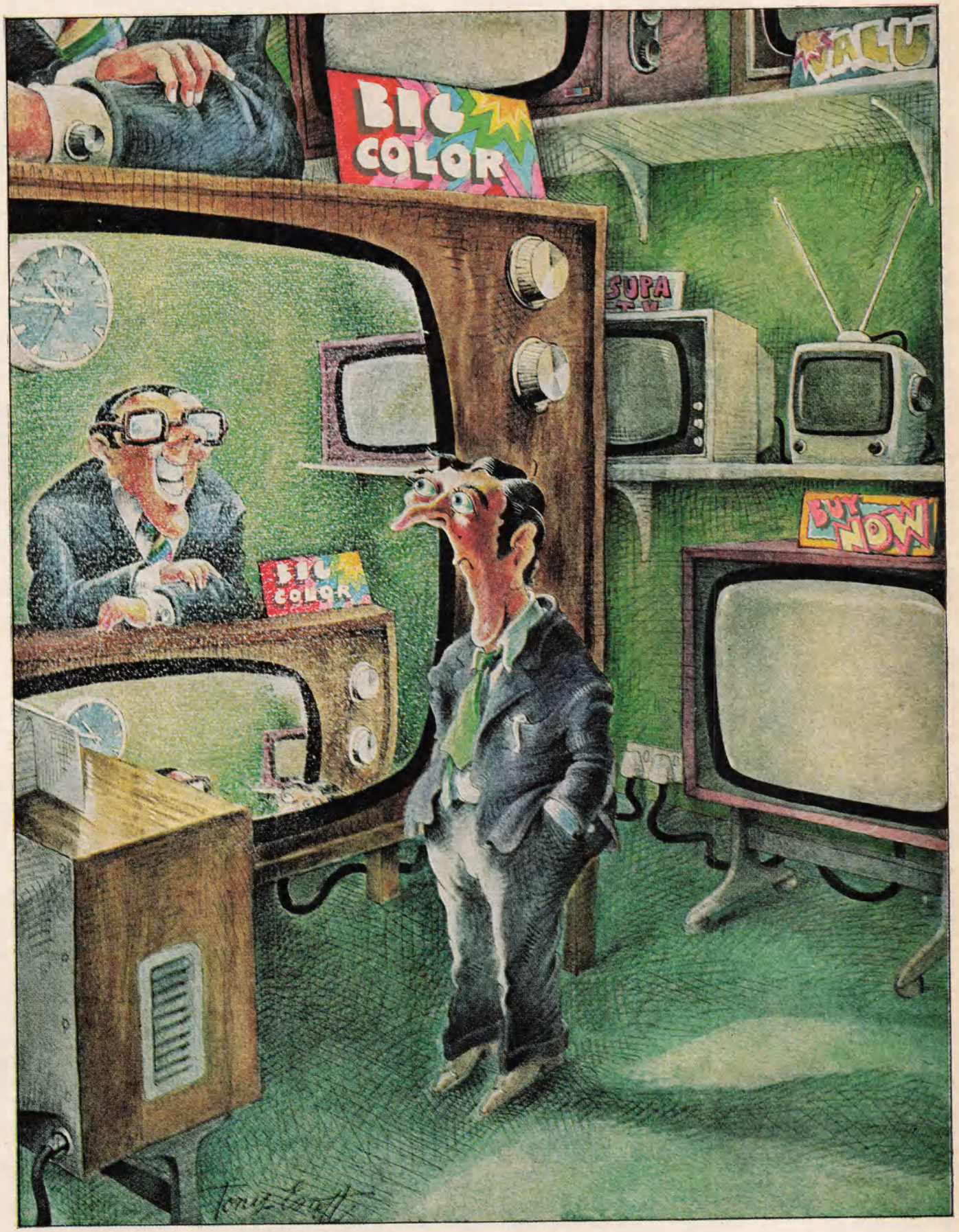

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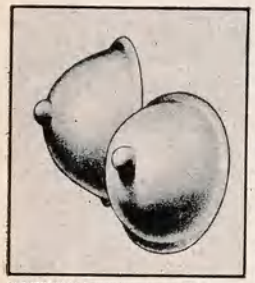

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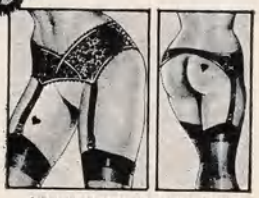

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She suddenly dropped to her knees, looked up, and confessed, "I watched you practice for an hour. Now let me show you how *I* play ball!" That said, she placed my cock into her mouth and gently but deliberately fellated me while the warm water cascaded over our glistening bodies.

I then knelt between her muscular thighs to lap at her blonde, juicy cunt. (Nothing is more erotic and exciting for me than eating a woman athlete's pussy while she locks my head, viselike, with those meaty legs.) As her nectar flowed and her tight little ass wriggled with orgasm, she moaned loudly and almost fell. I then picked her up, placing her on my perpetual hard-on, and we both started pumping away.

We backed up against the wall, and I held on to those beautiful buttocks as she kissed me and our tongues wrestled each other. After a wild climax we dismounted and decided to go to my dorm room. Julie felt right at home in my room when we arrived. After some wine and conversation, we passionately embraced each other and eventually made love throughout the night.—*Name and address withheld*

An exhilarating jog

I am a nineteen-year-old sophomore at a well-known college in the foothills of South Carolina. In order to keep in shape, I jog our cross-country course, which runs through a stretch of woods near a dam for about three miles. At the edge of this dam is a rather large, man-made lake that provides the students with a valuble and often used source of recreation (waterskiing, swimming, and fishing).

One day on my jog across the dam, I heard the splashing of water along the banks. As I looked down, I caught a glimpse of two nude bodies frolicking in the water. To my amazement, there were two girls there, violently making love to each other in the water. The sight of these two girls playing with each other instantly got me excited, and there I stood, with a demanding hard-on, desperately needing sexual fulfillment. Without thinking, I stepped out of my gym shorts and jock and began to masturbate frantically.

When I reached orgasm, you could have heard me all the way back to campus! I could hardly believe it.

At this, the two girls noticed my presence and began making their way up the dam towards me. As they reached the top of the dam, one of the girls began to kiss me while the other knelt before my throbbing organ. After she had sucked me dry, they changed positions, the other girl proceeding to fondle and nudge my cock. After a few minutes, I was back to half-mast and ready to explode again. As I glanced down at this second girl's face, she began giggling and making waving motions to the other girl. Before I knew it, they were fleeing through the trees like errant wood nymphs to some unknown destination.—*J.R., Clemson, S.C.*

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Number showing enlargement 87.5%
Average increase in length 16.96%
Average increase in circumference . 15.88%
Smallest increase in length recorded 2.6cms.
Largest increase in length recorded . 3.8cms.
Smallest increase in circumference recorded ..... 1.4cms.
Largest increase in circumference recorded ..... 3.1cms.

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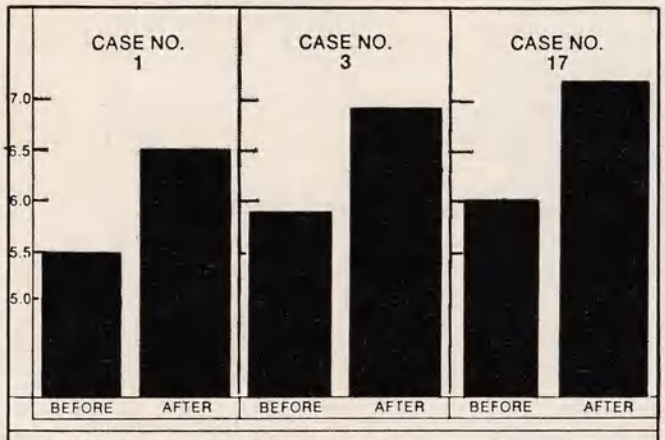

The three cases illustrated here are examples taken from studies done in England by Dr. Richards and other researchers working on penis enlargement. Their work is discussed in detail in the new book, THE PENIS, which gives Dr. Richards' results in simple, direct language that the layman can understand in everyday terms. Illustration Pg. 137

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PROMISES, PROMISES

SINGLED OUT

BOB GUCCIONE HOSTS SYMPOSIUM ON EVANGELISM

STAR BORES

Promises, Promises—Some doubt may still exist as to whether or not George Washington ever did cut down that cherry tree, but no such lingering uncertainty should be attached to Jimmy Carter's emphatic promise that he will "never tell a lie." As part of *Penthouse*'s continuing Cartergate series, author Craig S. Karpel tackles the Carter credibility gap and comes up with scores of whoppers that would make even the most dedicated liar blush. From Carter's assertion that he is a nuclear physicist (he is not); to his unqualified statement on Bert Lance, "There is no evidence of either illegal or unethical activity"; to his promise to remove tax loopholes for the wealthy, the president remains staunchly untrue to his word. As he told one group of college students, "If you ever see me do any of these things [renege on my commitments], don't support me. Because I would not be worthy to be president of this country." Decide for yourself in the April *Penthouse*.

Whistle—In 1951 James Jones wrote his passionate prewar story, *From Here to Eternity*. Eleven years later it was followed by a sequel, *The Thin Red Line*. Two years before his death on May 9, 1977, Jones began work on *Whistle*, the third book of what was to become his World War II trilogy and his life's work. *Penthouse* is proud to present an excerpt from his final work. *Whistle* follows our boys from the hell that is war to a different kind of nightmare, that of an army hospital in Tennessee. There we meet Carol Ann Firebaugh, a volunteer Gray Lady in the hospital, with one wandering eye and long, clean-line legs that gave her "a sexual attractiveness that was almost unsupportable." This is a powerful story of a crusty army sergeant with a bad heart and the beautiful southern belle who came, in her way, to mend it.

Star Bores—Art is long, life is short, and the careers of many of today's glittering celebrities will burn themselves out before you can blink your eyes and say "Fabian" (remember him?). Nick Tosches looks back on the heroes of our former lives and forward to the next generation of the once famous to shed light on the new adage "Here today, gonged tomorrow." Will Farrah Fawcett's poster be tomorrow's dart board or just simply the forgotten bionic bore?

Old-Time Religion—Evangelism is America's fastest-growing spiritual phenomenon. From the White House to Wabash, born-again believers are spreading an evangelical message throughout the land. In response to this burgeoning religious enthusiasm, *Penthouse* invited eight authorities on evangelism to a panel discussion in New York on the subject, hosted by *Penthouse* Editor and Publisher Bob Guccione. This symposium on evangelism points to a religious movement that is typically American—attractive to both young and old, at once progressive and reactionary, and very much on the upswing.

Singled Out—It's time for love for Richard Price, but after a tour of the allegedly swinging scene of singles bars, Price comes up alone. He tries and tries again, but, awash in a sea of singles, he does not find the satisfaction he is ardently seeking. His searing story of sex (and the lack of it) on the meat-rack strip points to the awesome desperation of making contact. It's a sad commentary on the singles mythology in a personal saga of a man looking for his own Ms. Goodbar.

Movie buffs

One Thursday night my girl and I decided to try something that we thought would be a super turn-on. She dressed in a very conservative blouse, a short skirt, garter belt, and stockings (no panties). Then we went to a movie theater in town where they show X-rated films. We positioned ourselves in the very back row of the theater, in the center section, next to a guy who was sitting alone. Each time the movie got hot, my girl would start rubbing his leg. Before long he got the idea and reciprocated. Before very long, without even exchanging a glance, he was finger-fucking the hell out of her and she was pumping his prick for all she was worth. All this and they never even exchanged a glance; but both had roaring orgasms, the memory of which later inspired one of the best fucks either one of us has had.—*R.L., Rochester, N.Y.*

I had an interesting experience not long ago. I was sitting in the library reading when a young man whom I barely knew came up to me and sat down. We made some small talk about school, and the conversation somehow worked its way around to his idea of eternal peace. How this led to talk of a porn shop I can't say, but he told me he had to do some research in a porn shop for a sociology class he was taking and asked me if I wanted to come along. I remarked that I had never been in such an establishment, because I had never had anyone to go with me. He replied that he would be glad to go to one with me, and I readily agreed.

We met at the appointed place a couple of days later, and I walked with trepidation into the shop. I looked aghast at the magazines, books, and strange devices being sold. My friend spoke freely to the clerk and asked for change so that we could catch a quarter flick. We jammed ourselves into the booth and spent all we had.

Afterward we sat in the booth and talked. We realized after a while that the entire experience had made us both quite horny. We tried to subdue our feelings and continue to sit and talk, but were finally overcome by our passions and found ourselves caught in a hot embrace. After a few minutes of making out in the booth, we decided we didn't have the space or privacy to do what we really wanted to do. He had engagements later that afternoon, and so we made a date for that night. In our conversation on the way to his car, we discovered that we had both had fantasies about each other since meeting in the library.

That night we met as planned and had a blissful night of lovemaking.—*Name and address withheld*

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